Aug. 8, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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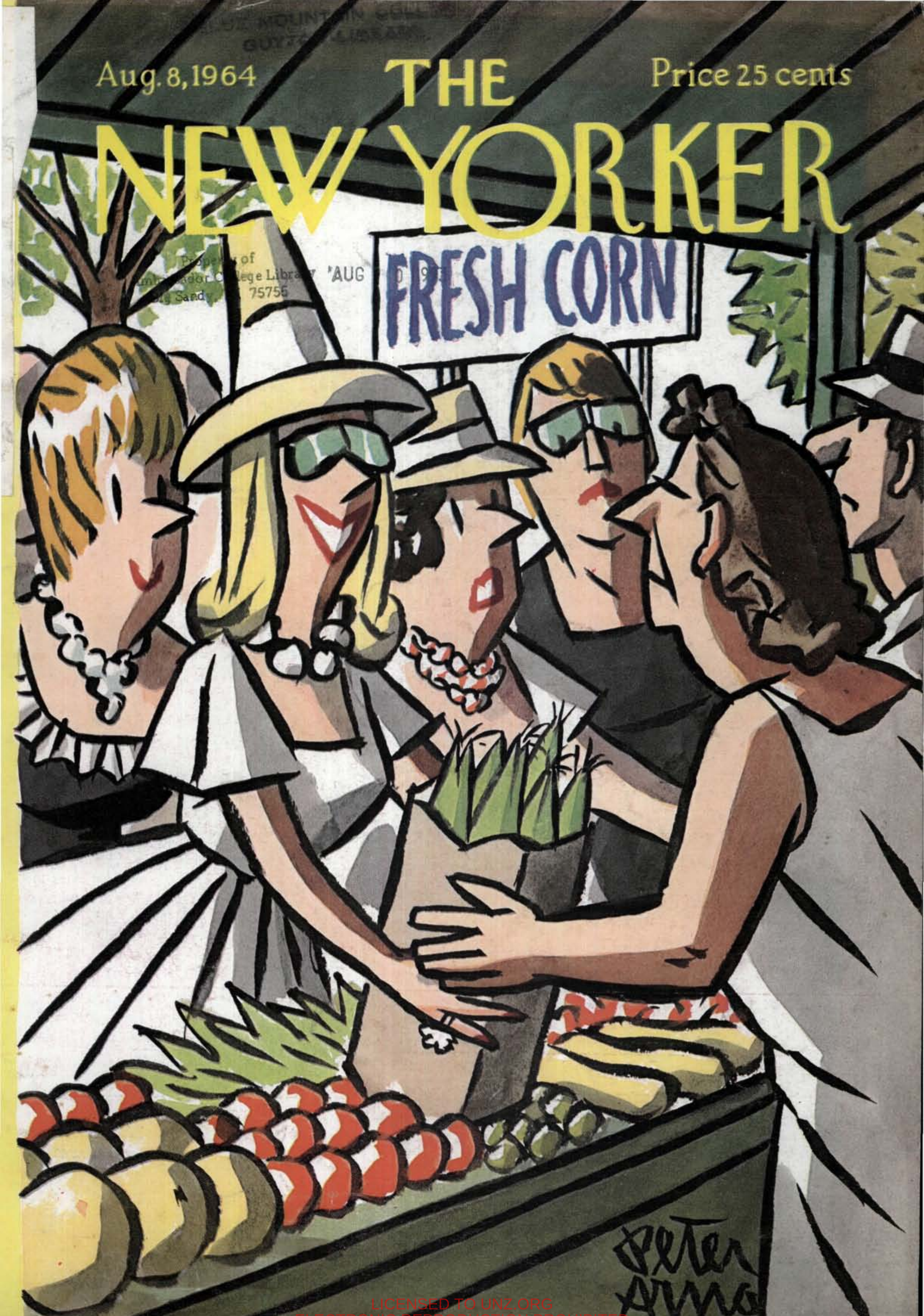
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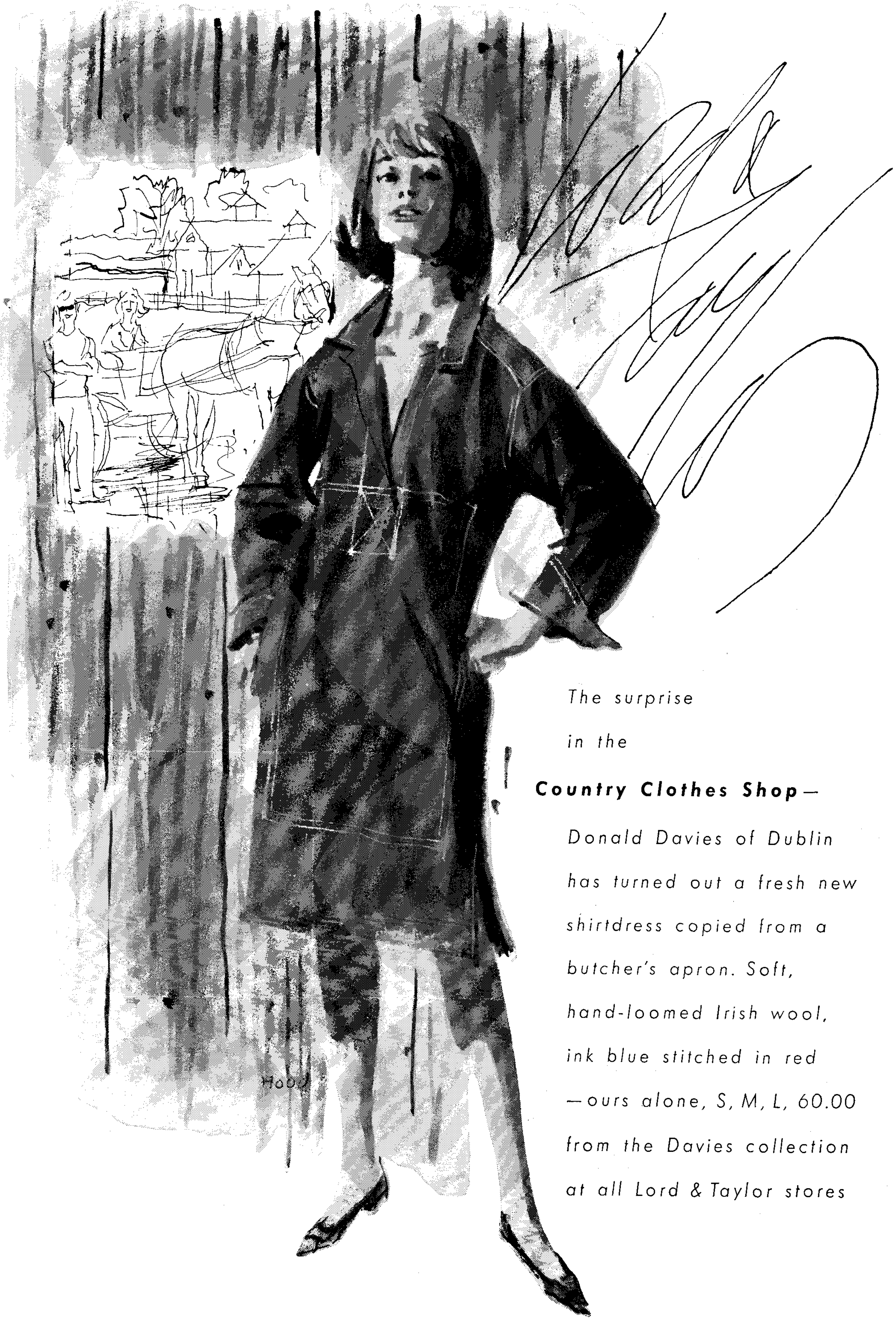

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—The title of this disaster derives from a record designed to teach parakeets how to talk. Neither the parakeet nor the three other actors on view (Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and James Costigan) seem to get the hang of the language. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 22.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A glum look at interracial relationships in the United States, written by James Baldwin, who is nothing if not voluble. The drama has in its favor excellent direction by Burgess Meredith and some fine acting by a large cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. David Carradine is currently in the leading role. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—A very virile portrayal of the Prince of Denmark by Richard Burton and a very remarkable depiction of Polonius by Hume Cronyn distinguish this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also in it. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Written by Frank D. Gilroy, the play concerns itself with the return of a Second World War soldier to his native haunt, where his father and mother are constantly bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—An uneven but nevertheless entertaining interpretation of Chekhov's description of upper-class life in the Russian provinces at the turn of the century. Directed by Lee Strasberg, this is the best effort the Actors Studio Theatre has made this season. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** An account of the troubles a young couple have in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Patricia Bosworth, William Prince, and Howard Morton are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are giving it a whirl. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Aug. 9.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and, along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, and Danny Meehan. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music are by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Dick Shawn and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **110 IN THE SHADE:** A musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Reopens Sunday matinée, Aug. 9, after a week's vacation. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The King and I," with Risë Stevens and Darren McGavin, is the initial production by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through

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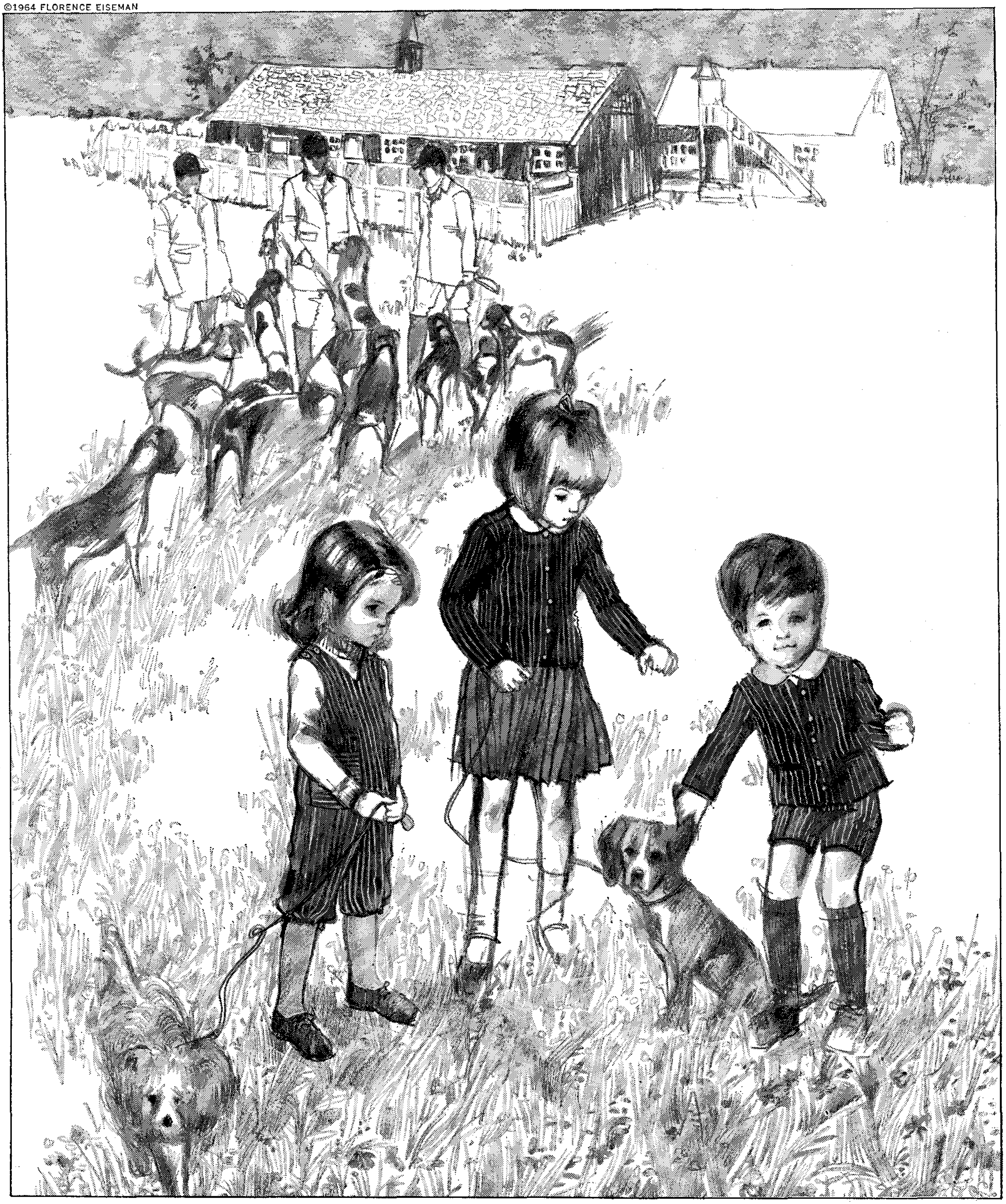

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fialka's Prague Pantomime Theatre—A two-week engagement by this troupe from Czechoslovakia, appearing here for the first time. "Pierrot's Journey," a mime comedy, will be performed through Saturday, Aug. 8. "Twenty-four Inventions," a sort of mime digest, will be done Monday through Saturday, Aug. 10-15. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Laterna Magika—A company of forty-five Czechoslovakian actors, singers, and dancers, appearing here for the first time, in a presentation of "The Tales of Hoffmann" and "Variations" that combines live stage action with films. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Saturday, Sept. 12.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of Sophocles' "Electra," with Lee Grant. The last in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Through Saturday, Aug. 29.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Phyllis Diller, who definitely does *not* represent the Diller-Quaile School of Music's pristine way of life or thought, is in an uproar (fast, funny, and feral) about absolutely everything. Her tirades take place at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, where there is dance music the full evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but all is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Through the looking glass. A certain animation is imparted to the tableau by Freddie Jagels' good little band and Freddy Alonso's Latinists. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The red plush public rooms of what must once have been an elegant old night boat to Albany, Providence, or Nepenthe. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; all quiet Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, whose muralled walls are the bright last deed of the late René Bouché, a septet—I Cavalieri di Roma, who are nearly all stringmen—makes the sort of luxurious dance tunes to be expected of it, and serves as background for the gloriously impassioned ballads of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday and Monday is the plan.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band provides the dance music. Yvette Souviron, who carols as she strokes a keyboard, is the rest of the music; Mondays are her vacations.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Shani Wallis, to whom such terms as "gorgeous" and "redhead" apply, is one of the few really vocal sopranos in captivity. She is a captive of the standard formula (swooping, shouting, swinging are part of it) imposed on American songbirds, but she works so many of her British improvements on it that the net result is a substantial gain for all listeners. She appears in the Persian Room at ten Mondays through Fridays and at nine and midnight Saturdays. Dancing occurs straight along to the hummings of Milt Shaw's orchestra and Mark Monte's splendid assemblage of pepper shakers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs cut classes in the Palm Court every Monday, and the Edwardian Room does not function on Friday and Saturday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. Sundays are silent.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This particular set of Alps turns a handsome pink at sundown and stays that way until well past bedtime. Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble ply their trade without surcease from eight to two. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—You'll know where the wild thyme grows when you watch our *jeunesse dorée* revel on the dance floor, almost at risk of life and beautiful limb. The setting purports to be the house that Somerset Maugham built in the Cairo of another day. The music, created by machinery, not mankind, roars like a lion from eight to four every night.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **in Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap serve to heighten this impression. Dancing Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **Le Caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, who has always dreamed that he dwelt in marble halls, now wakes up at ten-thirty to find that he is in one, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. The ensuing song and cavorts are as life-giving as anything in town. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine by Jules Kuti, and from nine to two by Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . .

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CAFÉ AMBASSADOR, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with our paramount problem, love life, are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, dean emeritus of women. Her seminars, held only Fridays and Saturdays, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the proper background. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A sort of royal road to cocktails, dinner, and supper. Most of the time, Addison Bailey is in cheerful communion with a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An old-school, or spare-no-expense, French solution of the housing problem. Piano and circumnavigating violin rule the airwaves every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with life in Iberia. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holidays here are celebrated all evening and into the early hours of morning. Every course of the banquet is garnished with a triad of violins. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the restrained but calorific Andalusian guitar wielded from eight to one by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the citizens involved in one or another of the lively arts has turned it into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five and Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio at nine-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves zimbalons, violins, tenors, and sopranos who are prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue; i.e., East and West *do* meet, and every night of the week. After nine, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Nonstop but non-obtrusive piano makes the downing of cocktails, dinner, and supper all the easier in these fairly placid surroundings. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It is the amiable conceit of Rita Dimitri, the incumbent soprano, to do a parody of Theda Bara or some such, with songs to boot. Sometimes the piano and guitar of Stanley Brilliant, the music master here, join in the nonsense; sometimes there's quiet music in a corner by Kurt Maier's trio, to which one can dance a little. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): On the terrace of the Crown Restaurant (fifth floor) of this distant but very twentieth-century Camelot, the picturesque Daphne Hellman manipulates a harp from seven to nine every evening but Saturday, when Gerald Goodman becomes the string-plucker. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A small but vocal set of pedestrians, guitars in hand, make one circuit after another of a plaza in which the dining, like the music, has more than a touch of Latin America. The circuit riders function from five-thirty to eleven; on Sundays, there is, from one to ten, a travelling circus of singers and dancers, likewise Latin-American.

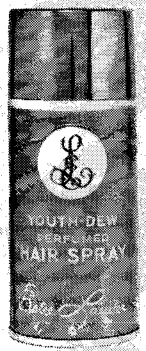
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): When the roll is called up yonder, it will be answered by Edlee, Darlene, Judi, Tanna, Barbera, Uli, and the rest of the Latin Quarter girls with the wonderful names and wonderful figures. On earth, their companions are the Carsony Brothers, who are just about night life's cleverest acrobatic act; Jackie Kahane, a stand-up comic who is actually comic; the breakneck gauchos of the Argentine Ayos Ballet; and Sandu Scott, a girl Beatle most noticeable for her miraculous energy and miraculous legs. Miss Scott blows town on Tuesday, Aug. 11; the other hands stay put. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Mort Sahl, who never minds being just a minority of one, is scattering freshly ground pepper on everything and everyone within reach; Nina Simone emerges from her semi-detached state long enough to intone a few songs of withdrawal, then pops straight back in. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): In manuscript, Roberta Sherwood's lyrics, many of them dating back to very *autre temps*, are compounded of nothing more substantial than cane sugar; onstage, as she bats them about in a voice grown old only in experience, they are masterworks of poetry. The rest of the show will not be long remembered. On Thursday, Aug. 13, Fran Jeffries, a caroller of a much later generation, will replace Miss Sherwood. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, Erskine Hawkins' foursome blows and the Ink Spots thrive from ten to four night after night.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," a Julius Monk revue, heaves plenty of well-bred sighs over the sorry state of affairs—metropolitan, national, and amorous. The sighs are mixed with so many verbal plays and ploys that binaural attention is an absolute requisite. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason head a very glib cast. The orchestra is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and dreaming their way through life, accompanied by a set of fine flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Vaughn Meader, like plenty of other news analysts, is occasionally bowled over by the impact of all that is going on in the world, but his recovery of equilibrium is neater and more amusing than the efforts of nearly all his compeers. The intense and handsome Tobi Reynolds is the soprano. Their day of rest is Monday. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The chances are that Severn Darden, Alan Arkin, and Barbara Dana have got their new revue under way. The plan is to show it, beginning at eight-thirty, every night but Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Diamond-cut-diamond is the music issuing from Max Roach and his handful of consorts, a purposeful crew of modernists if there ever was one. The singing of Abbey Lincoln is completely in keeping. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals; all quiet Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Thelonious Monk, a man given to ringing changes without notice, is in charge of a quartet that is fairly abstract; Mongo Santamaria's septet, though, is almost certainly Latin. Gerry Mulligan's toursome will operate on Sunday, Aug. 9, when the Monks will be absent, and on Fridays and Saturdays, too. Mondays are assigned to visiting performers. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): If the doctor prescribes folk music as a sedative, this is just about the best place to fill the prescription. The half-dozen Bitter End Singers are apt to please; Dick Glass is yes and no. There is also comedy, up to a point, by Bill Cosby. The Messrs. Glass and Cosby close out on Monday, Aug. 10; the others stay on. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace always on the verge of blasting. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Woody Herman's raucous Herd and Red Allen's firebrands take over. On Monday, Aug. 10, Lionel Hampton's band will replace the Herd. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The current prediction is that John Coltrane, that indefatigable soloist, and his quartet, to say nothing of Les McCann's trio and Irene Reid's soprano, will be at work through Wednesday, Aug. 12, and that Slide Hampton's band and a fifteen-man squad run by Lloyd Price will settle in the next evening. Jam sessions happen on Mondays, when the regulars lay off. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer, who believes that jazz can go modern without going joyless, is proving his theory with the aid of three sidemen. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko, Bob Haggart, Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Dave McKenna, all of them *alumni* of the Condon organization, gather every night but Sunday in commemoration of their absent chieftain. Dancing. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, who will probably never discover an instrument that can transmit all he has to say, bravely keeps on trying. Five sidemen assist him in his staggering projects, which are on exhibit every night but Monday, when a quartet headed by David Amram works out. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti are the administrators. No sound on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): The blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) in residence here may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three is the curriculum. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is now shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris and his followers occupy a home that is coeval with their Early Americana music. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Sept. 30. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A retrospective (1912-64) of sculptures and drawings; through Oct. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Early and recent sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-five artists associated with the League make up an exhibition called "American Masters, from Eakins to Pollock;" through Aug. 26. . . . **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by such artists as Jane Wilson, Willem de Kooning, and Costantino Nivola; through Friday, Aug. 7. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Still-lifes, landscapes, and seascapes by Bennett Bradbury, John Hilton, Eric Sloane, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 8 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Kenneth Campbell, Lamar Dodd, and Victor Candell; through Aug. 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: California painters, among them David Park, Joan Brown, and Richard Diebenkorn; through Sept. 19.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Friday, Aug. 14. (Closed mornings.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Joys of Summer," a display of pictures by Emil Bernard, J. J. Tissot, and Thomas Moran (to name a few); through Aug. 31. . . . **TIME & LIFE BUILDING EXHIBITION CENTER**, Rockefeller Center: "Mother and Child in Modern Art," consisting of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by Mary Cassatt, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Matisse, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, Aug. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.) . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERIES**, 530 West Broadway: The opening exhibition is composed of works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Ben Nicholson, Jean Tinguely, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 30. (Daily, noon to midnight. Admission is $1.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: "The Spirit of New Berlin in Painting and Sculpture," a travelling exhibition of the works of fourteen artists, including Hans Jaenisch, Hann Trier, and Karl Hartung; through Aug. 21. (Saturday hours, 1 to 5.) . . . **WILDEN-**

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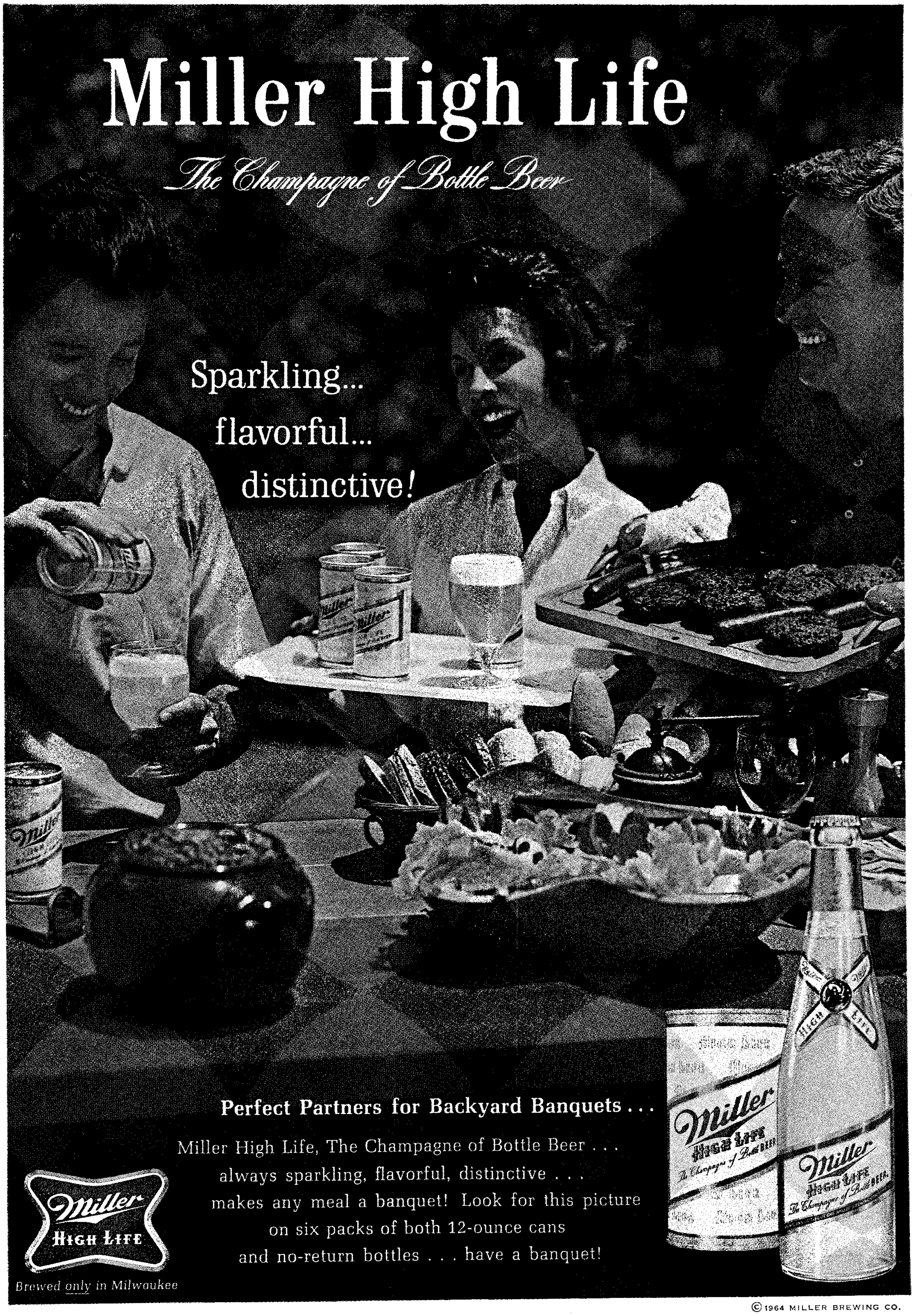
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

STEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibit of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—James McNeill Whistler's portrait, popularly known as "Whistler's Mother," on loan from the Louvre, is being shown in the Great Hall in a return visit; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs. . . . ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "The Photographer's Eye," through Aug. 23; "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Sept. 30; and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—French posters of the eighteen-nineties, including some by Toulouse-Lautrec, from the Huntington Hartford collection; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-eight Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A hundred contemporary prints produced at the Pratt Graphic Art Center by Cleve Gray, Enrico Donati, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept. 20. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions since 1939—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to mention a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A selection of watercolors, black-and-whites, and engravings from the Society's collection of Audubon's "The Birds of America." (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Bard on the Boards," a display commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and including photographs, illustrations, prints, and playbills; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Lyonel Feininger, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Kyoko Edo-Ozawa, piano, and Jaime Laredo, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Bonnie Murray, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; William Tabbert, tenor; and Jack Russell, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:07 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Lucy Duaiardo, soprano. The second in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC IN WASHINGTON SQUARE—The second in a series of five weekly concerts, this one by the Musica Da Camera/New York. (Monday Aug. 10, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 7, at 8: Richard Burgin conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Justino Díaz, bass; and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 8: A chamber-music concert by the Lenox Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 8: Max Rudolf conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano; Patricia Peardon, narrator; vocal soloists; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Saturday, Aug. 8, at 3:30: Judy Collins and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Thelonious Monk. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Miriam Makeba. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 3:30: Odetta. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Dizzy Gillespie. (Lenox, Mass.)

NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 8: Milorad Miskovitch and Janine Monin, Myra Kinch and Barton Mumaw, and Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 11-15: Paul Taylor and his company and Carmen de Lavallade with Brother John Sellers. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Saturday, Aug. 8: Paul Taylor and his company. . . . ¶ Thurs-

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day, Aug. 13: Erick Hawkins and his company. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14: Pearl Lang and her company, with Paul Sanasardo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15: José Limón and his company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 7, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 8, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio, Jackie Robinson, Pee Wee Reese, and other major-league stars of past years); and Sunday, Aug. 9, at 1:30 (doubleheader) . . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 1:30 and 8; Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 2; and Thursday, Aug. 13, at 6. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 14, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8.

Boxing—Doug Jones vs. Tony Alongi, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Aug. 14.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Hackensack Golf Club, Oradell, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 6-9.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 8.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Test, Thursday, Aug. 6; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 8; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 10, through Saturday, Oct. 10. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 8:30 and 11:30.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: Final game of the American Challenge Cup series. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 9, at 3:30.)

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 10-16.)

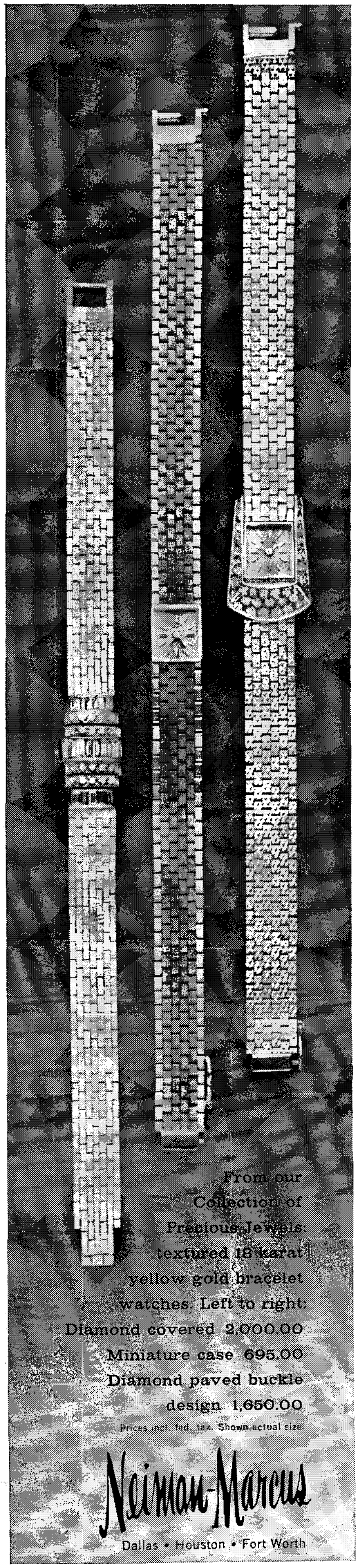
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

Yachting—British semifinal America's Cup trials. (Newport, R.I. Monday, Aug. 10, through Monday, Aug. 17.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 10-12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, forty to sixty meteors an hour may be visible.



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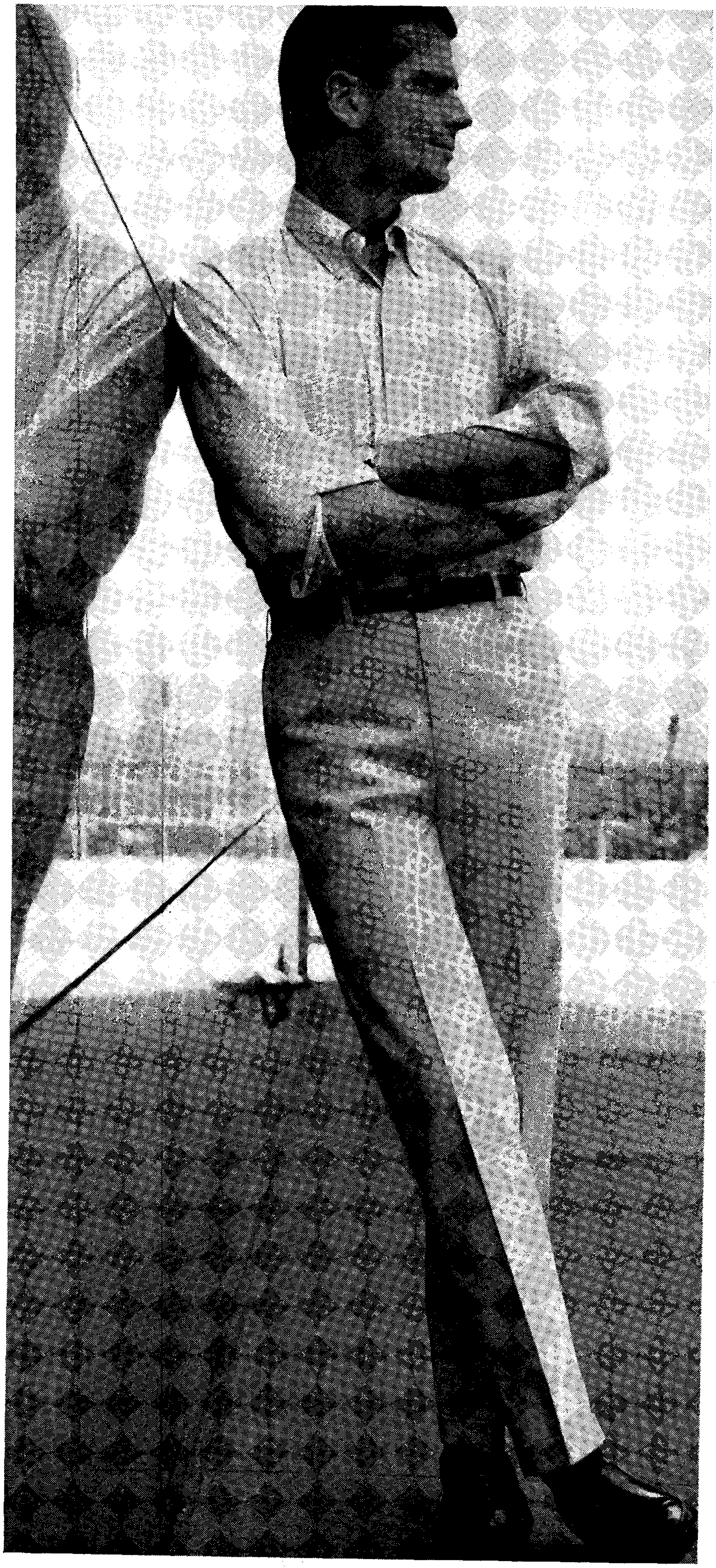

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

BECKET—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BEST MAN—A very exciting melodrama about politics, directed by Franklin Schaffner, and starring Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy. Gore Vidal wrote the knowledgeable screenplay. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 12.)

CARTOUCHE—This French spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit or apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

CLEOPATRA—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 11, tentative.)

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE—Another ample chapter in the dangerous life and incessant lecheries of Secret Service Operative 007, ably embodied by Sean Connery. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 11, tentative.)

GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM—An omnibus of gags—verbal and visual, good and bad. The impeccable and very funny Jack Lemmon is a participant in most of them. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.... ¶ Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Aug. 9.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Aug. 12.)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

MAFIOSO—A funny and frightening picture about a young and reluctant Mafia member who is forced to do his elders' deadly bidding. Alberto Sordi is flawless as the young man, and so is Alberto Lattuada, who directed. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of a splendid performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

THE ORGANIZER—Life in an Italian factory some seventy years ago. An unlikely subject, but, thanks to the director, Mario Monicelli, and his star, Marcello Mastroianni, it comes joyously and heartbreakingly to life. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 6.)

THE SERVANT—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

SEVEN DAYS IN MAY—A ruthlessly high-strung melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 8.)

A SHOT IN THE DARK—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through the afternoon of Aug. 11.)

TOM JONES—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, every one of them first-rate. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 11.)

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT—Peter Sellers in a picture, much of it filmed locally, that is ideal for children and that senior citizens will find bearable. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.... ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 12. ... ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Aug. 12, tentative.)

YANCO—This simple, unglandular fairy tale about a Mexican boy obsessed by music is for those children who love Chaplin and not Disney. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

ZULU—A welcome and highly diverting recreation in the grand tradition of "Beau Geste" and "Four Feathers." This time, the British are at odds with the Zulus and are outnumbered a thousand to one. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 11.)

REVIVALS

A NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 6.)

THE CONJUGAL BED (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 11, tentative.... ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Aug. 12, tentative.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 6.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 7.)

THE GREEN MAN (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

THE ISLAND (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 7-10.)

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 7-10.)

THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER (1963)—A riproaring old-fashioned mystery, directed by John Huston and with George C. Scott and Kirk Douglas in the cast. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Aug. 7-10. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Aug. 7-10. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

ME AND THE COLONEL (1958)—Danny Kaye as a Jewish refugee fleeing from the Nazis after the invasion of France. Curt Jurgens and Nicole Maurey give him a hand. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin again. Consequential, educational, essential. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 7.)

MONSIEUR VERDOUX (1947)—Charlie Chaplin's interpretation of the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

LOS OLVIDADOS (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 11.)

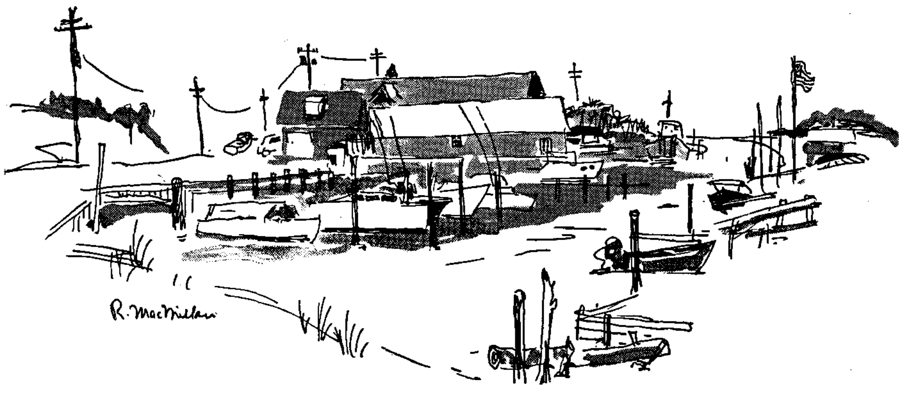
PRIVATE'S PROGRESS (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

THE TRIAL (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

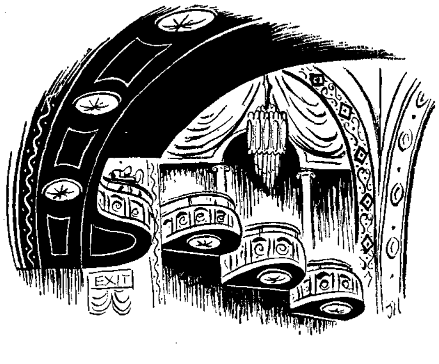
TUNES OF GLORY (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

THE V.I.P.S (1963)—Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, and Louis Jourdan are all trapped by a sudden fog at the London Airport. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 9-11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Aug. 8: "Rebellion, Mutiny in Odessa" (1906); and "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), a Russian film.... ¶ Aug. 9-12: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through the afternoon of Aug. 11: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Aug. 11, at 7: "A Hard Day's Night," the Beatles.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Summer Holiday," Cliff Richard.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
"Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Harakiri" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Theatre closed.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Cool World," Hampton Clanton.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Aug. 6: "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
Aug. 7-10: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival; and **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**, revival.
From Aug. 11: "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon; and another feature, to be announced.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Ensign Pulver," Robert Walker, Burl Ives; and "Goliath and the Vampire," Gordon Scott.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 11: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 12: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 11 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From Aug. 12 (tentative): **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
TOM JONES.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Aug. 10: "The African Lion," revival, a Walt Disney nature film; plus two Disney shorts.
From Aug. 11: "Perri," revival, a Walt Disney nature film; plus two Disney shorts.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through the afternoon of Aug. 11: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Aug. 11, at 7: "A Hard Day's Night," the Beatles.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Summer Holiday," Cliff Richard.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Aug. 9: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.**
From Aug. 10: "Girl with Green Eyes," Peter Finch, Rita Tushingham.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MONSIEUR VERDOUX, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through Aug. 8: "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
Aug. 9-11: "To Kill a Mockingbird," revival, Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.
From Aug. 12: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
MAFIOSO (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 11 (tentative): **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival.
From Aug. 12: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 11: **TOM JONES.**
From Aug. 12: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Ensign Pulver," Robert Walker, Burl Ives; and "Goliath and the Vampire," Gordon Scott.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 11: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 12: "The Patsy," Jerry Lewis; and "The Son of Captain Blood," Sean Flynn.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 6: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.
Aug. 7-10: **JULES AND JIM** and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (both in French and both revivals).
From Aug. 11: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "Les Enfants Terribles" (*in French; formerly called* "The Strange Ones"), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 8: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
Aug. 9-11: **THE V.I.P.S**, revival; and "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.
From Aug. 12: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Aug. 6: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).
From Aug. 7: "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 11: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 12: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "The Devil-Ship Pirates," Christopher Lee.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
TOM JONES.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 11: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Never Put It in Writing," Pat Boone.
From Aug. 12: "The Killers," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "The Private Lives of Adam and Eve," Mickey Rooney, Mamie Van Doren.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Aug. 6: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Beauty and the Devil" (in French), revival, Michel Simon.
From Aug. 7: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (both in French).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Aug. 6: "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones; and "Annie Get Your Gun," revival, Betty Hutton.
From Aug. 7: "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel; and "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
YANCO, a Mexican film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-3333)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 6: "The Searchers," revival, John Wayne, Ward Bond; and "Rio Grande," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.
From Aug. 7: **MODERN TIMES**, revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 11: **ZULU**; and "Doctor in Love," revival, Michael Craig.
From Aug. 12: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and **THE BEST MAN.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 6: **TUNES OF GLORY**, revival; and **ME AND THE COLONEL**, revival.
Aug. 7: **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival; and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), revival, Corinne Marchand.
Aug. 8: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier.
Aug. 9: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival; and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian), revival, Galina Ulanova.
Aug. 10: "La Bohème," revival, Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth; and "The Little Humpbacked Horse," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet.
Aug. 11: **THE GREEN MAN**, revival; and **PRIVATE'S PROGRESS**, revival.
Aug. 12: A program of five short films dealing with psychology—"Roots of Happiness," "Working and Playing to Health," and such.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
TOM JONES.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half-hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

African Pavilion—Twenty-four African countries are represented by displays of art and information, a short documentary film, frequent performances of music and dancing, and a small zoo. Adults $1.50; children fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Picturesque Belgium—A replica of a sixteenth-century Belgian village, which includes a soft-drink stand, a shop selling "imported original oil paintings," and a Hungarian restaurant, and which costs a dollar to get into (fifty cents for children).

Better Living Center—Among the pitchmen on the third floor is an excellent small exhibit of paintings and sculptures called Four Centuries of American Masterpieces. Admission fifty cents.

Christian Science—At the back of the Christian Science Pavilion, there is a pretty park that is more secluded than the Garden of Meditation, across the way.

Dynamic Maturity—Included in this exhibit, which is sponsored by the National Retired Teachers Association and the American Association of retired persons, is a photograph of Walter Pidgeon.

Eastman Kodak—One of the features of the Kodak Pavilion is a short film called "The Seeing Eye," supposedly showing the world through a boy's eyes, but actually presenting a less exclusive view.

Greece—The first twenty-seven lines of the Odyssey are inscribed on one of the walls of the Greek Pavilion, and there is also an attractive display of Greek tobacco.

Republic of Guinea—The small display here includes bows and arrows, wood carvings, musical instruments, and two books on political philosophy by President Sekou Touré.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Illinois—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Mexico—A large and attractive display of Mexican manufactures, handicrafts, and art.

Tower of Light—The audience is carried on a turntable floor through a long show having to do with electricity and starring an animated light bulb made to look like Benjamin Franklin, and three mechanical hens who sing an incomprehensible song.

Travelers Insurance—A series of life-size, three-dimensional scenes depicting triumphs of man or the objects of man's triumphs, and bearing some resemblance to the Ford and General Motors exhibits but easier to get into.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—Adjoining the one-ring circus in the Amusement Area is a display of two gorillas, one advertised as the largest and the other as the oldest in captivity. Twenty-five cents.

Coca-Cola—There are almost always large crowds walking through, or waiting to walk through, Hong Kong, Cambodia, Rio de Janeiro and other places, recreated with supposedly authentic smells and bottles of Coke in typical settings.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

R.C.A.—There are always many people standing in line outside this pavilion, and, no doubt, there is a very interesting exhibit inside.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, though numerous, are designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, the chicken Dejaj is especially good, and the meal is accompanied by Moroccan music and night-club acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food (although they do have a Spanish omelet for two dollars). The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices. No reservations.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. Reservations accepted for "sittings" at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:30. Call 888-5500.

If you're searching for:

a. jazz

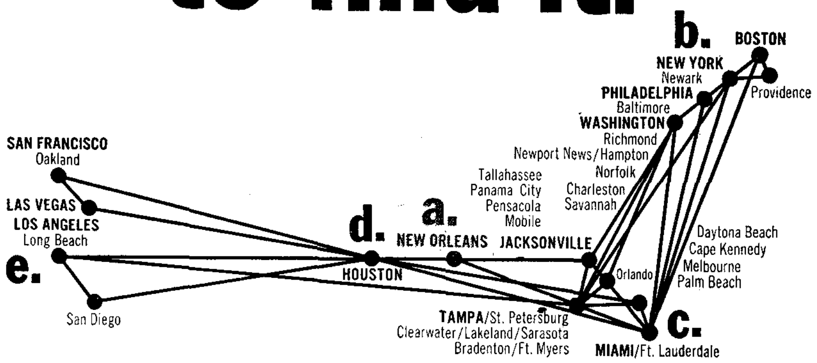
b. excitement

c. romance

d. fortune

e. fame

Jet National to find it.


b.
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Richmond
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Norfolk
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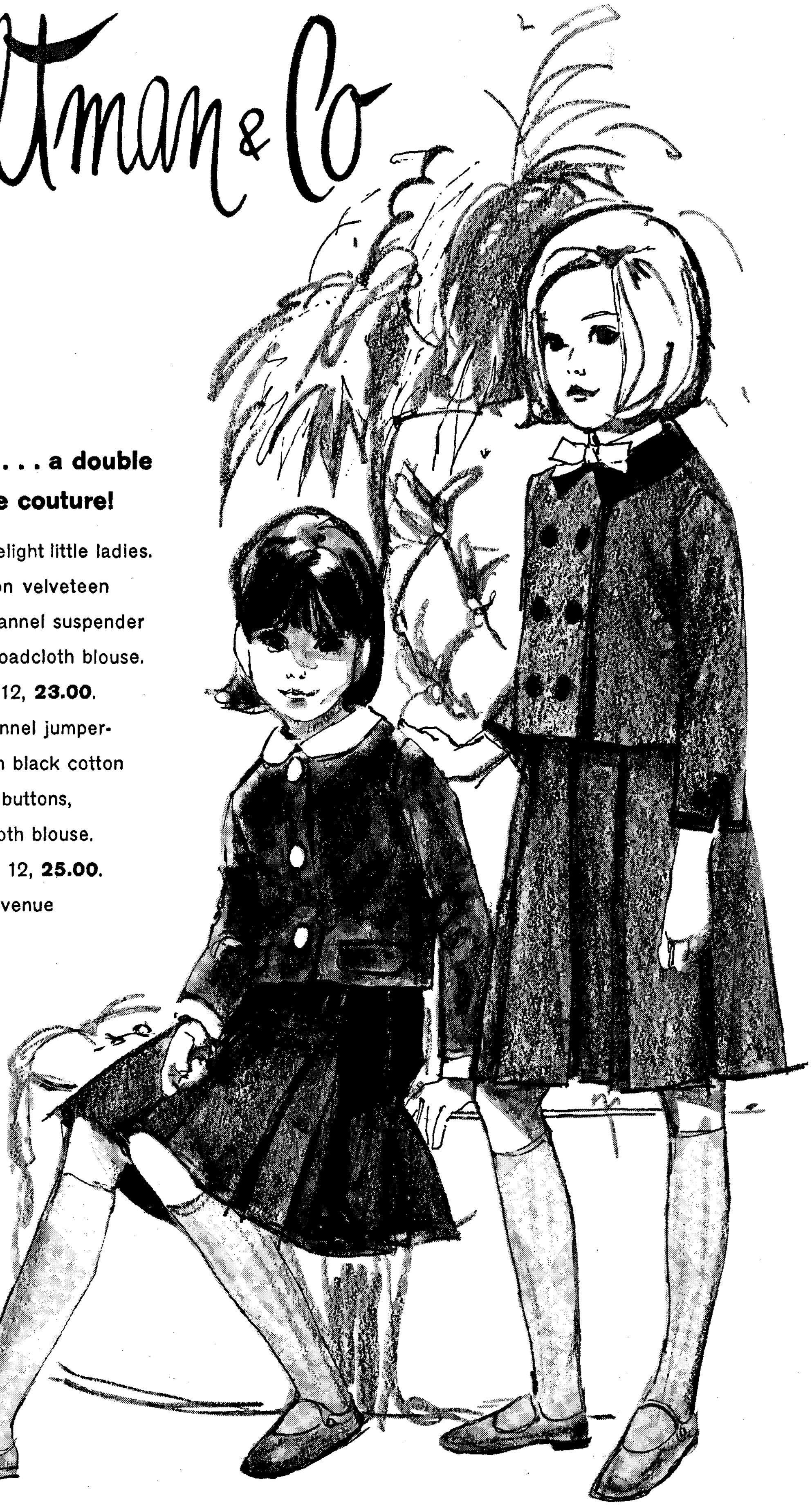
Swing down to New Orleans on National. Dixieland bands, the French Quarter, Creole cuisine. It's all on the National map. So's the Triangle Fare, which puts Florida into *your* New York-New Orleans fling for only $20 more than the round-trip jet coach fare. For an exotic prelude to exotic New Orleans, dig National's sumptuous food and superb service. Is this any way to make the jazz scene? You bet it is.

***JET NATIONAL* Coast to Coast to Coast**

B Altman & Co



From Bill Blass . . . a double helping of haute couture!

Two ensembles to delight little ladies. Left: Cranberry cotton velveteen jacket, navy rayon flannel suspender skirt, white cotton broadcloth blouse. 3 to 6x, **18.00**, 7 to 12, **23.00**. Right: Grey rayon flannel jumper-dress and jacket with black cotton velveteen collar and buttons, white cotton broadcloth blouse. 3 to 6x, **22.00**, 7 to 12, **25.00**. Second floor, Fifth Avenue and suburban stores.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT has long been a popular theme of science fiction—which is given to peering into gruesome technological futures—that one day an ambitious young computer is going to rise up and abolish the merely human intellect, in order to make the world safe for machinery. We, on the other hand, who are given only to peering uneasily over our shoulder, have come to suspect that no such revolution is necessary to insure the perfect bliss of engines. It appears to us that the intellectual overthrow of humanity has already been achieved, for all practical purposes, by gadgets of the utmost stupidity. Consider, for a moment, the airplane. Unquestionably it is a glamorous contrivance, and one of great mechanical complexity, but when it comes to personal intelligence, the airplane obviously has not advanced one step beyond the common wheelbarrow. As its passengers can testify, it often does not know enough to come in out of the rain. For all its lack of acumen, however, the airplane has succeeded, by a kind of mechanical instinct, in playing on the pride and fear of men to assure its constant and rapid development. Indeed, in the rapidity of its evolution it has left whole genera of other machines, such as the locomotive and the steamship, puffing and panting a great way behind. And certainly no living species can approach, by whole millenniums, the evolutionary rise of the airplane to eminence.

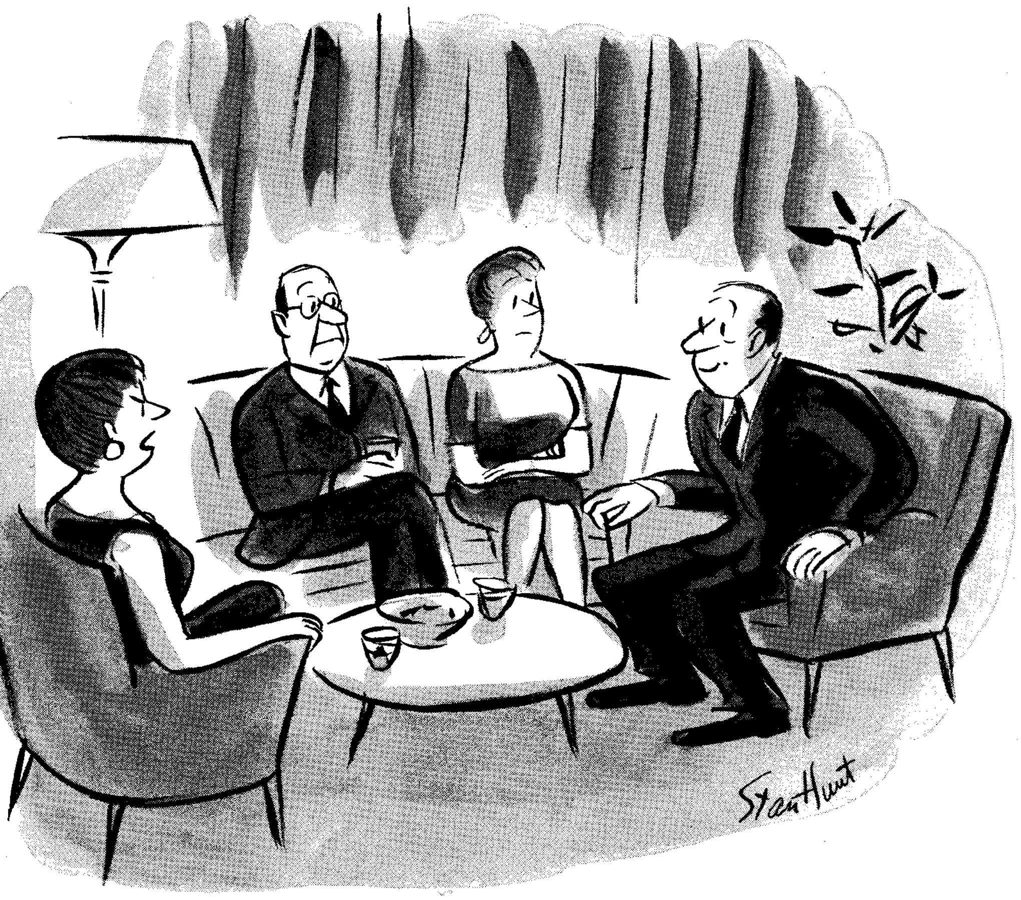
It might be objected that to speak of the airplane's "evolution" in such terms is merely to strain a figure of speech. The flying machine, it could be argued, was developed by men solely for human utility and convenience, and thus is merely a tool, without a destiny of its own. This argument, which enjoys a certain superficial plausibility, falls precipitately to the ground when one comes to ponder the elaborate preparations being made to provide this country with its first supersonic airliner. The benefits that humanity can reap from this machine will fall largely in the realm of moral character, which is said to be improved by self-sacrifice. In flight, we are informed, the supersonic airliner will lay down a continuous shock wave, some twenty-five to forty miles in width, which will register upon the groundlings over whom it passes as a smart clap of thunder. Presumably, when atmospheric conditions are right, this sonic boom will be capable of breaking windows, as was the shock wave generated by a sportive flight of Air Force bombers a few years ago. According to an article in *Popular Science*, from which we have gleaned much of our information, the Federal Aviation Agency expects that most people will find these recurrent detonations tolerable, after a campaign of "public education." And doubtless the afflicted householders, who will line the continent in great windrows once supersonic service becomes general, will feel amply compensated for their discomfort by the bracing thought that three whole hours have been trimmed from the time it takes members of the Jet Set to fly from New York to Los Angeles. Still, it does seem a doubtful equation in social utility to discommode so many, so seriously, for so trifling a convenience to so few.

The whizzing passengers also will discover certain shortcomings in such speed. Major Robert A. Rushworth, an Air Force test pilot who is one of the few men to have experienced flight at these velocities, allows that the sensations of acceleration are disconcerting. "Your eyeballs sink back in their sockets," he observed in the *Times Magazine* recently, and "when you descend and decelerate, the eyeballs press outward and down." Major Rushworth believes that passengers will require "mental training" before they will tolerate what he vividly terms the "eyeball-in, eyeball-out" effect. He believes that explanatory reading material will do the trick. Yet another brochure would probably be in order for nervous passengers who wonder at the absence of the customary oxygen masks in the new liner. The reassuring answer in this case is that the air at the plane's cruising altitude of seventy thousand feet has little more pressure than outer space, and an oxygen mask would be of no use in the event of a failure in the cabin's pressure, since the body's fluids would immediately commence to boil. Moreover (and here we must quote *Popular Science*):

> Another hazard of flying above most of the atmosphere is a lack of protection from radiation. Cosmic rays are not numerous enough to be a serious problem, but radiation from solar flares is expected to be dangerous four or five times a year. Such storms on the sun can be detected about 15 minutes before the bursts of radiation reach the earth. A warning network has been proposed, to notify all SST's [supersonic transports] flying at the time. The pilots would then have time to dive below 50,000 feet, where the atmosphere provides adequate protection. If this occurs when 50 or 100 SST's are in the air, you'll read about it on page one the next day.

No doubt.

On the whole, it is not easy to find an argument in favor of this airplane based on authentic human considerations. The saving of time that it offers is simply not on the same order of magnitude as the increase in annoyance, hazard, and expense. The Federal Aviation Agency fairly abdicates its function when it reasons that the air-



"What do you mean, we've got to be running along? We live here."

• •

liner is "inevitable," owing to the connection between speed and the historical progress of aviation. This is a curious and revealing argument, since men commonly do not speak in such terms of ordinary tools and contrivances. It is the business of a sledgehammer, for instance, to be heavy, but no one on that account would urge the development of a sledgehammer that could be lifted only by prodigies of exertion. What is implied by the Agency's argument, we suspect, is the prevalent unspoken, unexamined current notion that the logical line of mechanical evolution must be pursued by humanity even when humanity must lose by the pursuit. Even the dictatorial computers of science fiction would be hard put to it to propound a program with more mischief in it.

Why

AT the urging of the Traffic Department, and with the coöperation of a number of people who have been involved in car accidents here, a psychoanalyst named Richard W. Firestone is engaged in making a study, without fee, of why these accidents happened. A friendly man of thirty-five, with determined brown eyes, determinedly curly brown hair, and a noncommittal air that is evidently professional rather than personal, Dr. Firestone told us that he received his training in psychoanalysis at the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health, on East Twenty-eighth Street; that he's conducting his study in the hours between and after private practice; that the four volunteers who are assisting him in the study are trainees at the Center; and that most of the findings of the study will have to remain classified until after he hands it in to the Traffic Department, which he hopes to be able to do by the end of the summer. "My assistants and I, with the help of portable tape recorders, have been interviewing accident participants in their homes," he said. "I call them participants to avoid pigeonholing anyone as either the victim of an accident or the person at fault. Naturally, we're not making any effort to *treat* these people through psychoanalysis, but the psychoanalytical method of probing for information is used. We've been making a special effort to reach participants in an accident as soon as possible after it has happened, in hopes they'll be able to reproduce their emotional and mental states just prior to, and at the moment of, the accident. If they can, it gives us a chance to reconstruct the psychological picture, provided one existed."

We asked Dr. Firestone if *he'd* ever been in an accident, and it turned out that he had. "One of those accordion pileups on a freeway, about ten years ago," he said. "I was the eighth car in line behind a blowout. That was a real accident, caused by a failure on the part of a car, and it's a good illustration of a point I was about to make. Many accidents are caused because a strong emotion has impaired a driver's ego-function, which may be defined as the ability to orient, evaluate, and, in general, behave sensibly; other accidents happen that have nothing to do with impaired ego-function. If you hit a dog that has suddenly run into your path, or if a tree falls and smashes the hood of your car, the accident is plainly due to what we call an unexpected situational variable. What we're looking for is the variables in *people*."

As far as Dr. Firestone knows, his is the first study of its kind ever made. "Usually, traffic studies cover either very safe or very dangerous drivers and are conducted long after the accidents have taken place," he said. "There are approximately a hundred and forty-five thousand motor-vehicle accidents a year in New York City. While many of them may involve a heavy psychological factor, most of the participants aren't accident-prone; that is, they aren't in a chronic state of emotional disturbance. They're average drivers, who may have two or three accidents in an entire lifetime. When a psychological factor is present, it's apt to fit into one or the other of two categories. In the first category, take the case of a man who has just lost an argument with his wife or been fired from his job. He climbs into his car and uses it as a device for getting relief. He cuts in and out of lanes, tries to beat other cars away from a stop light, and in general tries to prove he's a winner. Or he may react in another way, by stepping into the street with feelings of guilt or distraction and 'arranging' to have himself sideswiped by a car. In any event, we see that a strong, easily traceable emotion has caused him to lose his normal vigilance. The second category involves a deeper layer of mental function. Take the case of a woman who suddenly loses control of her car and crashes into a guardrail. On being questioned, she isn't able to say why it happened. We try to get her to reproduce her emotional state just before the crash. She thinks a while, then says that, among other things, she had seen a billboard three or four miles back along the highway with a picture of a little girl seated in a wagon. We have her free-associate to the girl, and eventually she remembers that as a child she was in a wagon at the top of a hill and somebody gave her a push and she rolled down the hill, hit a tree, and suffered a concussion. At the time she drove past the billboard, there was subliminal recall; for a fraction of a second, she was a little girl again.”

Dr. Firestone and his assistants have found most of their “accident participants” eager to help with the study. “They seem to enjoy the idea of helping the city learn something,” he said. “We plan two further phases of the study—interviews with drivers of trucks and cabs, and voluntary reports from a hundred or so psychoanalysts with patients who, during the course of regular treatment, have happened to be involved in accidents. These analysts, being already on close terms with their patients, can go much deeper than we do in exploring motivations. When we're all finished, we'll want to spread our findings far and wide, on the hopeful assumption that people may have fewer accidents if they know some of the things that go into causing them.”

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LAST February's edition of *Paperbound Books in Print* lists Cleanth Brooks' “The Well Wrought Urn” under the heading “Personal and Practical Guides.”

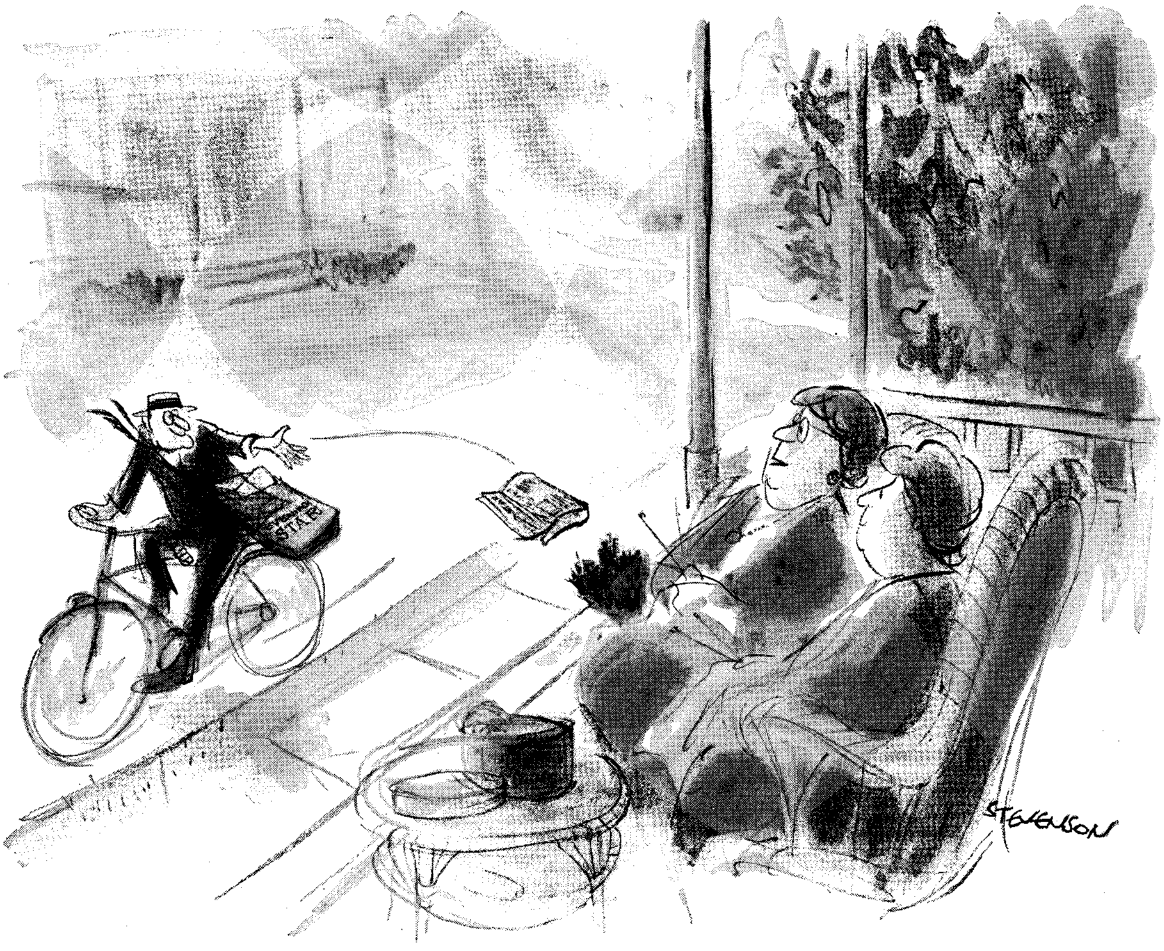
Audubons

HOW cozy institutional drives were a hundred years ago! On April 14, 1863, a committee of the New-York Historical Society, headed by Mr. Frederic DePeyster, who was the Society's second vice-president and subsequently its president, issued a circular asking “the public-spirited citizens of New-York” to subscribe four thousand dollars to buy the original drawings of Audubon's “The Birds of America.” This temperate solicitation had been triggered by a letter from Mr. S. N. Parmalee, a member of the Society, to the Society's librarian, reading:

> I am informed by Mrs. J. J. Audubon, that the original, colored drawings of her husband's great work “The Birds of America” are to be disposed of. She has some reason to think that the British Museum will purchase them; but as it is an *American* work, she thinks—as doubtless all Americans must think—that the drawings should be retained in this country. It occurred to me that the archives of the New-York Historical Society would be the proper repository of so valuable a National treasure. I suggest the subject for your personal—and if you think proper—your official consideration.

By June 2, 1863, the four thousand dollars had been raised, in contributions ranging from ten to a hundred dollars, and the Audubon drawings—four hundred and thirty-two out of the four hundred and thirty-five that were used to produce the engraved prints in “The Birds of America,” plus thirty-seven studies for them and a handful of drawings used in Audubon's “Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America”—came to the Society. Well, the British Museum's loss is Central Park West's gain, as all Americans who have visited the Society's new John James Audubon Gallery must surely think. The twenty-odd drawings on display, most of them in watercolor, include vivid action portrayals of the golden eagle (about to devour a plump white rabbit) and the bald eagle (four versions, three with side dishes of catfish, one with a goose), as well as Connecticut warblers, snowy owls, flickers, purple grackles, ivory-billed woodpeckers, and gyrfalcons. Many of them bear pencilled notes or inscriptions in the artist's handwriting; one note, at the bottom of a picture of a swamp sparrow, reads, “Drawn from Nature by Lucy Audubon. Mr. Havell will please have Lucy Audubon's name on this plate instead of mine.”

From a wealth of informative labels accompanying the exhibit, we learned that Robert Havell was the London engraver who, between 1827 and 1838, made the “Birds of America” plates; that Audubon, soliciting subscribers to this serially published work here, in England, and on the Continent, signed up two hundred and seventy-nine persons, among them George IV, the Grand Duke of Tuscany and Florence,



“Fred Trafton is coping with his sunset years in mighty spunky fashion.”

the Duc d'Orléans, Daniel Webster, and Charles L. Bonaparte, a nephew of Napoleon I (a hundred and eighteen of them backed out before the last parts were issued); and that Lucy Audubon, who worked as a governess and teacher in order to support her husband while he was stalking his avian sitters along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, once wrote her sister, "I have a rival in every bird."

Following this enjoyable tour, we called on Dr. James J. Heslin, the Society's director, who told us that no sort of Parke-Bernet value could be placed on the drawings, since none had changed hands in the last hundred years, but that copies of the Elephant Folio had sold for up to forty thousand dollars, and that the Society's drawings, other than those on display, were kept flat, on steel trays, in the office of Miss Carolyn Scoon, the assistant curator of the Society's museum, where qualified visitors may inspect them. "One of our great treasures, along with the Louisiana Purchase document," he said. "Not a week goes by but that we get letters asking about the drawings. The Society did well to raise the money for them—and right in the middle of the Civil War, too, when things were not going well for the North."

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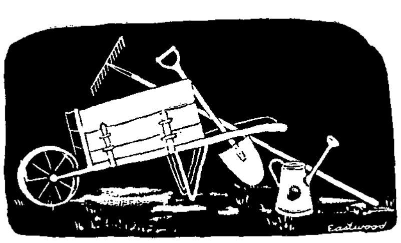
SIGN prominently displayed in a Seattle state liquor store:

No One of Questionable Age
Will Be Sold

Beckett

WE have always liked to imagine Samuel Beckett as more the inhabitant of his own wild pages than of any mundane place or time, and we were consequently a bit skeptical, the other day, when we read in a newspaper that he had materialized in our very midst and could be found that morning in a small movie studio on the upper East Side, watching over the production of his first screenplay. We headed straight uptown, and were halfway down the long, dark hall of a converted bakery on Ninetieth Street when we came upon Barney Rosset, the president of Grove Press, Beckett's American publisher. Mr. Rosset informed us that he had formed a subsidiary called Evergreen Theatre to commission and produce movies by his own authors, and that Evergreen's first film, now in production but still without a title, was being made from three short screenplays by Mr. Beckett, Harold Pinter, and Eugène Ionesco. He grinned, bounded proudly down the rest of the hall and into the studio, and added that Beckett's screen treatment, which contains no dialogue at all, had not only the author as adviser but Alan Schneider as its director, Boris Kaufman as its director of photography, and Buster Keaton playing its major character. Rosset then steered us across the studio, nimbly sidestepping coils of rope and piles of boxes on the floor, and left us at the door of the set of a small, exceedingly Beckettian room. It contained a rusty cot, a mattress smeared with dirt and sprouting chicken feathers through a large rip, a crumpled green blanket, a dingy mirror, an even dingier window hung with tattered curtains and an old air-raid shade, a picture of what looked like a carnival figure, a Chihuahua, a cat, a parrot, two goldfish, a Victorian rocker, a large camera on wheels, forty spotlights, twelve technicians, one script girl, two magazine photographers, Mr. Schneider, Mr. Kaufman, Mr. Keaton, a bearded cameraman named Joe Coffey, and Mr. Beckett, who was sitting in a corner on a Coca-Cola crate, peering intently at the scene. The playwright, materialized, turned out to be tall and quite thin, with soaring eyebrows and graying brown hair that stood straight up and swept back over his head like a wiry crest. He wore small round steel-rimmed glasses, a light-blue shirt rolled up at the sleeves and open at the neck, and tan trousers that were liberally splattered with feathers from the mattress. He was nervously smoking a strong French cigarette, and his forehead was deeply lined.

We were edging across the set to Mr. Beckett's crate when Mr. Schneider called, "O.K., let's try it!," and the technicians dispersed to various posts around the room and on the scaffolding, leaving Mr. Kaufman, his cameraman, his camera steerer, and his camera-cord carrier behind the camera and Mr. Keaton in front of it. Keaton, with all his traditional gloom intact, was wearing an eye patch, baggy black trousers, bright-red suspenders, and an old, battered, pancaked hat. With Mr. Schneider counting and Mr. Beckett shyly watching, Keaton took four slow steps toward the Chihuahua and the cat. The Chihuahua and the cat, who shared a wicker basket, stared curiously at him.



"That all right, Sam?" Schneider called.

"Exactly. Just the way I'd want it," Beckett said softly, standing up to clasp his hands behind his head and stretch.

"Would you like to take a look, Sam?" Coffey said.

Beckett, pleased, peeked into the camera. "It's fine. Good," he said.

"Here, sit down, Sam," one of the technicians said, and pulled up a new crate.

Beckett took him by the shoulders and chuckled affectionately. "Really, I promise you that when I get tired of standing up, I *will* sit down," he said. "I *promise* to sit down."

Schneider held out a Coke. "Here, have a drink, Sam," he said.

A tough-looking young technician, walking across the set with an extra spotlight, stopped next to us. He looked protectively over at Beckett, who was back on his Coke crate, absorbed in the rehearsal of the next scene. "I can't believe it," the technician whispered. "Sam's the nicest guy I've ever met. He's just *so* nice that he makes you nice, too." He shook his head, incredulously, and continued on his way.

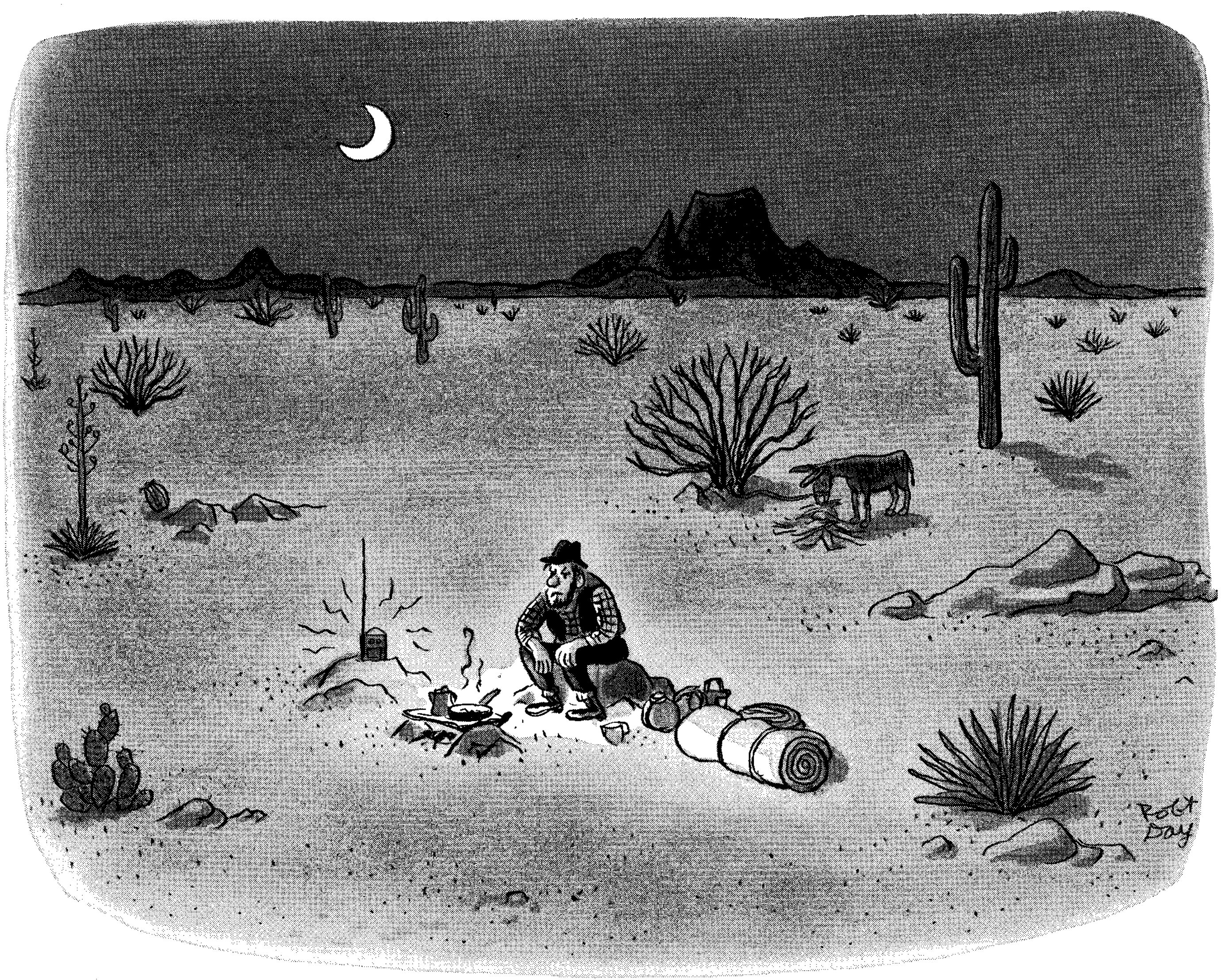
We walked over to Beckett. He was quite tanned, and he explained that he had spent the weekend in East Hampton, at Rosset's house. "I met Edward Albee at his place in Montauk, but I haven't done much in New York," he said matter-of-factly and not at all regretfully. "Kay Boyle brought a writer called Kenneth Koch over to say hello, but mostly I've been here, working on the film."

Schneider strode by and off the set, and we followed. We asked him about the film.

"It's really quite a simple thing," he said. "It's a movie about the perceiving eye, about the perceived and the perceiver—two aspects of the same man. The perceiver desires like mad to perceive, and the perceived tries desperately to hide. Then, in the end, one wins."

We asked Mr. Schneider who did win, and he said that he thought the perceiver won. "You know, people come in here and ask Sam 'What do you *mean?*,' trying to make him something obscure, befuddling, inscrutable. Well, I think he's the most crystal-clear poet—notice, I say poet—writing today. 'Godot'? 'Endgame'? They're lucid. Maybe it's just that we're afraid to hear what they're trying to say."

Mr. Schneider strode on, and we turned back to Mr. Beckett, who was listening to a young woman from the studio. "Sam, the teen-agers love your



"It is summer, remember, and windows are open. Keep your volume low, please, so as not to disturb your neighbors."

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novel 'Murphy,'" she said. "They laugh and laugh."

Beckett smiled. "Well, it's my easiest book, I guess," he said. He then told the woman that he was returning to Paris, where he lives, as soon as the film is finished.

"You should have been around for the exteriors," said Coffey, who had walked over to the crate. "We shot under the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge. It was perfect. The street we were on was semi-demolished and desolate. It looked as though the street was all that existed, all there was—a world blocked off."

Beckett nodded in agreement. "Pearl Street, it was," he said.

Coffey edged away from the crate and beckoned to us. "You know, Sam's incredible," he said. "He grasps his own work visually. He can think cinematically. He spotted Pearl Street as the place right away, when we were driving around."

Coffey looked admiringly over at Beckett, who was now engrossed in wordless conversation with Mr. Keaton. Keaton, with a disarming dead pan, was digging into one of his trouser pockets, looking for change. He dug deeper and deeper, through the proverbial hole in the pocket and straight down to the cuff. Upon reaching the cuff, he pulled out a quarter, held it up triumphantly, and handed it to Beckett. Beckett threw back his head and laughed.

"Sam, they released 'The General' again, you know, with foreign subtitles," Keaton said at last, in a low, gravelly voice. "It went all over Europe, and all of a sudden everybody loved it. A German lady even sent me flowers." He paused thoughtfully. "Now, why couldn't she have sent them forty years ago?"

Beckett laughed again. "You could've used them then."

"O.K., let's go, Buster!" Schneider called, as Kaufman wheeled the camera into place for another take.

Beckett left his crate. He reappeared a moment later on the scaffolding, leaning over a makeshift rail, chin in hand.

Keaton, his face averted, was groping along the wall, clutching the green blanket. When he reached the mirror, he flung the blanket over it, blocking out all reflection.

"Cut!" called Schneider. "How was that? All right, Sam?"

"Exactly," Beckett said quietly.

We left him on the scaffolding, peering shyly and profoundly, and even a little inscrutably, down.

Translation

AT a local restaurant that specializes in wholesome American food, a well-fed friend of ours overheard the maître d'hôtel explaining to a group of French tourists what "lean chopped sirloin" is. "*C'est—c'est comme un hamburger,*" he finally blurted out. "*Ah oui, ah oui!*" the Gauls said in chorus, and lost no time in ordering several.

LATITUDE

MARTHA stood under the bright dining-room light behind her mother-in-law, snipping deftly at the gray hairs high on the thick, slightly wrinkled neck. Funny, she thought, that she would trust me at her back with a sharp instrument. She clipped the hairs neatly, feeling them brush her legs as they fell to the floor. When she got home, she would have to shake out her shoes.

The noise in the apartment was nearly unbearable. Harry, her father-in-law, had the television turned up as loud as it would go, and above it he was singing "LA-LA-LA" to the baby, who shrieked in delight for more. Will sat on the couch, behind the Sunday papers, doing in his head whatever he always did to avoid what went on during these visits to his parents' house.

"A little more on this side," Edna said. "It's uneven. They nearly butchered me last time. Not to say anything bad about you, but if I have to pay two dollars for an awful haircut, I'd rather let you do it." She turned toward the living room and yelled, "For God's sake, Harry, you'll frighten the baby to death with all that noise!"

"She loves it, she loves it."

"Is anyone watching the television?"

"Will is watching it. It's a documentary on Red China. It's very interesting."

"Are you watching it, Will?" Edna called, turning in the chair so that the towel around her neck came loose.

"What? No, I don't care."

"Then shut it off, Harry. No one is watching it."

"I'll get Ed Sullivan then," he said. "Lena Horne is on."

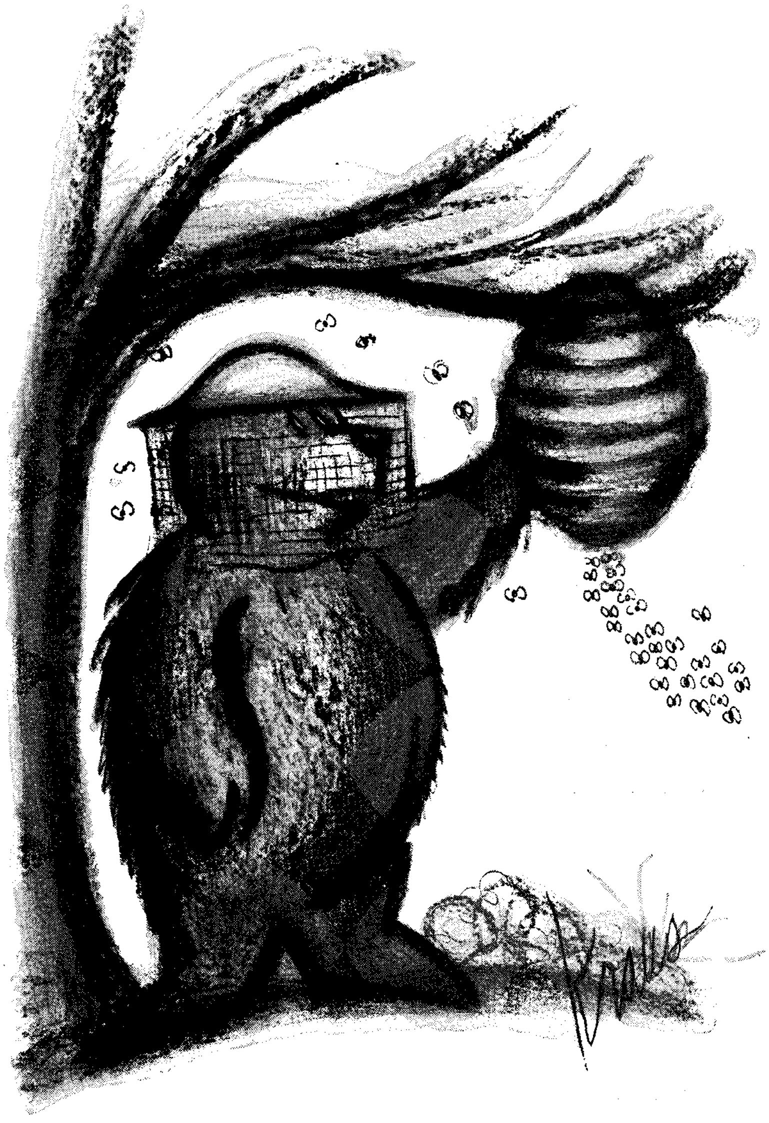
Her mother-in-law settled back in the chair and sighed. Martha went on with her cutting.

Her poor father-in-law—he lived all week for Ed Sullivan, and then when she and Will came, he felt he had to get something intellectual on the screen for Will to watch. He probably didn't see Ed Sullivan once in ten Sundays. Who could have imagined their trooping here Sunday after Sunday for these cozy visits? Well, maybe it would do the baby some good—the Family Unit, relationships with members of the older generation, something like that.

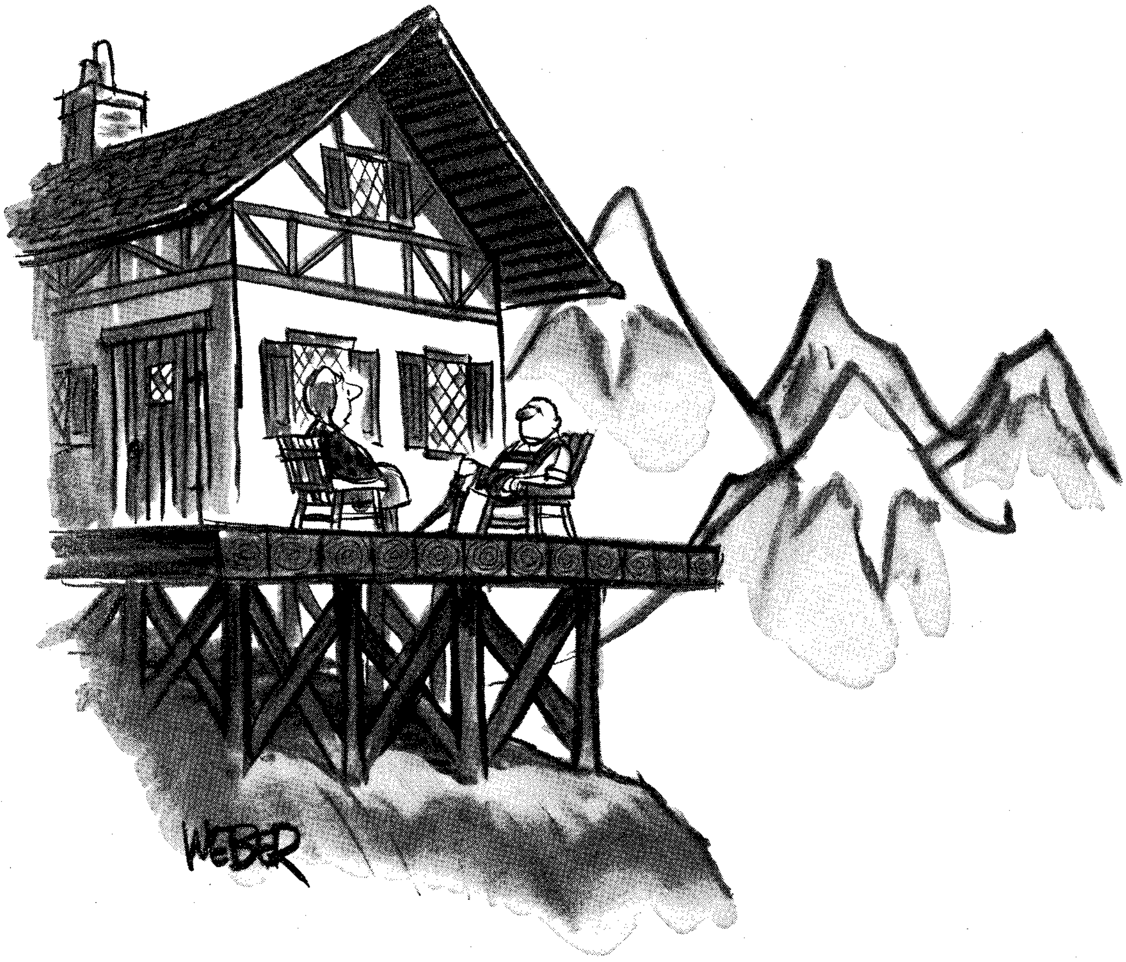
"Bend your head, Edna. I'll get these bottom hairs and then I think we'll be done."

She could never say "Edna" without a hesitation. By right—and she knew her in-laws wished it desperately—she should call them Mother and Dad. For her own part, she'd have preferred to call them Mr. and Mrs. Roth. But she couldn't; now that she was Mrs. Roth herself, she had to separate from the name some of the hatred for it she'd once felt. So she called them Edna and Harry, thinking each time of the names her own mother had given them in the painful days when she and Will were dating: "Hatchetface" for Edna, and "Thunderhead" for Harry. Her mother had not done it out of spite but to entertain Martha and make her laugh when she would come in crying after Will had related some new threat his parents had made to separate him from her.

She would never to her dying day understand the way they had acted. She'd asked herself a thousand times—not quite as much in the last few years, but still often enough—why, *how* they could have hated her so much. In her eighteenth year, when it was almost as hard for Will to get away to see her as it would have been for him to rob a bank, she'd told herself, "All right, I'm not rich, I'm not beautiful, but I'm not a whore, for God's sake, nor pregnant, nor out for his money—he hasn't any, heaven knows—and I'm from respectable people, and I'm moderately intelligent, and, genetically speaking, if Will and I have a baby, it's likely to have his brown hair and eyes, and probably his chin and nose, too, and for that matter nearly his everything, since *he* had his parents' everything," which seemed to her to prove that they dominated, body and soul, whatever they begot.



She never had even a hint of what it was they hated. Just a few days ago, she'd been cleaning out the hall closet and found a carton of letters she'd written to Will during the four years when they'd sent him away from her to a college in Illinois. Tucked in with her own were letters from his parents, which she'd read without a qualm of conscience. Most of them said something like "Enclosed is this week's money. Please acknowledge. We've not had a letter from you in weeks." One of them read, "Daddy and I hope you are taking advantage of your freedom to go out with other girls and see what you have been missing. We expect you will not waste your time and *our* money by writing hundreds of letters to Martha, who I'm sure is not sitting around waiting for you. Your mistake was in settling on the first thing that came along, and being as lazy as



"You never yodel anymore, Hans."

you are not making any effort to look further for something better. Believe us when we say you would have settled for much less than the best if you'd ended up with her. She and her family were trying to trap you into something you hadn't the sense to realize. It wouldn't hurt you to write to us. NOW. Love, Mother."

Martha pulled the towel off her mother-in-law's neck and shook it out. "All done," she said, and, putting the scissors on the table, she went into the living room and scooped the baby up in her arms, burying her nose in the sweet flesh of her neck, saying, "Kiss, kiss," and loving her tickled laugh, like the sound of bells rolling downhill.

She caught Will looking over his paper at her, and when their eyes met he winked, and then, embarrassed, glanced uncomfortably around the room to make sure no one had seen him. He rustled the papers loudly and, as always happened when they were here, receded from her into his sullen truce against his parents, determined that they should have no piece of his life to conjecture upon when they were alone. But the look Martha had had from his eyes told her again that the bitter battle of wills had been worth it, and a sense of well-being flooded her body, because life was sweet now; they had their home, the baby was beautiful, they were young, and she and Will had love in their marriage.

Edna was touching the back of her hair with her short, round fingers. "If I tell you I don't like it," she said, "you can always say the dinner was awful."

Martha smiled. Amazed once again at her own politeness and good manners, she thought of the day she and Will had become engaged. It was during Christmas vacation of Will's third year in college. Telling his parents proved to be an error, but Will had thought it the best strategy at the time, feeling that an outright declaration would show them he meant business, and perhaps hoping that they might be kinder. He wanted his parents to understand that he and Martha would do nothing foolish till he finished school. Just an engagement. No wedding, no babies, no having to leave college and drive a truck for a living. Just a quiet promise, and some peace. He had got her a ring, very thin real gold, with a tiny knot of gold in the center instead of a stone—it only cost eight dollars—and they had bravely gone together into his parents' house to announce the news.

His mother had turned purple. "What right have you to ruin my son's life? Who do you think you are, trying to make a boy into a man? He's still a baby. Look at her!" she cried to her husband. "Look how she holds his hand! Look at them!"

And Will's father had become wild. "You get out of here!" He waved his fist. "You keep away from our boy!"

"What right? What right?" his mother kept shouting, and Martha, nineteen years old and pleading the only truth she knew, had said, "Because I love him," and then they were both pushing her out the door, screaming "Bitch! Bitch!," and she had fled, blind in her tears, hearing Will come down after her, shouting over his shoulder a hoarse curse at his parents.

Well, they'd survived. Witness the present scene. Spaghetti for dinner, Ed Sullivan on television, granddaughter on the rug—with Will's eyes, Will's nose, Will's chin.

"Who wants an apple?" her father-in-law said. "Will, you want an apple?"

Will, behind his papers, did not hear or did not bother to answer.

"Martha?"

"No thanks."

"Edna?"

"No, I'm going in to wash my hair. I'll be out in ten minutes."

Martha watched her mother-in-law walk through the doorway into the bedroom, her short, squat form calling up none of the anguish Martha had once felt whenever she saw it. From time to time after that terrible Christmas, Martha would see Will's mother in a department store, or walking along the street, or coming out of a movie with her husband, and each time she'd feel faint with fear—of them, and of her murderous will toward them. She would have sworn on her life then that no change of fates would ever find her speaking humanely and decently to these people. Not even if they were to get down on their knees to her.

The funny thing was there had been no apology at all. After years of not speaking to one another (her in-laws, of course, had not been at the wedding), Edna had called them one Saturday when the baby was three months old, and talked with Will. She invited him to come with the baby and Martha to dinner the next night, and Will had said Yes and hung up, his hand shaking.

"Why did you say Yes?" Martha had asked him. "How can we go? What do they want to do to us now?"

"I think they want to apologize," Will had said.

His parents had been terribly polite, all right, and they had nearly stood on their heads for the baby's pleasure, and they had served a good dinner—and all the while Martha's teeth were chattering, her hands like ice, and Will was stiff-backed and tense—but there had been no word of apology. They had acted as though there couldn't have been anything to apologize for. They were just warmhearted regular old grandparents.

When Edna had called the next week and invited them to dinner again, because no one spoke out the truth the first time, there seemed no reason to say No the second time, and, strangely and easily, they had fallen into this pattern of coming to Sunday dinner. Martha began to accept it as part of her life. A sense of continuity grew out of the visits—taking the baby to her grandparents', being served an elaborate dinner, watching television. She and Will found themselves going without discussing it.

So here they were, with Ed Sullivan bowing out for the last commercial.

Her father-in-law went forward and switched off the set. "So, Will?" he said. "What did you think of the Giants winning?"

Reluctantly, Will put down the papers and showed his face. "I don't care one way or another," he said.

"So what have you been doing on your days off? Taking the baby to the zoo?"

"She's too young."

"So what do you do?"

"We mostly stay home."

"Will's building a record cabinet," Martha volunteered, which was strange, since she usually let the old man founder till he realized that conversation was impossible.

"Is that so? Is that so?" he said. "Tell me about it, Will."

"Nothing to tell. I'm just building it."

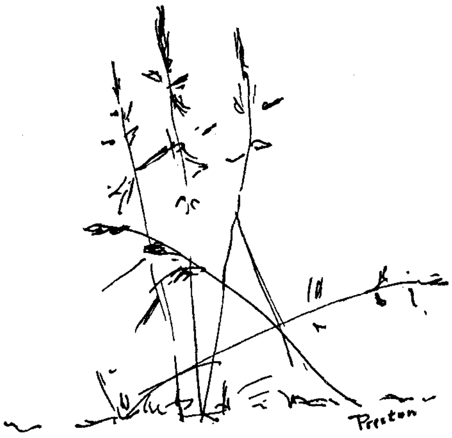
"Oh, Harry," Martha said. "Will needs a large screwdriver. You wouldn't happen to have one, would you?"

"Sure, sure I do," Harry said, delighted to be of some use. "I'll find it for you right now. Why didn't you ask sooner? I could have driven over with it." He got up and went into the kitchen.

"It's not important," Will called after him. "I can get one at Woolworth's."

"Not at all, not at all," Harry answered, rattling things in a cabinet. "I know it's here somewhere," he said, his voice muffled.

Will picked up the papers again. It was very quiet without the television. The sound of a running shower could be heard above the thumps of Harry's pulling everything out of the kitchen drawers. The baby sat on the rug, rolling an apple against one chubby thigh and back against the other. Martha went over to her husband on the couch and said, "Let him find the screwdriver. Borrow it from him. Thank him, for heaven's sake, Will. Let him do something for us."



Will looked up at her, and then moved forward and rubbed his head in a kind of anguish against her stomach. "Oh, Martha," he whispered. "I'm sorry for all this mess."

She felt him lean back quickly at a sound from the bathroom, and to hide her own confusion she began to diaper the baby, holding the pins in her mouth and keeping her head bent.

By the time the bathroom door opened and her mother-in-law came out, her wet hair slicked against her skull, Martha was sitting on the floor, holding the baby against her chest like a shield. Her mother-in-law, with her makeup washed off, and wearing only a robe without her many supporting garments, looked loose and old, worn and tired. "I think we'll have to go soon," Martha said. "It's way past the baby's bedtime. She's going to get cranky any minute."

"Oh, don't go yet," Edna said. "I'll make some coffee. Stay awhile."

"Haven't we made enough of a mess for you for one evening?" Martha said with a laugh, indicating the apples on the floor, the crumbs from the baby's zwieback, the chocolatey fingerprints on the

SCENE OF A SUMMER MORNING

Scene of a summer morning: my mother walking
To the butcher's, I led along. Mountains
Of feathers. My breath storms them. Angry feathers.
Handfuls. The warm gut windings stinking.
Here, chickens! Yankel, the bloody storeman—
Daringly he takes the live animals
In vain. Yankel, a life for a life! Eternal
Morning too young to go to school. I get
A hollow horn to keep. Feathers, come down!
Gone. The world of one morning. But somewhere,
Sparkling, it circles a sunny point.

Incredible the mazes of that morning,
Where my life in all the passages at once
Is flowing, coursing, as in a body
That walked away, went.
Who writes these lines
I no longer know, but I believe him
To be a coward, the only one who escaped.
The best and bravest are back there still,
All my Ten Tribes wandering and singing
In the luminous streets of the morning.
Unsounded the horn! And silence shudders
In the center of the sunny point,
Heartstopping at dawn.
Enormous my thieving hand in the ancient sunlight
No longer mine. Littering through my fingers,
Drifting, the Ten Tribes there, lost forever.

—IRVING FELDMAN

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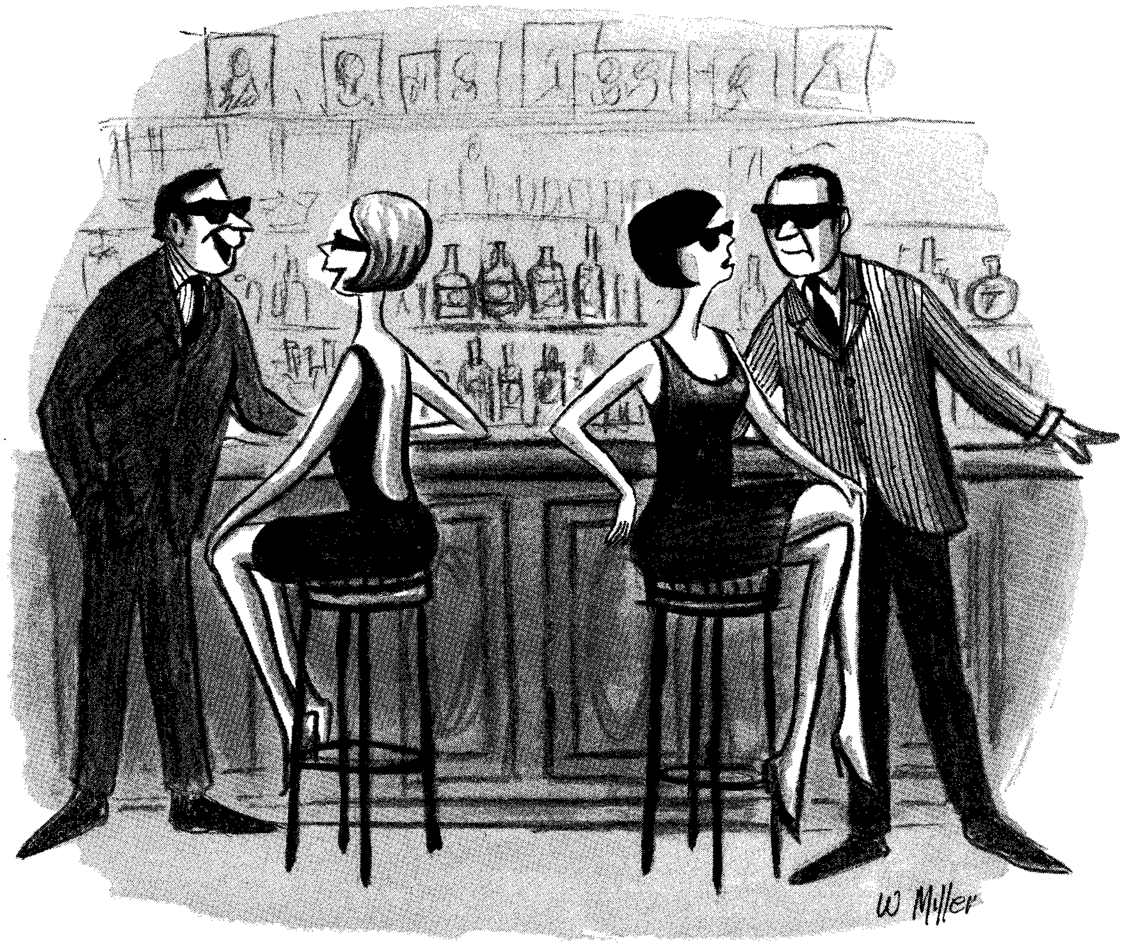

"Sh-h-h! They're name-dropping!"

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yellow plastic elephant that Edna kept in a drawer, to be pulled out when the baby arrived.

"So what?" Edna said. "So what if there's a mess? We're alone all week. That's what we live for." As if she had said more than she meant to, she quickly stooped and ruffled the baby's silky hair with her hand. The baby turned toward her and smiled, without prejudice. Martha saw her mother-in-law move as though to lift the baby, but instead change her direction and awkwardly pick a piece of dirt from the rug.

It occurred to Martha quite suddenly that neither Edna nor Harry ever lifted the baby without first turning to her for permission. In fact, even when they wanted something of Will they asked her first. They would say, "Do you think Will would like more coffee?" or, "Apple pie or apricot pie for Will?," as though they were afraid to act without her consent or approval, and also as if Will's preference for the kind of pie he liked when he was a boy had been automatically voided by his marriage.

"We'd love to stay a little longer, Edna, but really we've got to get home. Will has to get up early, and the baby will be all off schedule if we don't get her in bed soon."

Edna stepped back, nodding her head obediently, and did not plead further.

Clearly now, Martha understood that she was the one in power; the authority for decisions was hers now. They were old and at her mercy. She had their son, she had their grandchild, and she had the power of depriving them of one or both. "Come on, Will," she said. "Let's get all the stuff together and go."

Will, behind his barricade, did not move.

"You think it was easy being his mother?" Edna said, and Martha, oddly moved by this confession, hurried to gather up the baby's toys and clothes and bottles.

In the kitchen, she found her father-in-law sitting on the floor, surrounded by the contents of five cabinets. "I know it's here," he said, "but I can't find it. Maybe I'll look in the car. Maybe it's there." He stepped out of his circle of cans and pots, and went out the door.

When Martha came back into the living room, Will was standing; he had his jacket on. He lifted the baby up toward her, and Martha, taking and balancing the small weight on her hip, wrapped her in her blanket. Edna came toward them and tucked the ends of the blanket more tightly behind the baby, making her snug in the pink envelope. "You made a delicious dinner," Martha said. "You go to so much trouble—we never feast like that at home."

"It's nothing, I enjoy it," Edna said. "Please come soon. During the week if you want to. No need to wait for the weekend."

Will brushed in front of his mother and stood halfway out the door, his hand touching the small of Martha's back to hurry her.

"Why, maybe we will," Martha said. "That might be nice—to come during the week."

Without a word of farewell, Will began to walk toward the car, and Martha, reddening, took the baby's arm out of the blanket and waved it. "Say bye-bye to Grandmother."

"Bye-bye, sweet darling," her mother-in-law said to the baby, and then suddenly she said, "Someday my son will kiss me goodbye."

Instinctively, Martha held out the baby to her mother-in-law, and when the old woman's arms folded around her, Martha said, "Can you kiss Grandmother goodbye? Can you give a kiss?" She leaned in front of the baby and put her lips against her mother-in-law's cheek. "Like this," she said to the baby. "Can you do it?"

Edna drew Martha against her, and for an instant the two women hugged, the baby between them.

Martha, moving now to follow her husband, looked back at her mother-in-law, and, taking courage from the latitude she had discovered in her soul, she was able to say without strain, "Tell Dad goodbye for us, and if he finds the screwdriver, we'll come and pick it up tomorrow."—Merrill Joan Gerber

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Mr. Johnson closed extemporaneously, and in a homely vein:

"So as we go down the long, winding, uphill trail of a greater society . . ."

—*The Times*.

Please, Mr. President—stick to the script!

LLORONA

I AM in the State of Tabasco, in a town I have never been in before, a town that I had scarcely even heard of a few days ago, a town that I had not intended to visit. It is hot and sultry. It has rained once this morning, but the air did not clear. I am alone in a jungle, and though I have slept now a dead, spectred sleep for sixteen hours, I am still slow and numbed in my mind and body. A pall of silent separation hangs over this city, which is called Villahermosa, and over this jungle, which is really a neglected park—an overgrown, deserted museum by the sullen Lagoon of Illusions. The untended paths reveal at every turn a colossal head of igneous stone or a monolith engraved with Olmec figures worn almost to death by wind and rain. The bones and cities of the savages that carved them may still lie buried under the plantations of cacao and papaya or in the pathless jungles along this torpid coast. They worshipped a jaguar god, and at the last turn of the path I saw, set in the smoldering sunlight and lizard-infested leaves, a stone idol, forthright and crude, with the body of a man and a head of the beast. The man part was kneeling. Wide nostrils and teeth had been carved on a flat cat's face that looked up, seeking in the indifferent sky the sun ball that was its god. I was touched—seized, in fact, by a deep terror and reverence that still possess me, though I have come this much farther along the path. And I try to reason why such a primitive image should shake me so, brought up as I was in the arms and love of baby Jesus.

Ahead of me now, in the middle of the path, standing still, watching me, is a vulture. It is enormous. Its head, unlike the buzzards of my childhood, is not pink and naked; it is as black as the rest of its body and raptorial feet. The path is narrow, but the bird does not hop away or take flight at my approach. It stands there looking at me, waiting for me. I have never before walked by a standing vulture, and I picture a piece of a thigh or an eye ripped out by its bird's obsidian beak. I remember the ravens that killed the living lambs back in the country I came from, and I say to myself that vultures only eat the dead to clean the earth for the living. Nevertheless, when the creature shows no sign that it will move for me, I stop. I wait. I wonder if it will sense or smell the life I still possess. I cannot take another step unless I know.

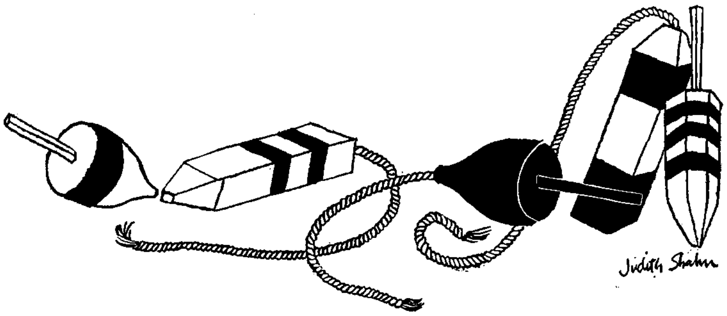
TWO days ago, I was in Veracruz. I had gone there with friends. None of us had known that carnival would be in progress. We arrived on Wednesday. The high weekend, the climax of fiesta, was yet to come, so the hotel rooms we found were free only until Saturday. We would have to depart then, in deference to people with weekend reservations. My friends were three couples: a plain American pair, a doctor and his wife, from a Western ranch; a Frenchman with a British wife; a German with a Mexican wife. Yet they were Americans all, and I was perhaps the most American of the lot, because I am neither here nor there, Eastern nor Western, mountain nor plain. I'm one thing now and another then, and all things together at the same time. I am most recently from California, where, along the green coast, the ravens kill the spring lambs to eat their eyes, and the fog comes in summer—a far cry from this black-eyed Catholic seaboard, rank as Hell.

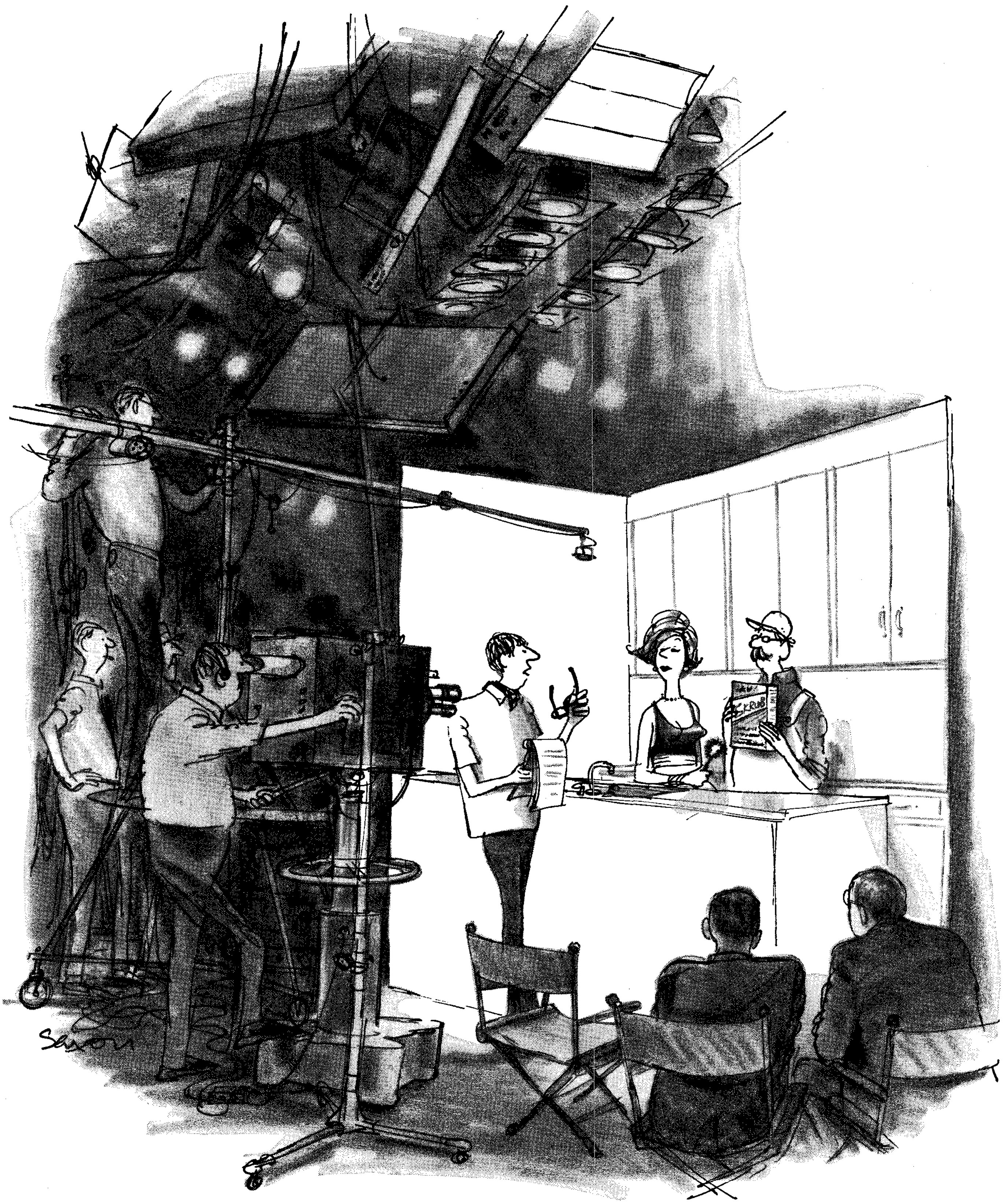
Our hotel was old, tiled—un-American, though the girl at the desk spoke English—and it faced the Parque de la Parroquia de Nuestra Señora de la Asunción, around which were arcaded cafés selling, in the open air, drinks, shrimps, and oysters with the taste of the sea floor on their shells. A north wind, common at that season, swept coolly from the Mexican Gulf, across the harbor and down the street, bringing the reek of the shallow sea and the bunker smell of ship steel. Palmettos rattled in the square, and fountain water like ocean spray wet the tiles of the plaza. A far cry, again, from the hot, breathless, oppressive center where I now stand staring at my vulture. *My* vulture. Ah! Already I have taken possession of his ugly soul.

AMERICANS drink in Mexico because the country is strange and the booze is cheap. Most of them drink tequila and mescal, rum and gin. The rich ones, who, in their automobiles, pass by the countryside as if it were a diorama in a malevolent museum, drink Scotch-and-bottled-water at exorbitant prices, but all of them drink. My friends and I began drinking the minute we had checked in at Veracruz. We drank gin, and scooped down oysters for lunch, then we shopped and rested, then we met in the Franco-Anglo couple's room for drinks before dinner, which came on about ten. We drank during and after dinner, for the night was just beginning.

The town had been filling by the hour. New girls had appeared in the cafés during the afternoon. The musicians—the marimba players, the mariachis, the country fiddlers and singers of "La Negra" and "Llorona"—seemed to spawn each other. The bartenders and waiters were in high spirits, the drinks were cheap, the wind had stopped, and the sky was full of stars. That was Wednesday.

Thursday I was hung over, but sometimes a hangover is a transcendent experience, sharpening sensation and inciting lust. Of our party, I was the lone man, the spare wheel, the one of our number free to do as he chose, and Thursday evening I took off alone, leaving the others at their long dinner. A few drinks put on a precious edge of keen perception, of singleness and control, and the wind came back gently from the sea. I took the promenade along the water and circled back to the central square, passing from one café to another. At the same cafés as the night before, the drinks were slightly higher, the pace faster, the crowd thicker, the music more engulfing and competitive. I sat with a girl with white skin, black hair, and blue eyes—a fragment of Seville in Indian country. We drank, surrounded by mariachis, by "Guadalajara" and "Rancho Grande," unable to talk, able only to smile and nod and drink. I thought of the broad tiled stairway to my hotel room, safely bypassing the lobby, and I thought of my room—small and quiet in the back of the building, safe from noise and interruption—and in my mind I took that black-and-white girl to the bed, but then our party of two increased to four, and an old man with a painted face, dressed like a prima ballerina and smoking a cigar, began to dance on our table. The drinks changed from gin to tequila, tequila to mescal,





"In this scene, the underlying motivation is this: You hadn't realized Skrub has super-scour-power, and you're torn between incredulous surprise and sheer delight."

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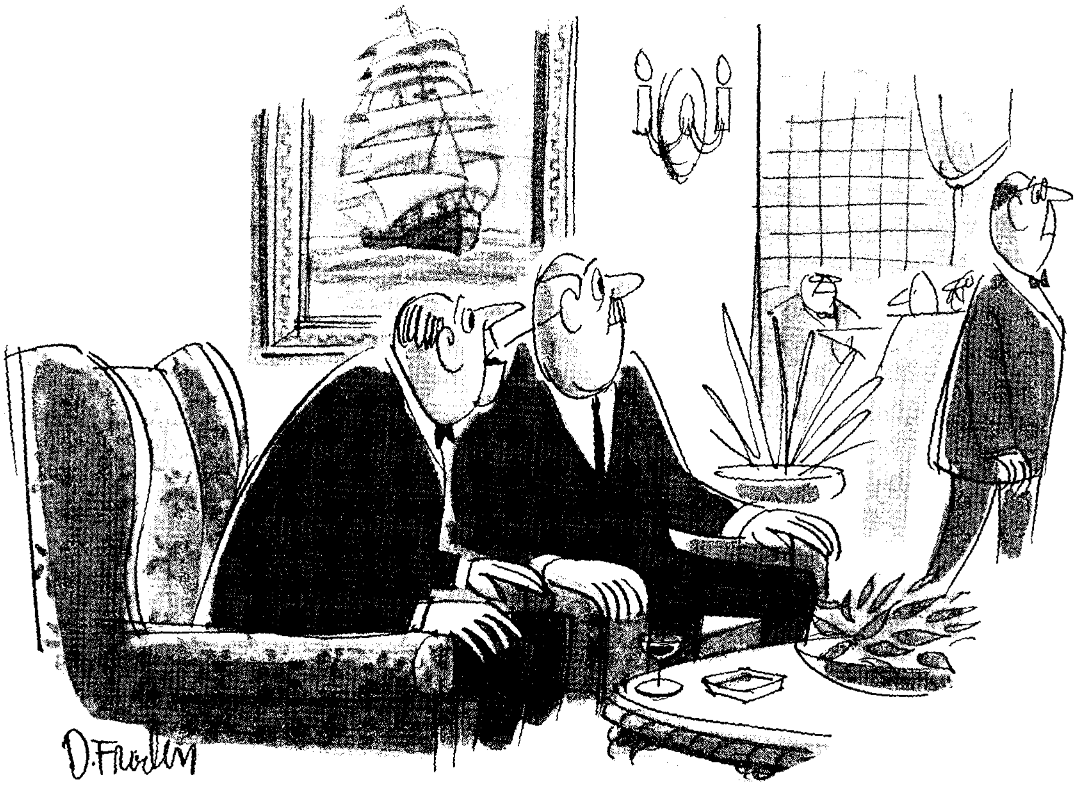
mescal to rum. The sky was light and clear. The fountain of the plaza shot up to the infinite stars, barely shaken by the breeze, and I sat with a brown girl in another café. She had brown eyes and sand-colored hair and a look of the *Capital* about her easy presence in the provinces. Her cheekbones were Indian and her wristbones were flat and Christian. Walled by mariachis, we drank and smiled, and I saw in the eye of my mind the ascending stairs to my room and the long, still hall leading to the tranquil pasture of a bed with tall trees and damp bowers of sex. Then the ancient man, rouged lips clamping his cigar, tutu spinning, spun to our table in his long white underwear and huaraches and began to dance. Drinks came, and pesos from my pocket fell like leaves at the old man's feet. The table was suddenly enlarged, and the brown girl with the gaze of the Federal District was



"I was so relieved to find out he was only a phony liberal."

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transformed into the gat-toothed soap-white smile of the Lancashire wife, and I was trapped good-heartedly by my party of friends, full of Scotch and controversy. The marimbas succumbed to Medicare and filariasis—a tropical disease in which a worm gets under the skin. That was Thursday.

Friday we were all hung over. The car belonged to the German-Mexican combination, and we drove out past Mocambo to Boca del Rio to eat more oysters and a Huachinango lunch. Long before the fish arrived, we were half crocked again on Orizaban beer. Of the group, the German derivative, whose name was Gregory, was my particular friend, and after lunch he and I had reached that crucial point where one more drink meant no more beer but hard liquor and irrevocable continuance to the bitter end—wherever, whatever, and whenever that might be—but *no* more drinks meant a crushing abandonment on the edge of promise, quitting the slope before the summit and the view are reached. I think the others felt the same, but they were spared the agony of decision by the treacherous country itself, which attacked them swiftly with Montezuma's famous revenge—an affliction of the mind manifested in the bowels—and they, once we were back in Veracruz, went straight up to bed.

Gregory and I, having made our fateful decision, remained below in the Colonial Café with our gin-and-sodas. Before long, however, a boy from the hotel approached with the news that Gregory's wife, Mexican though she was, was lonely in her country, and Gregory went up to see what he could do. Again I was alone, and I promised myself that, after two nights' drinking until four in the morning, I, too, would lie down until dark. But the afternoon eased on, the cafés were fairly quiet at that siesta time of day, the gins tasted good, and I became deeply involved in the work of a painter high on the façade of the old colonial Palacio Municipal abutting on the park across the street. As he carefully—yet swiftly, for the weekend was nearly upon him—laid over the faded stucco a thick flowing paint of the sweetest blue, I experienced an intense excitement. One smooth stroke after another, each one masterly and complete—no scrubbing, no working back—vigorously devoured with sensual hunger the building's aged Spanish face. My excitement, of course, was sexual, and I felt a groaning in my loins that came and went throughout the afternoon as the breeze rose and died and rose again; and when, just before evening, a spare young man with a long face and clean clothes sat quietly down beside me and asked sensibly, as if I had known him all my life, if I wanted to meet a girl, I, of course, said yes.

"This is not the place," he said, indicating with a toss of his head the string of cafés and the flowering square. "*I have a car.*"

At that moment, my party, led by the starched-bloused English wife, filed toward me from the lobby of the hotel. I told the fellow to meet me again in the evening. He nodded and departed, and the Americans, a little shaky but more rested than I, took his place.

Now it was the eve of the weekend; it was cool, and the watchers were out. We were watchers at our sidewalk table—old-hand watchers now—watching *the watchers just arrived.* Some were our countrymen, some were not. On the square lay a palpable overcast of searching and desire, of sharp eyes waiting, sizing up. Along the tiled mosaic walk, which was slick with beer and spit and boiled shrimp shells, passed fastidious exotics from the U.S.A., ever restless, seldom pausing, passing forth and back, wearing striped skinny summer suits, cropped hair, and that pathetic look of aching depravity unfulfilled. They watched the limber Indian boys and skillfully avoided each other's *eyes for fear of recognition or* entrapment in familiar company instead of the strange company they had come so far to seek.

Toltec faces, Mayan faces from the temple walls of Uxmal passed and stood and watched the impure swarm of other faces bred of jungle blood mixed with mountain, heat with cold, conqueror with victim. The black blood of the Olmecs ran through the flowing crowd of blended brown like a hidden current in a stream, and now and then the head and shoulders of a blond-haired sailor, fresh from one of the Teutonic ships in harbor, rode the ruddy surface like a seagull. On his face was always a bewildered but hungry look, and over his shoulder lay the strap of a Hasselblad or Leica that he could not possibly hope still to possess when he went back to the ship in the morning.

Prices were rising, and the waiters, overworked, snatched up their tips while the snatching was good. Still, the atmosphere was cheerful and lighthearted, and everybody talked to everybody else; after a few tequilas, almost any Mexican can speak the language of the gringo and almost any gringo can respond in some kind of Spanish.

At our table, we drank until dinner, then during dinner, then after dinner. I, having had no rest and working now on the third straight night of stony death (and this night to the bitter end), was already drunk enough to ignore the murmurings of a dangerous fatigue at the base of my skull and the inner nerve ends of my system. I ignored those warnings all through the night. I ditched my party and went with my lifelong friend to the girl he had mentioned. I made love to her in a small house at the edge of town in a room with two beds and a washbasin. Her name was Rosalinda, and she was a pleasant girl, with a perfectly round pastoral face, and we talked a little in a bizarre commixture of the languages of our separate births, but my eyes repeatedly opened and closed against my will, though I did not really sleep. I remember staring through the window at the edge of dawn, and I remember in that gray, pink light another girl coming in to chat with Rosalinda. And the next I remember was Rosalinda alone, smoking a cigarette, watching me in the growing light of morning.

"Go to sleep," she said. But I, instead, rose and dressed, handed her a preposterous stack of pesos, and left, reviving a little in the cool air full of the crowing of cocks and the barking of dogs.

> Poor me! Llorona,
> Llorona of yesterday and today,
> Yesterday I was a wonder, Llorona,
> Today I am scarcely a shadow.

I am rested now, and far from lust. Now my problem is not fatigue, my problem is my life itself. My problem is my buzzard straight ahead. I pick up a stick and I throw it. It bounces off the black back in a puff of dust, but the hateful scavenger does not move.

I MUST have lain longer than I thought in Rosalinda's bed, like a marble effigy on a tomb, for when I reached the city hall the clock was striking eight in its freshly painted tower and I saw that Gregory had already brought his car up to the curb of the hotel. He himself was laying bags in the trunk. He was alone just then. The others had not yet come down. When I approached him, he gave me a bleary wink that meant he sympathized with my defection; then he asked me if I was coming with them. I shook my head. "I'll catch up with you later," I said. "All I want to do is sleep."

He laughed. "Not in *this* hotel. Today's the day."

Then I remembered that my time was up, but I could not face packing or looking for another place, and I wanted to see the ceremony through Sunday if possible. "Well, if I'm not *in*, they can't very well throw me *out*," I said.

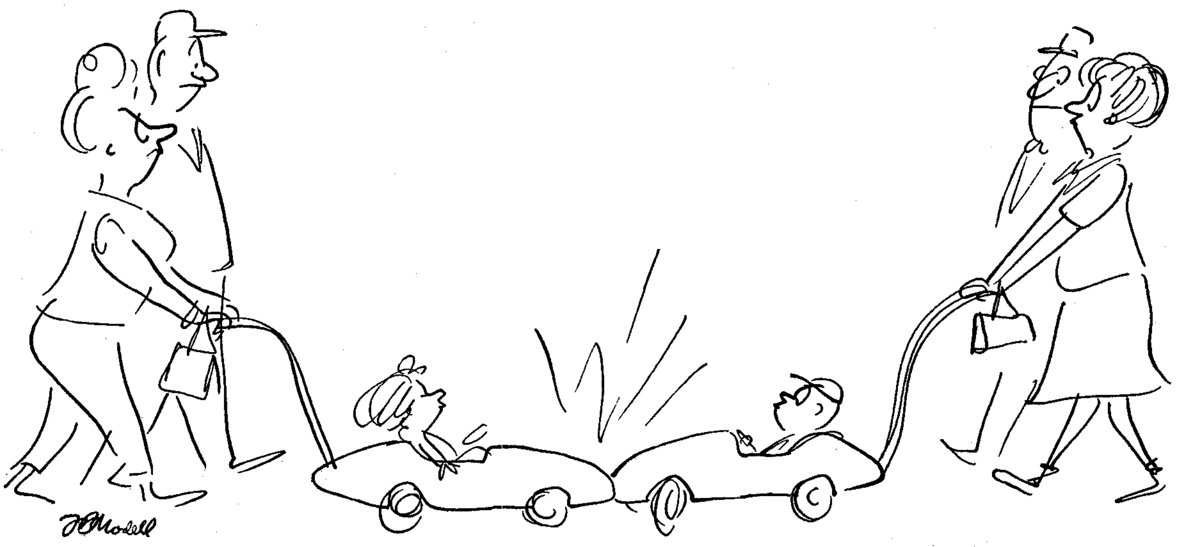
Avoiding the lobby, I scooted up the stairs and down the hall to my room. I took a quick, cold shower and brushed my teeth and put on my swimming trunks under my pants. The shower revived me, and when I returned to the street the full party had gathered. I asked Gregory to drop me at Mocambo beach. We said goodbye there, arranging to reunite the next week in the Capital. They drove off toward Jalapa, and for the first time I was alone, really alone, in this country. I have been alone ever since—a temporal span that seems without dimension, and if the rest of this story lacks boundaries and bench marks of time, it's the fault of my tricky memory that ceased recording, that Saturday morning, any divisions other than dark and light, heat and cold, wind and silence.

The day on the beach went by like a season. The Gulf rolled in choppy waves, though the wind had died. The sun, diffused by a high, thin scrim of cloud, tracked its way unseen across the sky, scorching the bodies exposed upon the beach. I tried to sleep on the sand, but a terrible restlessness coursed like poison through my arms and legs. I made forays into the warm, brown sea, attempting to force my fatigue into a deeper place—if not to assuage it, at least to sequester it and keep it still. I walked up the long sand, trying to shake down my nerves. I ran a little. I dragged sticks and threw rocks. I watched a group of lean fishermen pull in a mammoth net full of redfish and squid. Except for the fishermen, it was a beach of fat people—fat Mexicans and fat Americans. Even the young were fat; the babies were fat, and the college Americans who sunned in tight groups and moved along the beach like a school of fish, all turning in the same direction at the same time lest they become separated or dispersed—even they had soft cheeks on crew-cut baby faces and round smooth bellies hanging like loaves over the waistbands of their Bermuda shorts.

Once I did sleep fitfully, crazily on the sand. How long? Again, I couldn't tell. I awoke to the same remote sun that seemed from its far, fierce place to hum or intone a litany. The sea was the same, breaking the same. The dark figures on the sand were the same. The swimmers' cries of anguished delight from the tepid surf the same. The horses galloping dully with muted hooves along the sand—they and their riders were the same. And there was the same distant music that may have travelled like a scent all the miles from the riotous town or may have come from the transistor sets of the college Americans:

> They say I do not mourn, Llorona,
> Because they do not see me cry,
> But there is a death that makes no
>   sound, Llorona,
> And its pain is even greater.

My Northern skin had stiffened on my flesh, and I raged with a tropical thirst. I thirst now for knowledge of my life. I thirst to know if I am alive. My vulture will tell me, if I can summon the courage to approach its perfect



and final judgment. If I'm alive, it will fly away. If I am dead, it will eat me as the soul devours the body in the grave.

THE sky turned black before my eyes, and I knew I must go back to town and sleep. Then . . . I was there, in town. Though it was afternoon, the cafés were crowded and the crowd was getting drunk again. At the hotel, I asked a girl at the desk for my key, and I had no sooner spoken than I saw, jammed between the back wall of the office and the office safe, everything I owned in Mexico. I had been picked up, folded, packed, and thrown out.

The girl stared with growing concern at the expression on my face, fearing a scene, perhaps. Then the old proprietor stepped forth and rescued her. "We told you, young sir, that you must leave by Saturday. The rooms have been *reservado* for much time, since the *noviembre* or more, oh yes, since much, much time—and must have the rooms. All your things are made and you are free to leave them if you so wishing for looking to another room. I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

And he was, I could tell. He could see how tired I was, and he had been following my progress through the days and nights and the thousand drinks and the little drops of sleep and the body hunger—he had seen it all, for he was always there, awake and watching, needing sleep no longer, no more than the ancient, ancient man who spun and sprang from tabletop to tabletop in his ballerina guise, wailing from his painted lips, jabbing his cigar at the starry sky, shaking the chili peppers hanging from the wrinkled lobes of his ears. Those men were too old to sleep, but not I, not I.

I left the lobby in a daze, determined to find a room and rest. I struck out along the General Manuel Ávila Camacho, the avenue along the Gulf, stopping at every hotel on the way. My rough question—"*Hay un cuarto . . . para una persona?*"—received the same answer in one form or another from every manager's boy. Short, curt refusals. Cursory shakes of the head. Each time, I stood staring, expecting some further remark, or at least an expression of sympathy, but there was no sympathy and nothing to discuss. There were no rooms in Veracruz. The proprietors, gorged and satiated on the writhing flesh of the carnival city, were tired of the rush and happy to be full, to be able to say no—simply, flatly, finally, no. I worked back through the streets away from the Gulf, around the market, back to the festooned Cinco de Mayo, scene of processions and saints and the death of the Spirit of Ill-Humor, feeling now outcast and apart. Returning to the hotel that had ejected me, I stood dumbly in the cool colonial lobby, swaying with fatigue, staring at the patterned tiles, the shuddering palmettos, the expression of suspicion and curious apprehension on the face of the girl behind the polished, panelled desk. The old man who did not sleep sat in one of the wicker chairs and watched me with a smile of helpless compassion. My goods remained by the ancient safe, comfortable and secure in their resting place, while I, separate even from my bag, shoes, and laundry, did not even have a place to sit. I could not stand—I knew I could not simply stand in the middle of the lobby, staring gaunt and hollow-eyed like some boiled ghost. I pivoted—perhaps swivelled—lurched toward the street, and absconded into the crowd. As I said, time had become a primitive thing, and I felt the evening through my ears in the blast of mariachis, and through my nostrils in the sweat and perfume and piscine smell of the mob, and on my tightening skin, which, judging from the shiver and burn the cool late breeze brought to my fatigued spirit, had been seared scarlet by that devious sun. I made my

THE ROOF GARDEN

A nervous hose is dribbling on the tar
This morning on this rooftop where I'm watching you
Move among your sparse, pinchpenny flowers,
Poor metronomes of color one month long
That pull the sun's rays in as best they can
And suck life up from one mere inch of dirt.
There's water in the sky but it won't come down.

Once, we counted the skyline's water towers,
Barrels made of shingle, fat and high,
An African village suspended above
The needle hardness of New York that needs
More light than God provides to make it soft,
That needs the water in the water towers
To snake through pipe past all the elevators
To open up in bowls and baths and showers.

Soon our silence will dissolve in talk,
In talk that needs some water and some sun,
Or it will go the same way as before:
Dry repetitions of the ill we bear
Each other, the baited poles of light
Angling through the way the sun today
Fishes among the clouds.
Now you are through

Watering geraniums, and now you go
To the roof edge to survey the real estate
Of architectured air—tense forms wrought up,
Torn down, replaced, to be torn down again . . .
So much like us. Your head against the sky
Is topped by a tower clock, blocks away,
Whose two black hands are closing on the hour,
And I look down into the street below,
Rinsed fresh this morning by a water truck,
Down which a girl, perky in high heels,
Clops by, serenely unaware of us,
Of the cables, gas lines, telephone wires,
And water mains, writhing underfoot.

—HOWARD MOSS

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way through the insane throng to a momentarily abandoned crevice at the long marble bar of the Colonial Café. I wedged myself in and leaned against the cold, gray stone as a child in terror and distress leans to its mother. By then, the bartender knew me, and he set my gin-and-soda before me without a word. Darkness apparently came. The gin twisted the back of my brain and twitched the cords at the base of my skull, and I remember trying to calculate how many more it would take for the spasms to leave off and the gin to take up the work of easing my pain and pathological fatigue. The night grew deeper, and prices, even from my smiling friend the bartender, rose with the moon. I looked out toward the lighted plaza through an intricately changing frieze of human creatures passing, passing, pausing to leap to a table and dance, passing on; but I stayed apart, fearful of leaving the sloppy bar, my marble mother—for, somewhere in my twisted skull, some cell still responded at least to fear and primitive reasoning and told me that if I once stepped away from my place and thrust myself onto the churning sea, I would never find another place to sit, lie, or even lean my weary flesh. Chills and fever!

Poor me, Llorona!
Llorona, take me to the river.
Cover me with your shawl, Llorona,
For I am dying of cold.

My skin crept over my flesh and my flesh over my bones like waves over water. My teeth chattered, my eyes burned, my swollen, desiccated lips moved in conversation with some big man from Chihuahua, while a manic peristalsis sent Blackbear gin into my gut and thence into my bloodstream. The Oso Negro, the strong black bear. The big man from Chihuahua became a little bug-eyed fellow with thick glasses and a wig of crazy hair who tugged at my shirt and spoke at me in what I know he believed to be my own language. The word "woman" came out.

"I can't leave the bar," I said. "It's the only place I have."

He tugged at my shirt and glared through his spectacles and asked me what sounded like "You like woman?"

I closed my eyes and nodded and nodded. "But I can't leave the bar," I said. "It's the only place I have. It's the only place they'll let me have. I can't leave."

"You like woman?"

Again I nodded. I was impatient with him. I thought I had made it clear I'd like a woman but I couldn't leave the bar.

"And not only do you lack foresight, resourcefulness, and imagination but you haven't any initiative, perception, perseverance, or sense of organization whatever."

"Me," he said, tugging and tugging. "I am like woman."

"I cannot leave this bar. I have no place to go. I have no place to rest. I am the shell of a boiled shrimp. Someone has peeled me and eaten my flesh. I simply cannot leave this bar."

"Come," he said. "I am like woman."

The more he tugged, the more I clung to my glass and my place at the marble slab.

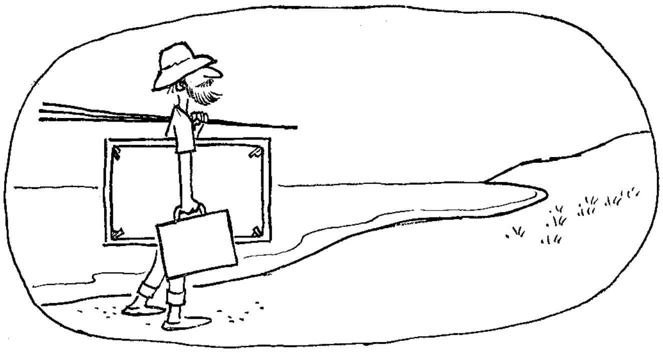
"Come *me*," he said, impatient himself. "Come *me*, I am like woman."

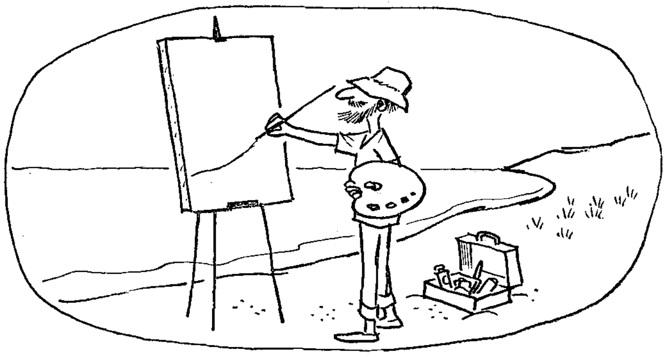
"Oh, my God," I thought when his message finally reached me. "This funny fellow's queer." I began to laugh, and he began to laugh. He took my elbow gently in his hand and tried to ease me away from my mother, to take me, I thought, to his bed. And that word "bed" stuck obstinately in my mind as he coaxed me. "Come, come me, *I* am like woman. Come."

"Do you have a room?"

"Yes, yes," he said, nodding and tugging.

I studied him for a moment while I





let my millionth drink of Blackbear run down my throat. It was doing me no good, the gin. Perhaps two million would do me no good. My fatigue was dangerous. It had begun to corrode all the vital centers of my system. I turned to deceit. I yielded. I pushed away from the bar and suffered the fellow to lead me off. It was a dirty trick. Once flat on a bed, nothing would ever wake me. In the morning, I would ease his disappointment with some pesos if he had not already taken his revenge from my pockets. That was my reasoning. I am an American, and I reason that deception can be absolved, rest can be bought, and lusts assuaged by money. But now, in this jungle, I cannot buy this vulture off, nor can I by any other manipulation of capricious reason cause him to quit my path, for he is no creature of my rational mind, he is arbiter of my soul; and here, in this strange country of dark blood and intuition, I wonder if I or any of my countrymen have one. I wonder if that buzzard will not simply eat us straight like any other creature dead in the jungles, like any dead ass in the field, for we are all living victims of our own deaths, inflicted upon us by our own hands. I am watching him now, and he with a kind of sidelong regard is watching me. He stands, ruffling his oil-black feathers, in a spot of dim sun that the green tracery of the forest lets fall upon his path. Beyond him I can see through the leaves the barest dull glint of the Lagoon of Illusions, La Laguna de las Ilusiones. There is the sullen groan of thunder, but nothing stirs—no leaf, no air. I advance.

WE stumbled, the little man and I, like blind idiots through the viscous mob of the plaza, but I was not entirely blind. I saw the flash of water—the fountain—and, freeing myself from my admirer's grasp, I made for it. As if I had been long gone lost in the Great American Desert, I plunged my head into the bowl, into the broad stone sea of clear, cool water, open-eyed. I stared at the marble floor, expecting to see the shapes of ragged claws, of shells, seeing instead some bottle caps, an empty Blackbear bottle. Emerging, streaming from my face and hair, I sent my watered gaze straight up to the close and separate stars and felt the clawing at the base of my brain ease and let go. Like a dog, I shook water from my head and looked around me. Jammed in the crowd on a tiled bench sat two of the young loaf-bellied countrymen I had seen on the beach. One was sick. His head hung between his knees, while the other, his arm across his buddy's shoulders, offered solace and encouragement. Their girls stood near enough for me to hear some conversation, accompanied by many upward castings of the eyes. "*I* told him, *you* told him, *Nickie* told him, but oh no, not our Corky Corcoran. *He's* got to brag about, you know, what a *great* drinker he is. He was doing *pushups* in the *lobby* and almost had a *heart* attack, for Christ's sakes."

Out of the center, on the edges, along the open waterfront, the free wind of the Mexican Gulf and the sense of wide dark water loosened a little more the grip of fatigue, and I began to draw deeply into my lungs the cordial air smelling savagely of fish and mollusk and salt blood. I began to laugh quietly to myself, glancing at my solicitous, bug-eyed companion. It was a dirty trick, but, oh, to sleep.

There was a car. The two of us in the back seat. The waterfront behind. Narrow streets. Music. A wide dirt road flanked by sprawling frame houses, carvel-planked and thinly calcimined, backed by a sere, scrawny jungle, rocking with horrendous jukes, and filled with girls. We stopped. "Come me," my companion said, leaping out. "You like woman. I am like woman. You pay?"

I tumbled out of the car, giggling helplessly. I knew now what he meant. Oh, it was a dirty trick! "You mean," I said, trying to subdue my laughter, "You *would like* a woman, not you *are like* a woman. Oh, that was a dirty trick."

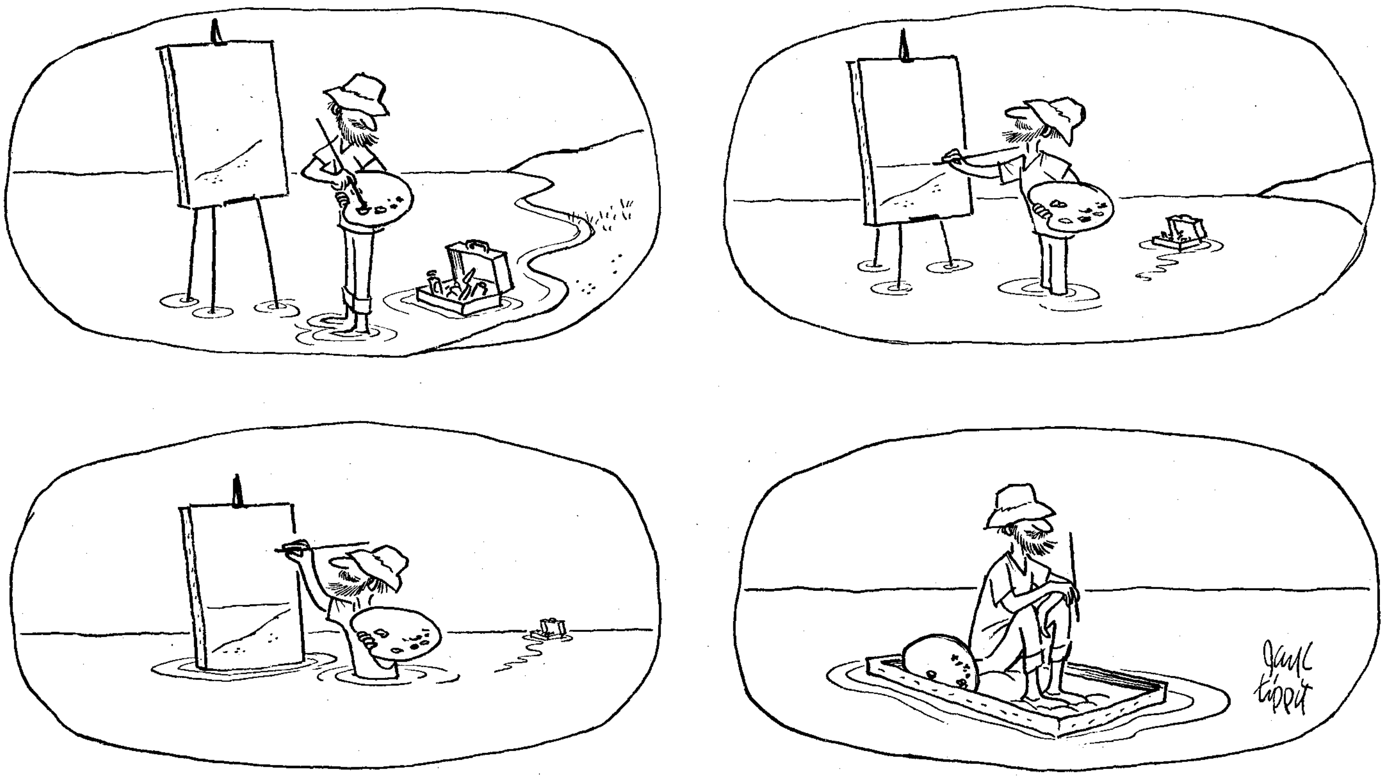
"Yes, yes," he said. "I am like woman. You pay?"

"Of course I pay. I'm *norteamericano*. Of course." I laid my arm across the shoulders of my bug-eyed guest, whose need was clearly urgent. We went from house to house, lurching back and forth across the rutted stony road, dancing and drinking for how long and on what reserve of strength I cannot tell, but when, stripped down and naked broke, I dropped beside a brown-skinned girl, I fell dead asleep in my socks with "Llorona" in my ears and the smell of lime trees and chlorinated wood in my nostrils.

> Every night when darkness falls,
> Llorona,
> I begin to think, and I say,
> What use is the bed to me, Llorona,
> If you do not come to sleep with me?

But there was no rest. Even there, there was no rest. I had no sooner gone under than I was shaken and punched and rattled awake. "You can't sleep here, this is not a hotel, I don't have time for you to sleep here. Out! Out!"

Again the cock, the barking of dogs, the dawn. The girl brought in my loyal friend with the wild hair and muscid eyes, who helped me dress. I leaned on him a little as we left the place. She, feeling perhaps that she had been too harsh in throwing me out, ran after us with two bottles of beer, on the house. Then there were only the two of us in the rough street somewhere beyond the end of the bus line at the edge of the jungle, a long way from water. But there was a breeze and a roseate horizon and the cries and calls from the undergrowth of creatures who followed the natural turn of light and dark, instructed by mindless Nature when to sleep and rise and die. My body shook, slack and unjoined. My brain hallucinated from time to time, rising up occasionally like a sea bird from a wave, soaring on the light salt air in exquisite euphoria, in perfect para-



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dise. Thus it must be for those deep divers who, at a certain depth and time, throw off their masks and commit themselves to terminal ecstasy.

I heard giggling. Small girls. My belly blazed. Sweat drained from my pores. The girls were giggling at me, the Drunk American, lying stomach bare on the bench of a bus stop. Though the sun was hot, it was not high; and I realized the horrid truth as I rose, pulled down my shirt, and began to walk along the stone bulkhead of the port where I had come, finally, like a lemming to the sea. I knew that I had passed into a perilous region where I could never sleep now, because my fatigue would not allow it. Paradoxically, I moved along the sea wall exactly like a sleepwalker, and, like a sleepwalker, I seemed to know where I was going. I removed my gear from the hotel, where the old man, who would not sleep until he died, watched me hand the things to a crocodile cab and watched me leave more dead than alive but awake, oh yes, awake.

IT sees me coming, but it does not move.

"MOCAMBO."

"*La playa?*"

"*No, no, el hotel. Hotel Mocambo.*"

"*Sí, O.K., pero es muy caro.*"

"Never mind. I'm stuffed with traveller's checks."

I wandered open-eyed through that hotel's baroque maze of arcades and colonnades, pools on pools, peacocks and quetzal birds, white arches, efflorescence of palms, exhalations of flowers, the distant trumpet of the sea, an enamelled sky, urns and frigate birds. No room for one. If I were a party of twelve, they would open a wing. But no rest for one alone.

"*Aeropuerto.*"

"*Aeropuerto?*"

"*Sí. AeroPUERto.*"

"*Adonde?*"

"*No sabe.*"

"*Aeropuerto?*"

"*Sí, sí, aeroPUERto!*"

"*O.K.*"

One precise point of time I remember: ten-ten. From the grinning Hotel Mocambo clock. At the airport, I signed a check and paid the driver, who handed out my gear; then I looked around for someplace to go. Anyplace, in any direction, to escape that restless city. I read the board: New Orleans, Mexico, Mérida, Guatemala, Belize, Minatitlán-Coatzacoalcos, Tehuantepec-Juchitán, Tuxtla Gutiérrez, Puebla, Quezaltenango, Tegucigalpa, Miami, Villahermosa, Tampico. Villahermosa—there was a plane at eleven hours, and, yes, there was a place for me. The fare was modest. The Beautiful Town was far enough but not too far, and it would be full of empty beds, for surely no one ever sojourned long in the jungles of Tabasco. I bought the ticket, checked the bags, and entered the restaurant for an Orizaban Superior. I sat at the counter, and after two or three swallows of the beer my head began to droop. I was brought directly to attention, however, by a big voice that said, behind me, "You're American, aren't you, boy?" I turned around to discover, sitting at a Micarta-topped table, an enormous man and a straightjack woman.

"Come join us," the man said.

Why not? After all the strangers I had joined since Wednesday, two true Americans couldn't hurt me.

"You look tired."

I smiled winningly. "Me? Oh no," I said. "I'm just drunk, that's all." I dropped down at their table, dragging my bottle by two fingers to my lips.

"You ever try Dose Ekas?"

I nodded, my beer at my lips. Lowering the bottle, I said, "I've tried them all."

The man grinned. "I can believe that."

"Nobody'd take me. Every place I went, they threw me out. They even threw me out of a—" Glancing at the rigid woman, I minded my words. My God, she was awful-looking. It was at once hot and cool in that airport. Sweat oozed from my face, yet I shivered. The sun poured down on the landing field while the commencement of a *norte* blew leaves and papers across the macadam strip. I remember that hot-

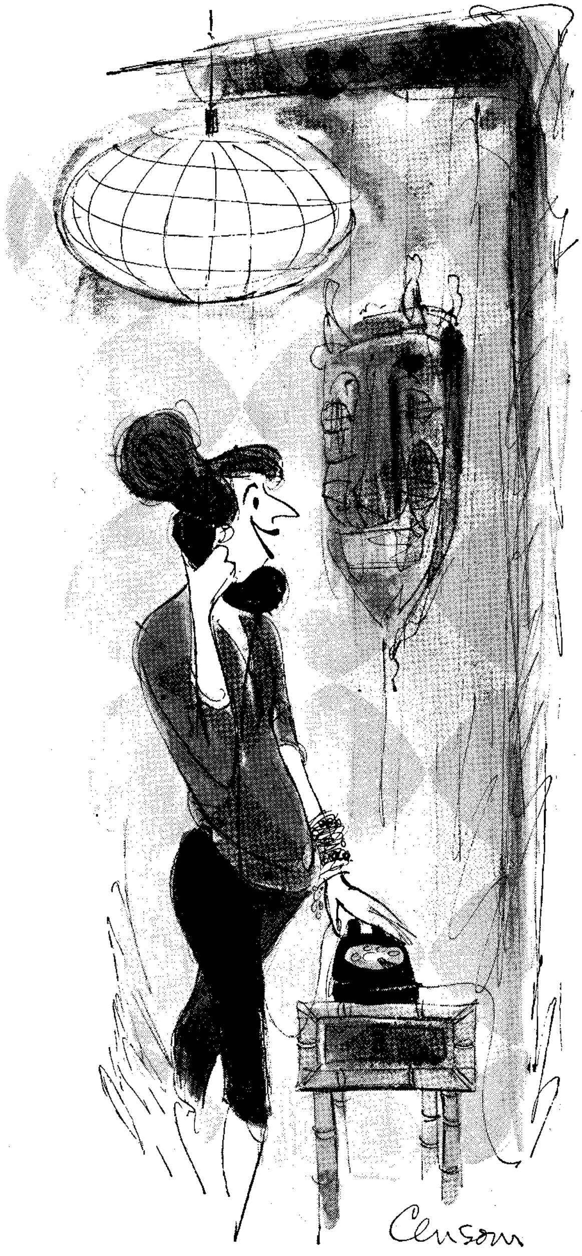
and-cold, and that woman's face. She was past forty. Her hair was dyed brick red. It was lacquered and brittle. She had a pig nose, and a fish mouth heavily larded blood red. I could not see her eyes, because they lay behind winglike rhinestone-encrusted shades. The lobes of her ears, her coarse throat, her chicken breast all bore pounds and pounds of criminally expensive junk. Once I had her fixed in my gaze, I could not take my eyes off her; it was as if she were some savage goddess, awesome and compelling, something worshipped, something feared. Surely, like some far-wandering Phoenicians, the men of us have carried this, our priestess, to the far corners of the earth. Surely, at that moment, she was planted not only in the airport of the Rich City of the True Cross, Veracruz, Mexico, but in the airports, the best hotels, boulevards, restaurants, department stores, bazaars, museums, gardens, public palaces, places of interest, monuments, cafés, cocktail lounges, and Anglo-American casbahs in every capital of the world, including Moscow. As I said, I could not take my eyes off her. My diseased gaze feasted upon the sight.

“Where you from?” the man asked.

“America, America,” I said, not looking at him.

“We're from Texas—only down here they call it *Tay*-huss.”

“Are you going on this plane?”



“*Marcia, you must come. We're having a few friends in for group therapy.*”

• •

“Nosir, we live down here, we're waiting for some old friends down from Gal*ves*ton—only I think the lousy spics screwed up the reservations.”

“The lousy spics,” the goddess said.

“They run a good airline, all right—that is, if you don't mind eating those chili beans and drinking that poison tequila. I get my Daniels down here by the case straight from the distillery up in *Ten*nessee. You pay for it, don't kid yourself, but you pay for everything in this world. That's why we make our money, so we can buy what we want and pay for it. I've been down here five years with General Consolidated and managed to pick me up a few thousand acres of my own of mostly henequen over in that Yucatán, so I live up in the Federal District and let the lousy spics run the *plant*ation.”

“The lousy spics,” she said.

“They run a good airline if you don't mind that mañana philosophy. That's why I let the lousy spics run the *plant*ation for me, they understand their own people.”

“The lousy spics.”

“Where you headed? You just on a vacation? You look like you've been having a good time.”

“Villahermosa.”

“Villahermosa?”

“That's in Tabasco State.”

“You don't have to tell me, son, I know where it is. I've been all over this country down here. They grow a lot of cacao down in that jungle, and you can swat some pretty fancy bugs too. What are you going there for?”

“To go to bed. The lousy spics threw me out of every place I—”

“Well, you don't have to be afraid of this airline. They run a good airline because Pan Am's behind them. They're all right, if you don't mind—”

“If you don't mind,” I said. “I need another beer. May I get you one?”

“Not for us, no thanks, son, we never drink except at home where we know what we're getting, these lousy spics don't wash the bottles half the time.”

“The lousy spics,” she said.

I bought four bottles, and by the time the plane was called I was left with one, which I dragged to my seat like a pet. I nursed and succored it as I rose at last into the cool sky.

Sea and jungle. Slow rivers. The man-beast. The face of the cat turned to its clouded god. The lagoon thunders. La Laguna de las Ilusiones. The forest is a dead center. I, alone, move. I try to rid my memory of those monstrous effigies set up like Gog and Magog at the terminal, but they remain. *I* remain. It sees me coming, but it does not move. *I* move. I have put the test of my life in motion and I cannot stop it. I pray to the vulture as I move: *Lord, give us rest. Give us rest from our scavenging selves. Give us back ourselves as loving creatures.* This god I have made, this vulture, I need its blessing. I need its abstinence. I must pass it by and request its abstinence, for I still live. This is my belief. I still live.

There is a death that makes no
sound, Llorona.

I am beside it. It turns its head, draws back, the black beak parts, and the tongue hisses. It *hisses*, but it does not strike. I am not carrion to eat, nor am I Man to fear. Nevertheless, I have passed and I am happy. I still live. The lagoon is before me and I turn away. I look to the north. Somewhere to the north is the border of my own country.

—CALVIN KENTFIELD

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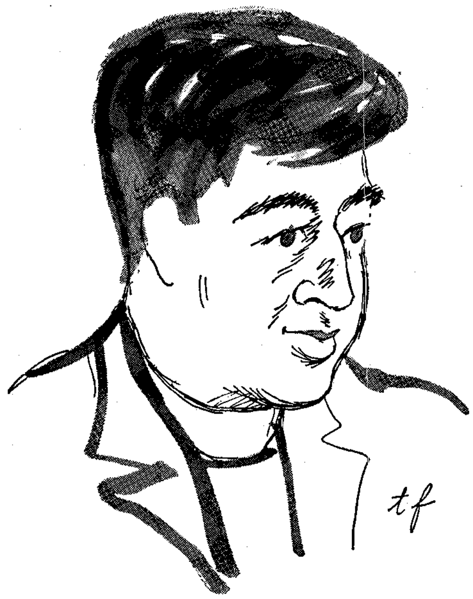

Rev. James A. Gusweller

OF all the transmutations in Manhattan neighborhoods during the past thirty or forty years, none is harder to explain than the decay of the area between Central Park West and Riverside Drive—a decay so spectacular that "West Side" has now become a synonym for urban blight. Certainly geography is not to blame. To begin with the item of scenery, the West Side is the most blessed section of Manhattan. Its eastern boundary, Central Park, is one of the most renowned pieces of man-made landscape on earth, and its western boundary, the Hudson River, is a work of Providence equally felicitous. The adjacent neighborhoods to the north and south have not squeezed the West Side into squalor, for across the northern border is the pleasant area occupied chiefly by Columbia University and the headquarters of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, and directly to the south midtown Manhattan begins. Whether or not the West Side was arranged by city planners, it was arranged well. There is no residential area in New York that is better served by public transportation or more generously furnished with parks; the main thoroughfare, Broadway, is lined on both sides for three and a half miles with a fine assortment of retail stores, restaurants, hotels, and theatres. True, Broadway is deficient in saloons, but there are plenty of those on Columbus Avenue. And on Riverside Drive, West End Avenue, Amsterdam Avenue, Central Park West, and four or five principal crosstown streets, there are thousands of handsome apartments that not only rent for less, on the average, than equivalent quarters on the East Side but contain, on the whole, bigger, sunnier rooms. Perhaps the clue to the West Side's decline is that, when it was built up, during the three or four decades before 1900, it was built substantially, and in the City of New York substantial building, if not an indictable offense, is one that is frequently punished. The side street after side street of solid brownstones, built as one-family houses for the upper middle class, is where the West Side has been vulnerable, though just when or how or by what or whom the first wounds were inflicted is a matter of dispute. Some people claim that the West Side's doom was sealed on the day the open railroad cut on Park Avenue from Grand Central Station to Ninety-sixth Street was at last covered over and it became profitable to erect luxurious modern housing on Park Avenue and the streets crossing it. Some people trace the disaster to the increasing costs of city government, and the consequent increase in real-estate taxes, which made the one-family house a nearly impossible economic institution. Some people cast the blame on the immigration laws of 1921, which stopped the inflow of willing household labor and made the one-family house a nearly impossible domestic institution. Some assert that the brownstones would never have faded out if the swarms of automobiles in the streets outside them hadn't made parlor-floor living intolerable. Some people say that in this mechanized society four flights of stairs are a symbol of ungraciousness. All of these people may be right. In any case, many of those streets of brownstones, once the abodes of comparatively well-to-do white families, are now slums, occupied chiefly by Negroes and Puerto Ricans in a density that comes closer to one family per room than one family per house. And, of course, as poverty has taken over more and more of the West Side, it has been accompanied by poverty's ordinary retinue—dirt and noise, drunkenness and crime.

There is, though, one respect in which the West Side is unlike most of New York's blighted neighborhoods: it is famous, not forgotten. And it is fair to credit a share of its fame to the activities during the last eight years of the Protestant Episcopal parish of Saint Matthew and Saint Timothy, whose seventy-year-old, eighty-foot-high gray stone Victorian Gothic church is situated on the south side of Eighty-fourth Street, between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue, in the heart of an area where the blight has taken hold with special virulence. No West Side institution was put in greater jeopardy by the changes around it than Saint Matthew's and Saint Timothy's, which, in tradition and sentiment as well as in architecture, harked back to the days when the parish was filled with white Protestant families who properly feared their white Protestant God. And, since New Year's Day, 1956, when the Reverend James A. Gusweller became rector of the parish, no West Side institution has more resolutely or resourcefully changed its character to meet the changes around it.

The principal way in which Saint Matthew's and Saint Timothy's, under Father Gusweller ("Father" because he's High Church), has contributed to the fame—or notoriety—of the West Side has been by warring publicly, and quite audibly, against the housing conditions in the neighborhood. It was a crusade—for that is how Father Gusweller thinks of it—that began one evening a few months after he moved to Eighty-fourth Street. A Puerto Rican boy he had got to know on the street was hit by an automobile directly in front of the church. Father Gusweller called an ambulance and rode with the victim to the hospital, where he was assured that the boy's injuries were not serious enough to do more than keep him out of action for a few days. Conveying that news to the boy's parents was the first decorous reason Father Gusweller had found for visiting a Puerto Rican home. Naturally, the parents were grateful for the minister's report, and he thus became friendly with them, and, through them, with other people in their building and on the block. But, both for St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's and for West Eighty-fourth Street, the most important thing that happened that night was that Father Gusweller got his first inside view of living conditions in the neighborhood. This particular family, consisting of mother, father, and four children, occupied a nine-by-twelve room in which the paint was peeling, the plaster was cracking, and the woodwork was rotting. They slept on the floor, on torn mattresses in which little batting remained. They also stored their clothes on the floor, in more or less tidy stacks beside the mattresses. They washed in a sink that, when Father Gusweller saw it, was full of dirty dishes. They cooked on a two-burner gas plate. They kept warm by leaving the gas on when they weren't cooking. They breathed air that was permeated not only with the odors of gas, of the decaying building, of the too many too dirty people in it, and of the fat they fried much of their food in but with the emanations from an uncovered, overflowing garbage can that stood in the dim and greasy hallway outside the room. Nothing in Father Gusweller's experience had prepared him for such sights and smells, and when he had recovered from his incredulity and disgust, he knew that he had been shown an evil against which both his conscience as a man and his vocation as a man of God demanded that he struggle.

Because he had never before encountered a situation in which people had no alternative to living in absolute squalor, Father Gusweller's first efforts were devoted to organizing a campaign along the lines of "Scrub That Floor! Empty That Garbage Can! Cover That Stew!" There were a few people around who were so grateful to anyone who took an interest in them that they were willing to participate in even so forlorn a self-improvement project as that, and therefore it didn't take him long to discover that scrubbed floors weren't much help in a house where the landlord allowed six people to live in one small room, turned on the heat when he felt like it, painted the walls if the city made him, and never sent an exterminator under any circumstances. He thereupon tried the tactic of begging landlords, man to man, to take pity on their tenants. He moved two or three with his pleas, but the common attitude, often expressed in so many words, was that ministers should stick to praying and leave the business of real-estate management to the ungodly people who understood it.

At that point, having boned up on the appropriate codes and discovered what a landlord was legally entitled to get away with and what he wasn't, Father Gusweller mobilized himself and half a dozen members of his congregation, which by then had acquired a number of Puerto Rican families, into a housing clinic, which met at the church on Thursday evenings to listen to tenants' complaints, verify them, offer advice about how to handle them, and pass them on, if they involved legal violations, to the city departments concerned; in the four years or so during which the clinic met regularly, it acted on upward of three thousand complaints, most of them from within the parish but some of them, after the clinic had been written up in

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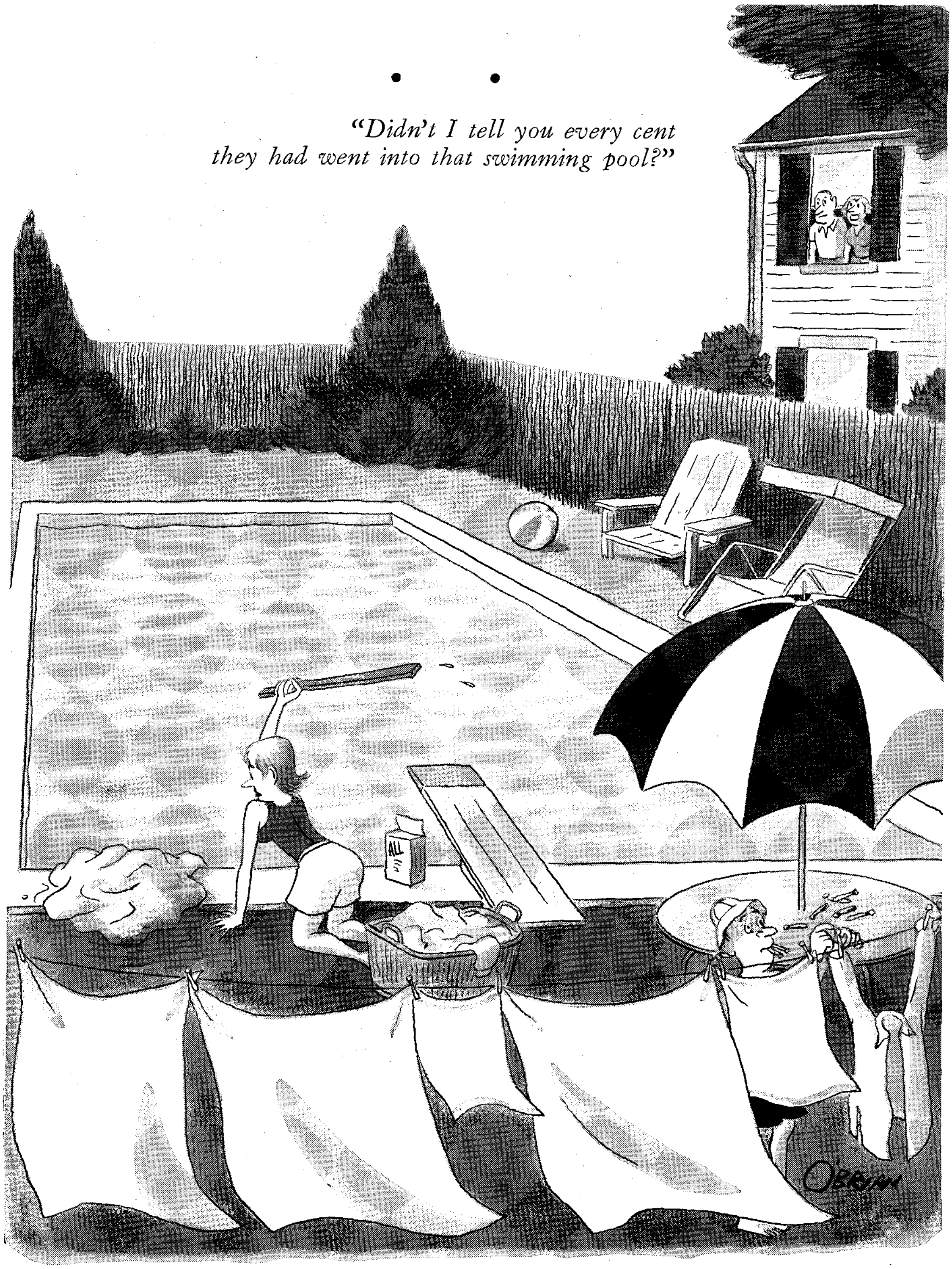

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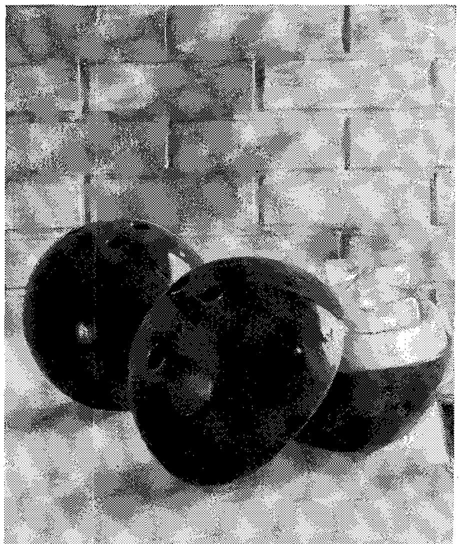
the papers and its renown had become citywide, from as far away as Brooklyn and the Bronx. Father Gusweller's next discovery was that the mills of the city, when they ground at all, ground exceeding slow, and he embarked on a program of direct action. He started obtaining summonses against landlords on his own, serving them himself, leading delegations of tenants to court when the cases came up, and, finally, taking the witness stand to report what he had seen with his own eyes. During this phase of the struggle, he became a veritable Javert; once, for example, he spent an entire night on Park Avenue carrying in his pocket a summons for a particularly slippery landlord and keeping the man's parked car under observation; he finally nabbed his quarry as the man was about to drive away in the morning. And when conditions demanded more speedy action than a summons could elicit—as in the case of a landlord who refused to provide heat in midwinter—Father Gusweller was not beyond breaking a lock on a cellar door and lighting a furnace himself. After some months, this sort of direct action having failed to produce results that Father Gusweller could regard as satisfactory, he became convinced that the heart of the matter was a system of private benevolence under which landlords supplemented the low civil-service pay of building inspectors. He thereupon began accumulating evidence that such a system did indeed exist. The evidence he ultimately accumulated was sufficiently strong to send the District Attorney, the Commissioner of Investigation, and the press into a prolonged tizzy, but it still did not do what Father Gusweller knew needed doing, and he felt that by then he had no choice other than total opposition to the city administration. Though he was a lifelong Democrat, and before coming to New York had been a passionate one, he joined forces with the Republican Party and, during the 1961 mayoralty campaign, stumped the neighborhood vehemently for its candidate, Louis J. Lefkowitz. It is Father Gusweller's conviction that this conversion of Eighty-fourth Street from a mere moral scandal into a political one finally did the trick. Certainly it is a matter of record that during the campaign, only a few days after Lefkowitz paid a widely publicized visit to Eighty-fourth Street, Mayor Wagner arranged for the block just west of the church, between Columbus and Amsterdam, to be converted into a play street crammed with sports equipment of all descrip-



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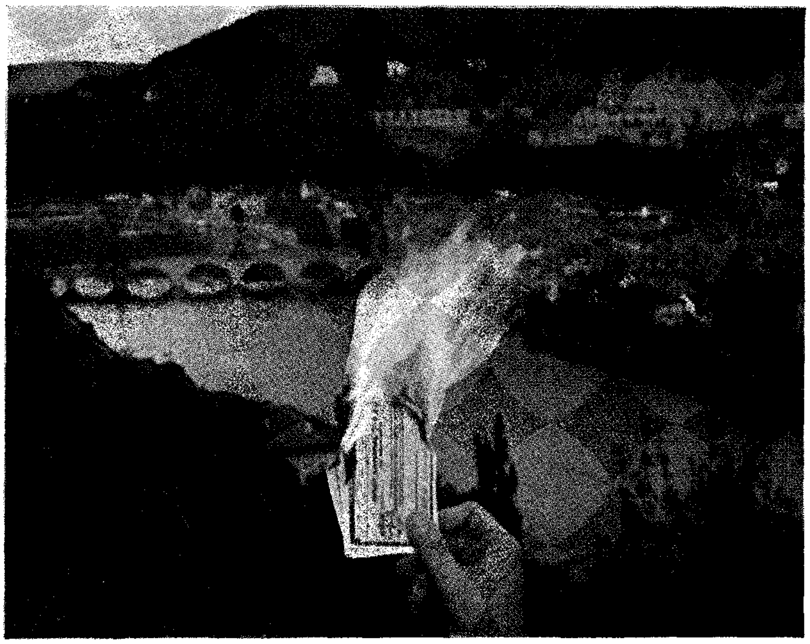

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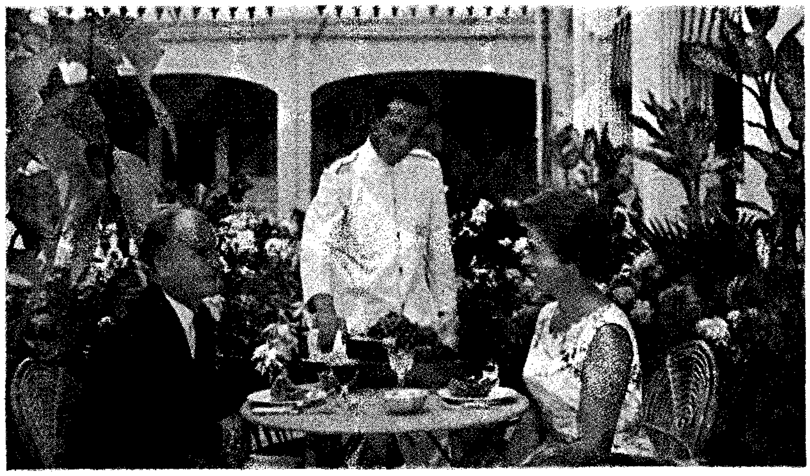

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tions, and subsequently was himself photographed there leaping for a volley ball. It is also a matter of record that in the election districts in the church's neighborhood, where the Democrats generally outvote the Republicans by two and a half to one, the Mayor only scored a six to five majority over Lefkowitz.

In any event, a—if not "the"—trick was done, as the present state of the Eighty-fourth Street block between Columbus and Amsterdam testifies. As far back as anyone can remember, this block was a social cut or two below its neighbor to the east. Though most of the houses on it were faced with brownstone, they were designed not as one-family residences but as walk-up tenements, with a railroad apartment on each side of the hall on each of their five floors, and they were originally occupied by the families of artisans, small businessmen, and other citizens not quite as stylish as the inhabitants of the church's block. By the time Father Gusweller arrived on the scene, practically all these tenements had become what are known in housing circles as S.R.O.s—initials that in this context stand for "single-room occupancy," though one could also apply them in the theatrical sense without getting very far from the facts—and these particular S.R.O.s were operated with so nonchalant an attitude toward both maintenance and the character of the tenants that they contained an extraordinarily heavy concentration not only of fleas, cockroaches, and rats but of numbers runners, alcoholics, narcotics addicts, prostitutes, and fugitives from justice. For years, the block had been one of a dozen or so that were neck and neck in the competition for the title of "the worst block in New York." Then, shortly after the creation of the play street, the city took the block out of the running by the forceful expedient of acquiring title to seven-eighths of the buildings on the north side and three-quarters of the buildings on the south side and entirely tearing them down. When Father Gusweller walks through that block nowadays, he gets no sense of triumph from what he sees, which is the construction of a new high school on the north side and a new grammar school on the south side. Father Gusweller is not against building new schools, but he has pointed out that since the Eighty-fourth Street block was extinguished, two nearby blocks—Eighty-fifth between Amsterdam Avenue and Broadway, and Eightieth between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues—have received numbers of

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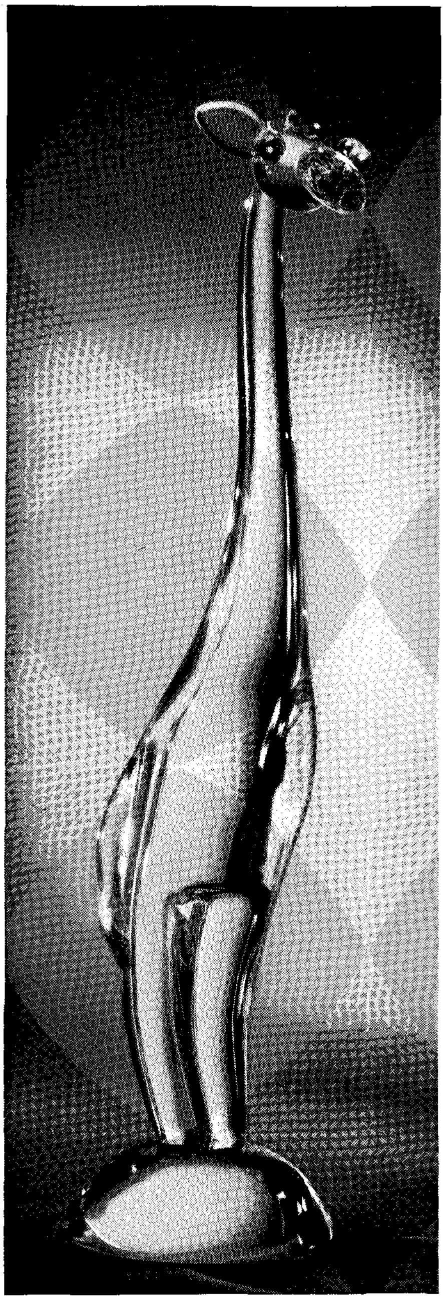

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its former tenants and have leaped into contention for the worst-block title. Other evacuees, no doubt, have moved into other slum neighborhoods—and other parishes—that were getting along badly enough without them.

Father Gusweller is pleased by some of the less showy results of his crusade, though. A significant one is that there is now a city office in the neighborhood to which tenants can bring complaints with a good chance of their being looked into expeditiously; formerly such complaints had to be floated through tortuous bureaucratic channels downtown, and they often sank without a trace. Another is that the inherent melodrama of the campaign against the landlords has attracted support that the parish otherwise might not have received for other campaigns it is carrying on—campaigns that are just as crucial but more arduous to conduct, because they are not such clear-cut conflicts between the bad guys and the good guys. Of these, the one that most deeply engages Father Gusweller's own emotions is an attempt to alter the way children "come up"—as the local phrase accurately describes that haphazard process—on streets like West Eighty-fourth. Father Gusweller has both strong feelings of affection for children and strong convictions along the-child-is-father-of-the-man lines. When he sees and hears, as he does every time he walks to or from the church, crowds of poorly clothed, underfed, badly educated, ill-mannered, and—in many cases, no doubt—unwanted and unloved children, he is not only pained by their immediate plight but filled with foreboding that as long as West Eighty-fourth Street children keep on coming up to be West Eighty-fourth Street adults, the neighborhood will keep on being spiritually as well as materially barbaric.

The first piece of missionary work that Father Gusweller did when he arrived on West Eighty-fourth Street—months before he discovered that "housing" was a fighting word—was to invite some young savages who were lounging on the sidewalk in front of the church to come into the basement guildhall for cocoa and crackers. It was not an invitation that thinly clad children from congested homes were likely to snub on a January day, even if they had only a dim notion of what cocoa was. Before many weeks had passed, a couple of dozen children from the block were congregating in the basement every afternoon, not only for cocoa and crackers but for crafts groups of various kinds and to listen to Bible stories. And in a few more weeks those of the older chil-

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dren who showed any interest in doing so were urged by Father Gusweller to come to Sunday service. Some of the more timorous parishioners, whose impulse was to cross the street as fast as possible when they saw Puerto Rican youths with pointed shoes and ducktail haircuts coming their way, were considerably flustered when they found such characters, Book of Common Prayer in hand, sitting beside them on red leather cushions in fumed-oak pews. To their remonstrances Father Gusweller responded patiently and sympathetically, if unyieldingly, and after a succession of Sundays during which no one was mugged on his way to the altar rail to receive Communion, the old members of the flock began to reconcile themselves to the new ones. A children's program has been an important activity at St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's ever since. However, the number of man-hours expended and dollars invested per young savage civilized has inevitably been extremely high, and when the work with children began, the parish had few man-hours or dollars at its disposal. Aside from Father Gusweller himself and an occasional faithful parishioner, there was no one to do the work, and aside from an oversized pool table (made in Czarist Russia and acquired by the parish on some forgotten occasion), a large assortment of folding chairs and movable screens, and a small, low-ceilinged room with padded posts in the middle and a basketball hoop at each end, there was no equipment to work with.

By zealously observing the scriptural command to combine the guile of the serpent with the innocence of the dove, Father Gusweller has solved the problems of plant and personnel. About four years ago, he decided that it was time for the church to seek some tangible benefits from the eminence that going after landlords had won it, and that the benefits should take the form of a community center in which there was room for children to be dealt with as he thought Eighty-fourth Street children needed to be. There was no difficulty in finding a site for the center, since the parish owned a double lot immediately to the west of the church. At the time of Gusweller's arrival, this property was occupied by a pair of all-but-dilapidated brownstones, one of which was the rectory, while the other housed the parish offices. There was a lot of difficulty about finding the more than two hundred thousand dollars that building a community center would cost, particularly since Father Gusweller had never before had occasion to practice

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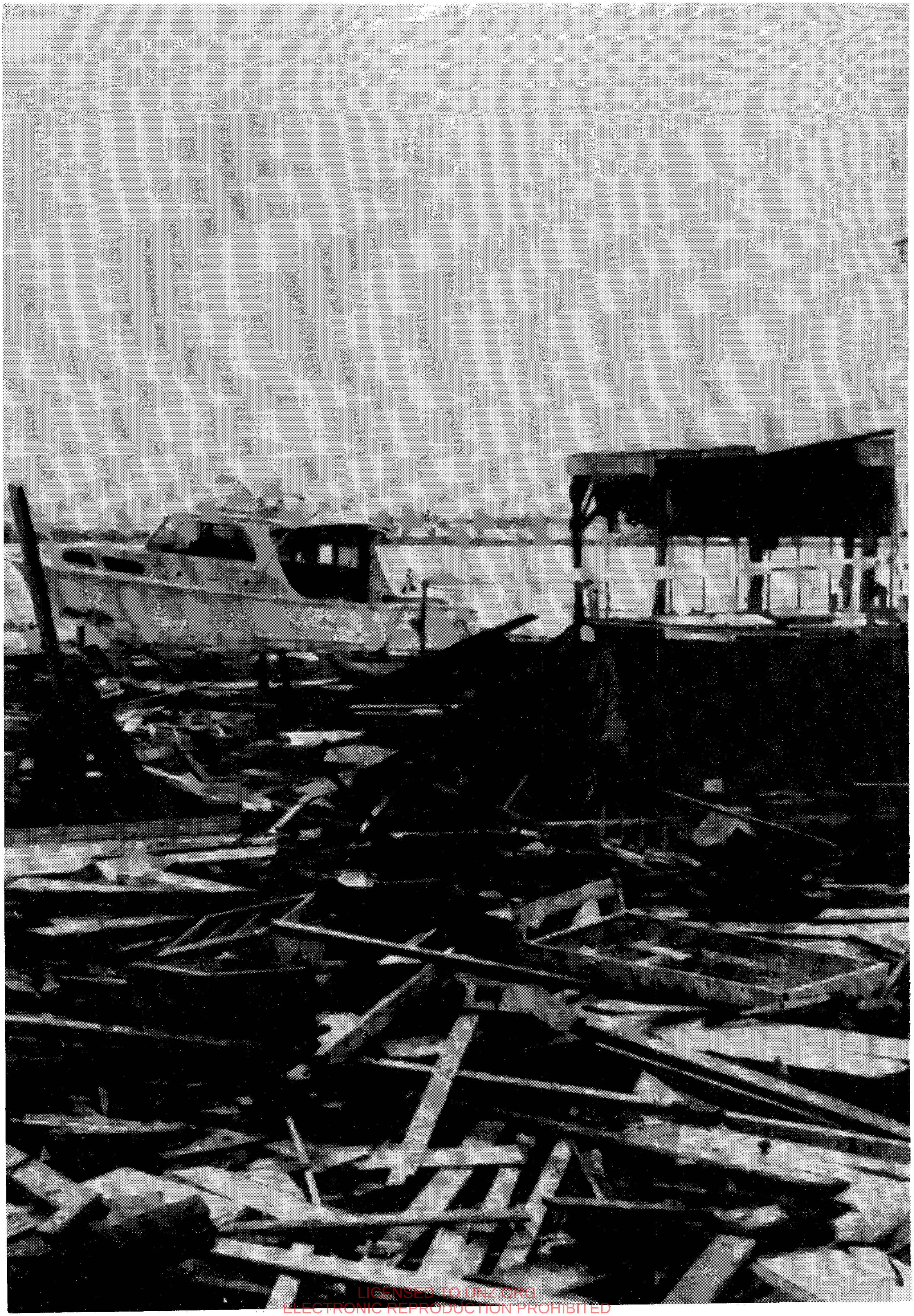


When Carla hit this marina the fiberglass Hatteras yacht survived

When the fifteen foot tide and 130 mph winds of Hurricane Carla smashed the Texas coastline, September 10, 1961, boathouses were crushed, docks and piers uprooted.

Yachts went to the bottom.

Dick Hall's all-fiberglass Hatteras was in a boathouse near Houston. When the tidal wave hit, the water-level in the boathouse rose to the roof; boats were ground to timbers against the girders.

The Hatteras was the exception. Pressure of water from beneath punched the Hatteras up, through the planks and shingles—and out.

It was fiberglass against wood, and the fiberglass won.

When the storm died, Hall's captain, Lou Wood, found his Hatteras floating serenely among the debris from dozens of wrecked yachts.

He went aboard. The windows were broken. The bridge and corners of the deckhouse were battered.

He switched on the ignition. The engines purred.

Three days later, without repairs, Hall took his Hatteras across the Gulf on a 1200 mile cruise to Fort Lauderdale.

Fiberglass strongest material available for marine construction

The Navy has used it since 1947, now has more than 1200 fiberglass boats in service. (In fact, 85% of the boats bought in the last two years by the Navy and Coast Guard are of fiberglass construction.)

The strength of fiberglass results in an extra degree of safety.

Because of its use of reinforced fiberglass in reinforced longitudinal stringers—and athwartship bulkheads—she takes the shock of heavy seas and effects of collision better than boats built of other materials.

One-piece hull and super structure have no seams or joints

Neither the one-piece molded hull nor the superstructure has any seams or joints.

The Hatteras is remarkably comfortable.

With fiberglass it is possible to mold a hull shape which virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching.

Even at high speeds in heavy seas, the molded flare of hull throws water off in a low flat arc.

Owners of wood boats are usually surprised at the roominess of the Hatteras.

Molded fiberglass construction eliminates beams, ribs and frames. So *all* of the inside is usable. (The Hatteras 41 foot Double Cabin has more usable space than popular 45 foot wood boats.)

And—it's easy to maintain.

There are no loose fastenings, rust, dry-rot, marine-borers, caulking, sanding. You never have to paint for protection. (You *may* want to paint for appearance, but you don't *have* to.)

Jim Gardella, Cove Marina, Norwalk, Conn., has experience with both wood and fiberglass boats. With the Hatteras he says about 80% is saved on hull upkeep.

The Hatteras interior is hand-finished in Philippine mahogany. And because this boat is made in a furniture center (High Point, N.C.) the detailing is considered exceptional by those who know wood.

Hank Bowman, contributing editor of Popular Boating, wrote:

"*After testing the Hatteras-41 I find myself hard put to find even minor flaws. We have given this boat the highest rating of any craft reviewed in our entire series.*"

The Hatteras is built to fiberglass standards set by Gibbs & Cox, architects and engineers of the liner United States. It was designed by J. B. Hargrave, whose forte is yachts costing $250,000 and up.

There are six Hatteras models: 34 ft. sports cruiser; 34 ft. deluxe sports fisherman; 34 ft. double cabin; 34 ft. sedan; 41 ft. convertible, and a 41 ft. double cabin.

Not all dealers sell the Hatteras

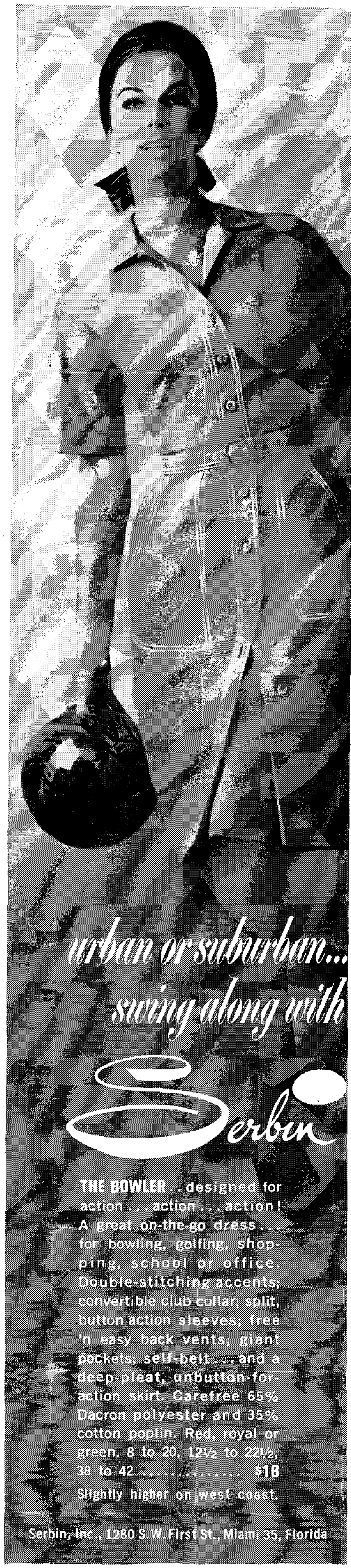
Territories are protected; this limits the number of dealers.

If you'd like to see a Hatteras, write for the name of your nearest dealer. And—be prepared. She *is* something to contemplate. The Hatteras Yacht Co., Dept. NY 864, High Point, North Carolina.

Unretouched photo of a marina near Houston taken the day after Hurricane Carla. That's the fiberglass Hatteras floating proudly, victoriously.

the tricky profession of fund-raising. However, he did not let inexperience deter him but plunged into fiscal affairs with as much enthusiasm as he had plunged into housing—something else he had known little about when he started. By talking fast, bargaining hard, and driving himself almost to the point of physical exhaustion for two and a half years, he singlehandedly accumulated the necessary funds. During most of that time he had to live in a rented apartment half a mile from the church, and work in a cubicle in the church basement, since the brownstones that had served as his home and his office were demolished as soon as the first money came in. The community center, which has four floors, two above street level and two below it, opened two years ago; the principal guest at the ceremony was Governor Rockefeller. (Father Gusweller is still a Republican.) There are a gymnasium, a game room, and a shower room on the lower basement floor; classrooms on the upper basement floor; a library, a nursery-school room, and the parish offices on the street floor; and the Guswellers' apartment, a guest room, and a conference room upstairs. By Father Gusweller's calculation, a thousand or more neighborhood children use the center regularly. Two recreation workers, whose salaries are paid by the New York City Youth Board, work there full time. And just as the church's reputation has attracted money, it has attracted a large corps of volunteer teachers, Episcopalian and not so Episcopalian, whose accomplishments range from remedial reading to folk dancing and basketweaving. There is only one trouble with the center these days: it is too small.

ANOTHER problem that deeply concerns Father Gusweller—or, more precisely, a condition that surrounds and permeates all of Father Gusweller's problems—is that of racial discrimination and segregation. With only one or two exceptions—most notably the Southern Baptists—there are few American religions or sects that do not now officially believe, and declare, that discrimination and segregation are evils, and Father Gusweller's denomination is particularly committed to this view. (In Oxford, Mississippi, immediately after James Meredith's admission to Ole Miss, an Episcopal rector was assaulted for asserting that view.) However, clergymen have evidently found these evils no easier to subdue than anyone else has. Not long ago, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., wrote, "... the church is the most segregated



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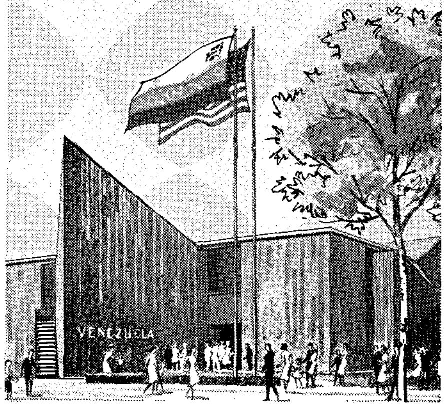

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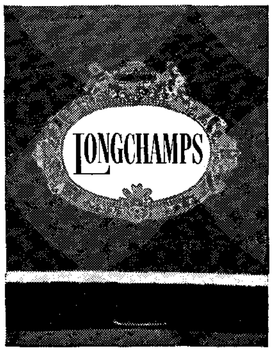

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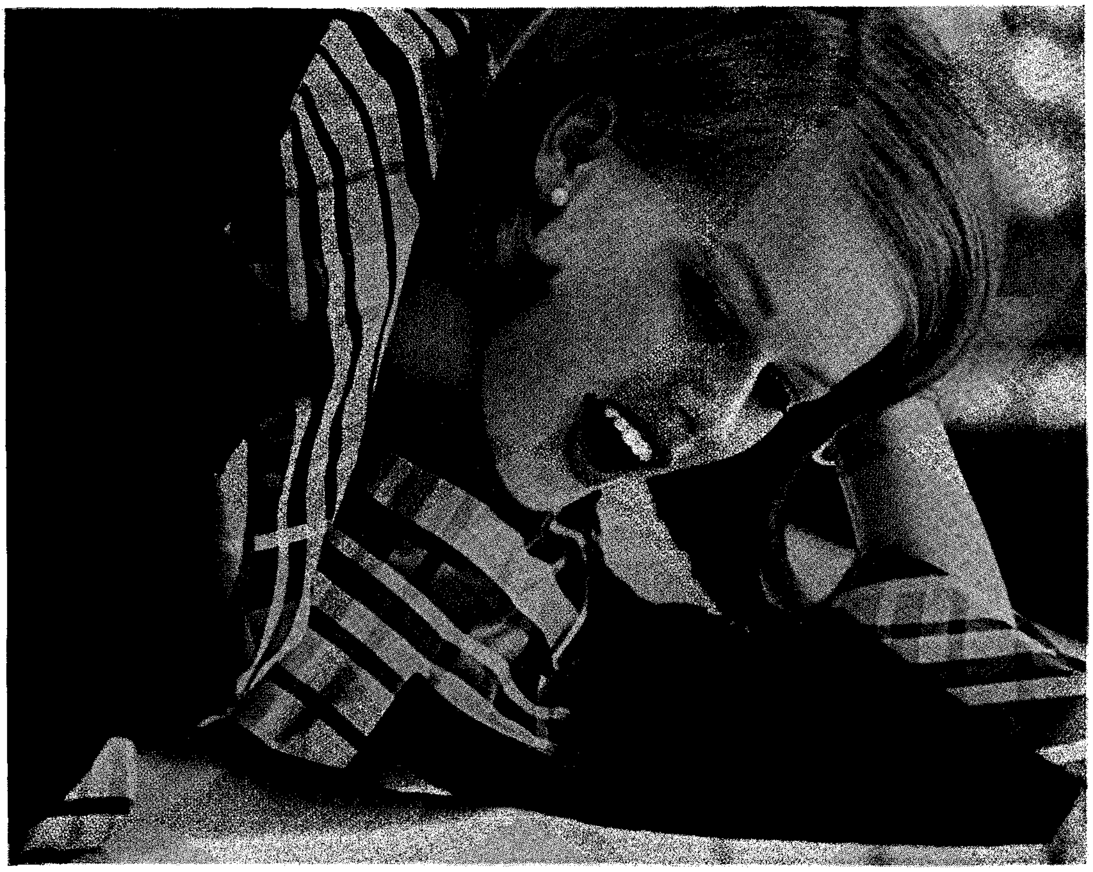
major institution in America. As a minister of the gospel, I am ashamed to say that eleven o'clock on Sunday—when we stand to sing 'In Christ There Is No East nor West'—is the most segregated hour of America, and that Sunday school is the most segregated school of the week." One reason for this, of course, is that in most denominations the parish is the basic organizational unit; most parishes are made up of individual neighborhoods, and most neighborhoods are segregated. In this respect, St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's is in an exceptional position, since its part of the West Side of Manhattan may be the most integrated neighborhood in America. Therefore, Father Gusweller has had no logistical difficulty in transforming the congregation from all white, which it was when he took it over, to roughly two-thirds Negro and Puerto Rican and the rest white, which it is now. Neither has he had much of another kind of trouble that can afflict a minister who wants to bring people with dark skins into a congregation that has traditionally excluded them—the determination of the old members to remain exclusive. Father Gusweller was hired by the parish vestry precisely to carry out the mission of bringing the church new members from the neighborhood, and so, although there were at first some complaints from squeamish parishioners of long standing, they were few, feeble, and easily silenced. Within the parish of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, integration has reached what might be called its third stage: it has been both theoretically accepted and physically achieved, and people of different races are finding out whether or not it is true that they can live harmoniously together. Presiding over an experiment of this kind is delicate work, not because there is any likelihood that a race riot will break out during services some Sunday but because more often than not the economic, educational, and cultural differences between members of different races are just as evident as the difference in the color of their skin. The vicinity of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, on the whole, is not a part of town to which middle-class Negroes or Puerto Ricans gravitate upon breaking out of Harlem; almost all the white-skinned inhabitants there are better educated and better off than almost all the dark-skinned ones. Neighborhood folklore sometimes dramatizes this situation into a war between the avenues, which are mostly prosperous and white, and the crosstown streets, which are mostly poor and dark—an image of untogetherness that can at times be conducive to social and political paralysis. Not long ago, in the neighborhood of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, a Puerto Rican who is reputed to control the votes of a significant number of his compatriots rejected a white candidate's plea for his support in these terms: "Either you're for the main streets and I'm against you, or you're for the side streets and you're stupid and I'm against you."

Though this sort of suspicion has kept St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's numerically quite a small parish—officially the congregation numbers three hundred and twenty-three, but it is a rare Sunday when half that many people come to morning services—Father Gusweller is neither surprised nor aggrieved by the fact. He feels it to be quite natural, in view of the circumstances in which most of his colored neighbors have lived most of their lives, that he, as a white man, should be required to prove and prove again to them that he is not executing some sort of deep-dyed scheme to prolong and intensify their bondage. As a matter of fact, the level of the suspicion directed against the church has risen during the last three or four years as Puerto Ricans have moved away and Negroes, who have more inclination—and reason—to be suspicious, have replaced them. There was only one Negro family living on the church block when Father Gusweller came; now Negroes are a majority there. In some respects, Father Gusweller's attempts to convince the people around him that the church takes an honest interest in them have foundered on hard local facts. For example, though the congregation is integrated, the vestry, its governing body, is still all white and still mostly composed of men who live outside the neighborhood, for the simple reason that the vestry's most important job is administering a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year budget and a four-hundred-thousand-dollar endowment, and Negroes and Puerto Ricans with the training for that kind of work are unknown on West Eighty-fourth Street. Similarly, Father Gusweller for years wanted a Negro priest as his curate, but—bearing out Dr. King's thesis—most of the few Episcopal priests who are Negroes preside over



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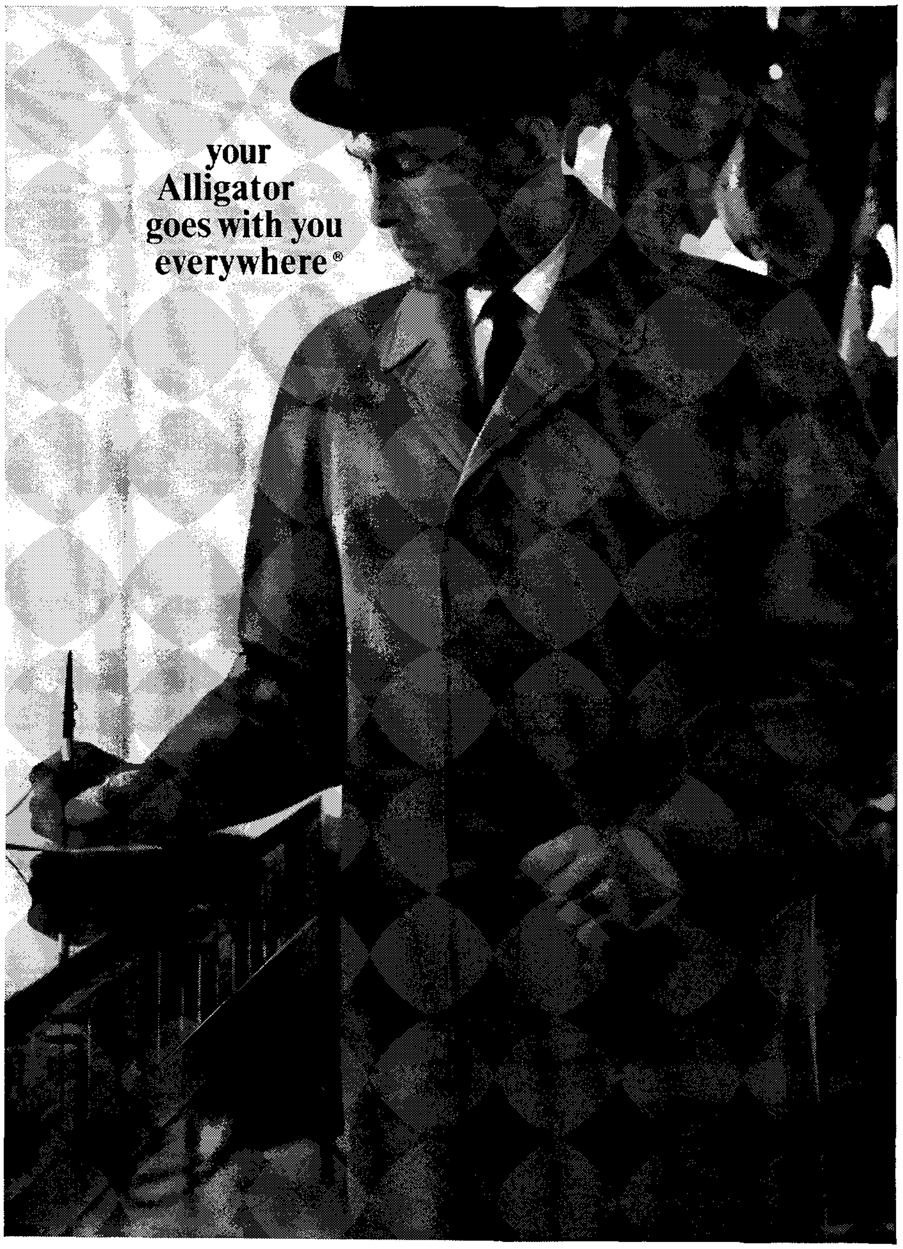
Negro parishes. A couple of years ago, Father Gusweller found and brought to West Eighty-fourth Street Father Anthony Macombe, a Haitian who, distressed by the political chaos in his native land, had left it without consulting his bishop there and who as a result had been barred from performing any duties until the bishop got over his displeasure, which Father Gusweller persuaded him to do. Recently, however, Father Macombe became ill, and though he hopes to return to work soon, he may not find it possible. Meanwhile, the church is not only without a Negro priest but without a curate to share the burdens of administration.

The one piece of evidence that the parish may be able to work as Father Gusweller would like it to is the existence of a group of women who meet informally in the church basement every Thursday morning for cake and coffee. What this group does is ordinary enough; behaving much as church women's groups have behaved since church women's groups began, it has, in the two years or so since it was organized, carried out projects like painting the kitchen, starting a library, and running a series of rummage sales. There is, however, nothing ordinary about its membership, for this ranges from college-educated bluestockings whose husbands support them in considerable style in roomy Eighty-sixth Street apartments to barely literate unmarried mothers whom the Welfare Department supports in no style at all in cramped West Eighty-fourth Street S.R.O.s. To observe these heterogeneous ladies, many of them soberly behatted and begloved, on a Thursday morning as they primly count the proceeds of the latest rummage sale, graciously pass each other the sugar and cream and Danish pastry, deferentially address one another as Mrs. This and Mrs. That, and in general comport themselves with a stateliness that does them credit as women, mothers, and Episcopalians, is surely one of the few altogether edifying experiences that West Eighty-fourth Street affords.

FATHER GUSWELLER is a big man, both up and down and sidewise, who looks perhaps half a dozen years younger than his age, which is forty. He spends a good deal of his time in his shirtsleeves, smokes a pipe when he can remember where he left it last, and has a matter-of-fact way of talking. He also has an unpredictable sense of humor; not long ago, after describing feelingly for several minutes the physical strain that is imposed on his Negro and Puerto Rican parishioners by their living conditions, he



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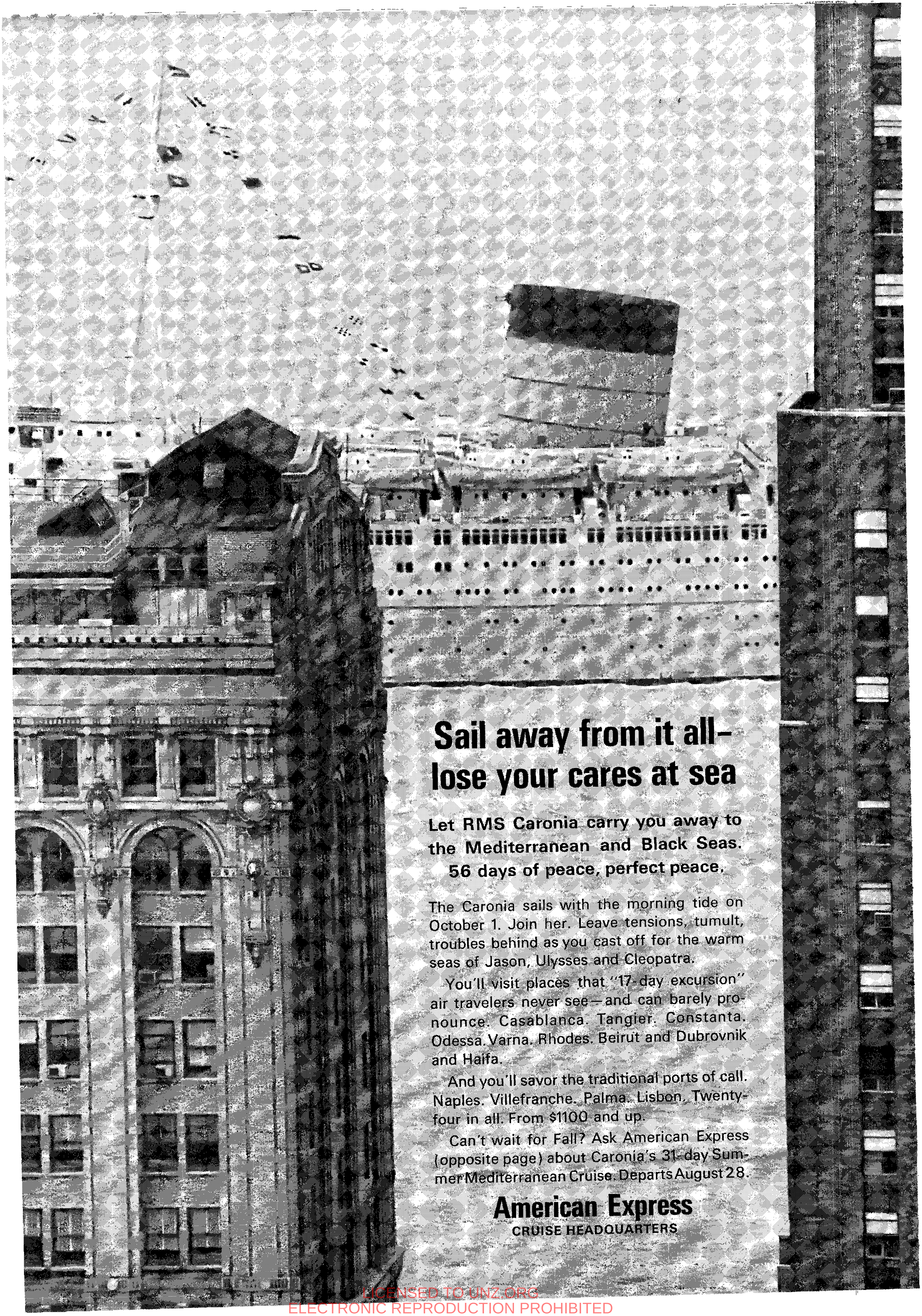

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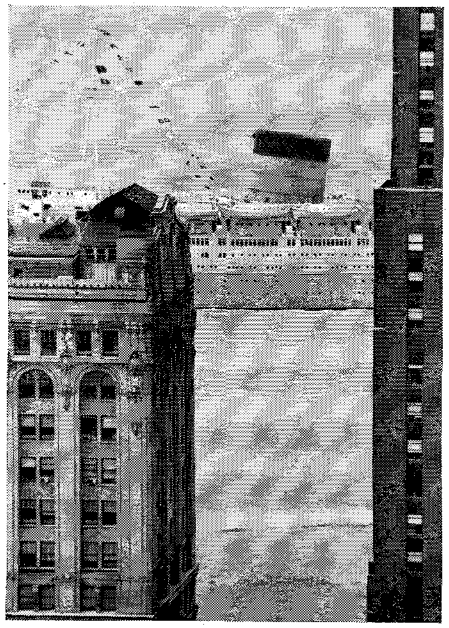

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added, "On the other hand, the white people tend to have emotional problems," and burst into the series of staccato barks that are his way of laughing. Even when he sits more or less still at his desk (which may be the untidiest desk in town, since, as he confesses with a certain complacency, he has no gift as a file clerk), he gives the impression of being in motion—the kind of persistent, rhythmic, unhurried motion that enables an experienced ditchdigger to swing a pick all day without collapsing from exhaustion. Father Gusweller may not use half the muscles a ditchdigger does, but he works more than twice the hours. Except for the month of August, when he secludes himself and his family in a telephoneless cabin near Rangely, Maine, the only time off he allows himself, day or night, is the period between the end of the eleven-o'clock service on Sunday and the beginning of the eight-o'clock service on Monday. What makes his working week so long is that in his eyes the civic agitation and propaganda he has felt impelled to engage in are additions to, not substitutes for, his duties as a parish priest. Father Gusweller celebrates four Holy Communions each week, listens to as many confessions and officiates at as many baptisms, confirmations, weddings, and funerals as members of the parish require, and preaches a sermon every Sunday, but although these duties are no doubt the essence and the culmination of the profession he has chosen, it is not they that consume the major part of his time or make his timetable eternally subject to revision without notice. Like any parish priest with his heart in his work, he considers it both an obligation and a satisfaction to help solve the immediate problems, assuage the day-to-day sorrows, and dispel the current anxieties of the people around him. The incidence of problems, sorrows, and anxieties on West Eighty-fourth Street being what it is, he has a heavy and constantly changing schedule of such tasks as visiting the sick, finding summer jobs for high-school students, seeing elderly parishioners safely aboard trains and buses, providing baby-sitters for children whose mothers have had to go to the hospital, and giving counsel to women whose grocery money has been left by their men at some friendly neighborhood liquor store. As far as he is concerned, such activities are of value only if they are performed when they are needed—in other words, at once—and they necessarily take precedence over work of larger import, like attending committee meetings, delivering public addresses, and conducting colloquies

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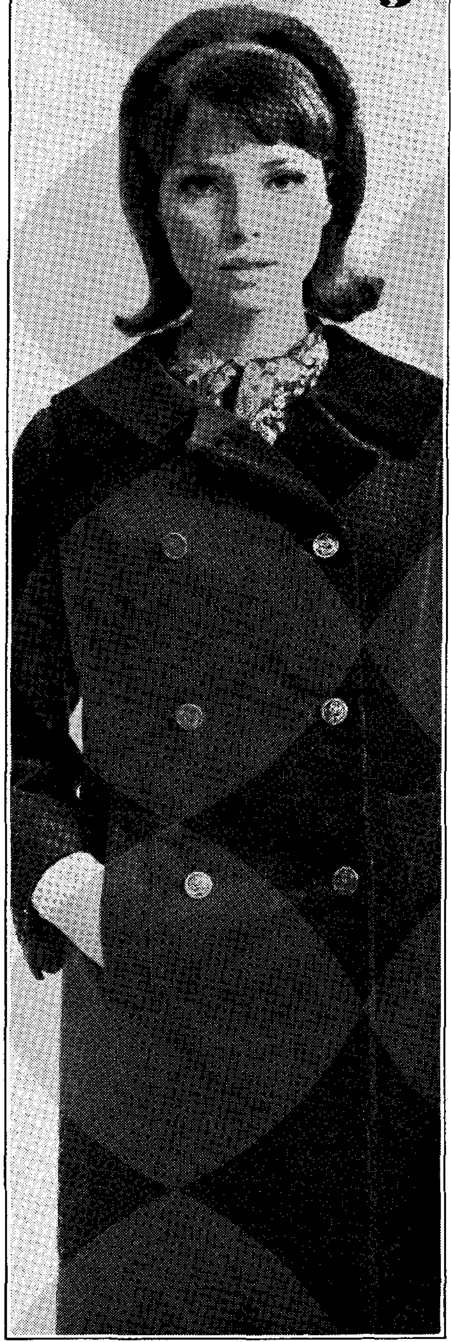

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An episode one summer day, which was probably of no consequence to anyone but the two elaborately scrubbed, combed, and starched little West Eighty-fourth Street children involved in it, and to their parents, may illustrate the way Father Gusweller goes about his business. The children, clutching suitcases and escorted by their father, arrived at the church early one afternoon to wait for a car from Connecticut that was to take them to a country place Father Gusweller had found where they could spend a couple of weeks in the fresh air. They were wide-eyed with the mixture of jubilation and apprehension that possesses children who are starting off to camp for the first time, and their father was fussing over them in the paternal fashion that the occasion called for. But the hour grew later and the car from Connecticut didn't come, and the ratio of apprehension to jubilation in their eyes increased. Father Gusweller—who faced an afternoon and evening of meetings and appointments to be interrupted only by a family supper at home—kept peering out of his office door to see how the children were getting on, and soon he began to fidget. Finally, there was a phone call from Connecticut reporting that the car had broken down hopelessly and would not reach New York that day. Without hesitation, Father Gusweller instructed an assistant to substitute for him at some of the meetings and appointments and to cancel the others, called his wife to tell her he wouldn't be home for supper, installed the children in his car, and set off on a two-hundred-mile drive. If he made good time, he calculated, he might even get back for his last appointment or two. Many of Father Gusweller's days end up something like that. He is an activist, and, as a friend has remarked, "never puts off till tomorrow what needs to be done today—except having supper home."

IT was during the war—most of which he spent in the Pacific as a machine gunner with the 96th Infantry Division, reaching the rank of corporal—that Gusweller's congenital activism first put the notion of becoming Father Gusweller into his head. In his home town of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, where he was born in 1923, he had been a devout Episcopalian since boyhood, and when he enlisted in the Army he intended to go on practicing his religion. Three chaplains were attached to his regiment, one of them a Roman Catholic and the others Southern Protestant fundamentalists. The principal

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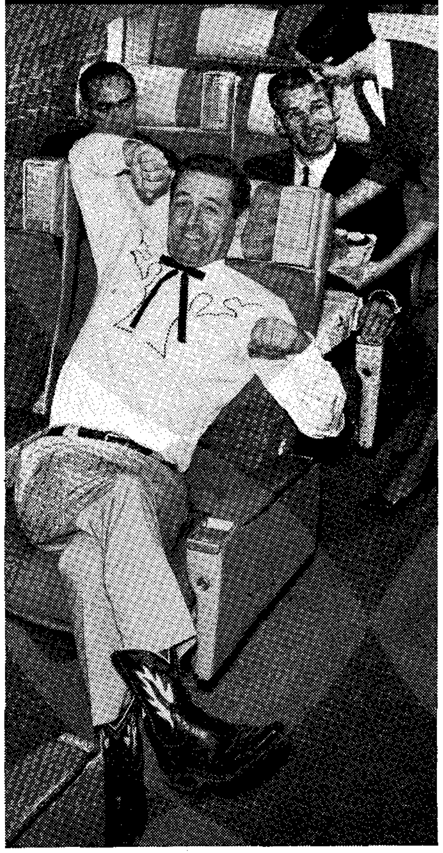

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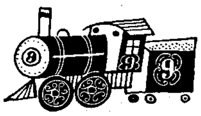
message of the latter two, as it is recalled by Father Gusweller—who happens to be, and was then, a regular smoker—was that anyone who smoked was on the road to Hell. He couldn't abide this pair, and although he liked and admired the Catholic chaplain, participating in a Catholic Mass was something he couldn't bring himself to do. Since he was an activist, this situation did not frustrate him. On a day off, while the regiment was stationed in the Hawaiian Islands training for jungle warfare, he and two fellow-Episcopalians in the regiment called on the Episcopal Bishop of Hawaii, explained their problem, and were licensed as lay readers. They immediately began conducting their own services. By the time the 96th Division was shipped out to take part in the capture of Leyte, enough soldiers were listening to Gusweller and his two colleagues every Sunday for their regimental commander to decide to assign one of the trio to each of the three transports the regiment sailed in, enabling services to be held aboard all three on the way across the Pacific. And when the regiment moved from Leyte to Okinawa, the flock transformed a big tent into a chapel, formed a choir, and added in a number of other ways to the pomp of their observances. The amateur preachers finally achieved full recognition when the regiment got a new commanding officer, an Episcopalian colonel who showed up at the tent chapel himself on Sundays. Soon he had one of the fundamentalists transferred out and an Episcopal chaplain brought in to replace him.



Corporal Gusweller found his own achievements as a pastor of sorts sufficiently satisfying to convince him, long before the end of the war, that an idea he had once had of becoming a teacher of French was not nearly as good a one as that of becoming a priest. No doubt another reason for this decision was his own experience of combat. Before he enlisted in the Army, in the spring of 1942, he had been a rabid belligerent. His mother was half French, and she had inculcated in him such a regard for France as *la force civilisatrice* that upon graduating from high school in 1940, when he was sixteen, he begged his parents to let him enlist in the then badly beleaguered French army, which they refused to do. After two years of majoring in French at Carleton College, in Minnesota, he did enlist in the Army of the United States, but, like many other soldiers, he found that neither the day-to-day events of war nor its long-term results matched his conception of what a crusade ought to be. By the time it was over, he felt that it was only his faith in God that had prevented the war from curdling his personality permanently. Consequently, when he received his discharge from the Army, he returned to Carleton and completed his undergraduate work, and then enrolled at the General Theological Seminary, a venerable Episcopal institution in the Chelsea section of New York.

At the seminary, Father Gusweller specialized in the Pauline epistles, doing some particularly hard work on the doctrine of justification by faith, which—somewhat paradoxically for a man as deeply committed as he is to works—is one that especially moves him. Father Gusweller is a man of feeling as well as a man of action; most of the purely intellectual aspects of Christianity hold little interest for him. He is repelled by theological hairsplitting and fatigued by church history. His religion is evangelical, and is perhaps summed up in a sentence he recently uttered: "The one great act a man can perform is that of surrender to God." In 1950, he graduated from the seminary and was ordained a priest in the Diocese of New Jersey and then immediately taken on as curate by the Church of the Holy Trinity in Collingswood, a large, comfortable, middle-class suburb of Camden. He remained there a year and eight months, during which period strife erupted in the congregation over the question of whether to buy a new organ or repair an old one. Father Gusweller, who regards such controversies as too foolish even to listen to, tried hard to stay deaf, but both the buyers and the repairers grew noisier and noisier. At last, he accepted a call to become, at twenty-four hundred dollars a year, the rector of St. Mary's Church at Keyport, on the Jersey shore, and vicar of two other churches, one in the nearby town of Matawan, the other in a small community whose name, with a few exceptions such as Cochituate, Massachusetts, and Quogue, Long Island, is possibly the most improbable in the United States—Cheesequake.

St. Mary's, where Father Gusweller officiated for five years, was no prize. The church was dilapidated, the treasury was all but empty, and the congregation was not of a sort that was likely to correct either condition soon. Many members were unskilled factory workers from the adjoining community of Union Beach, who, because of the postwar housing shortage, had bought or rented flimsy summer beach bungalows of the kind that abound on the Jersey

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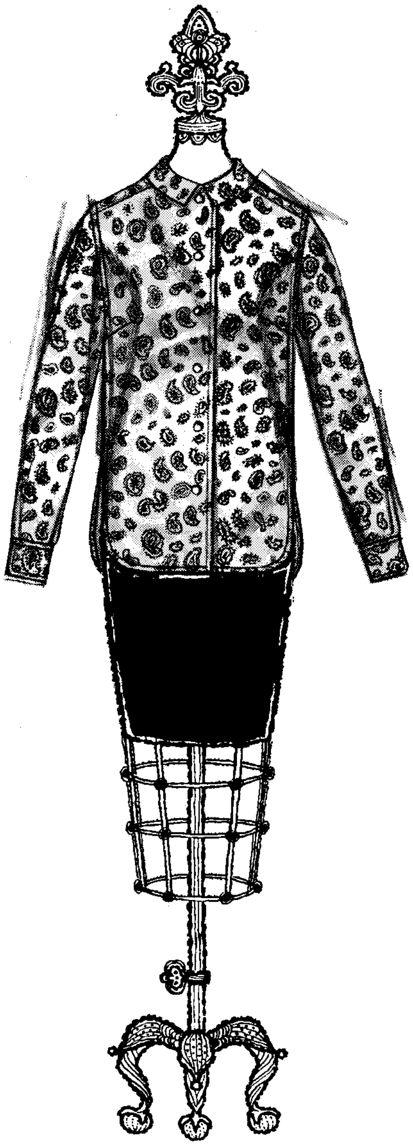

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shore. Few of the bungalows had central heating, many had no inside plumbing, and some were without electricity. The municipality, faced with overcrowding in schools and barrooms, littering on the beach, the danger of fires and epidemics, and similar uncomfortable problems, enacted a series of ordinances whose effect, if not whose design, was to create a boom in the local contracting and moneylending businesses at the expense of the bungalow dwellers. Perhaps the most vexatious of the new rules concerned plumbing: without inside plumbing, it was decreed, no bungalow was legally habitable. The onerous aspect of this was that, though a bungalow plumbing job might itself cost no more than five hundred dollars, no bank or loan company would accept a mortgage on a bungalow without first making an elaborate survey of the property at a charge of another five hundred or so. The subjects of plumbing and mortgages had not been dealt with at General Theological Seminary, but Father Gusweller is not a man to go by the non-book. With a logic that was characteristically Guswellerian, he decided that if plumbing was on his parishioner's minds, it should be on his mind, too, and thus began his active interest in housing. He rapidly made himself into both a plumbing expert (he has always been a handy man with a tool kit), so that he could see to it that the required work was done, and into a financial expert, so that he could see to it that the proper loans and mortgages to pay for the work were obtained. He even lent his own money to people who couldn't establish good enough credit to borrow elsewhere, and he turned the church into a collection bureau to make sure that the money owed both to it and to more conventional lending agencies did not take a detour onto some primrose path.

Early in 1955, the Reverend Frederick Burgess, who had served as rector of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's for thirty-six years, told the vestry that he planned to retire, and the vestry, which had decided that conditions in the neighborhood demanded that the new rector be an exceptionally vigorous and unorthodox man, presently got wind of Father Gusweller's vigorous and unorthodox work in Keyport, and called him to West Eighty-fourth Street. It took him several weeks to make up his mind to accept, for he had a number of reservations about coming to New York—though the fact that St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's was even less of a prize than St. Mary's in Keyport was not among them. One was that he had no experience of the city's particular prob-

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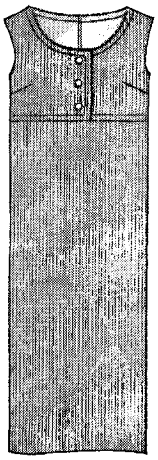

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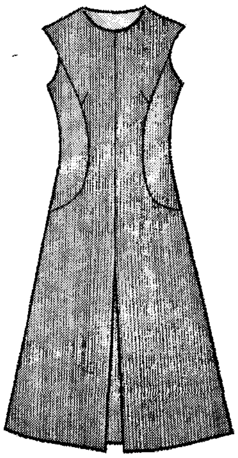

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lems and felt that he really ought to study them more closely before moving to a city parish. Another was that his boss, the Bishop of New Jersey, had a parish in Trenton that was also no prize, and wanted Father Gusweller to take it over. Still another was that he had been married only a few months to a Nebraska girl who was just beginning to get used to Keyport, and he was not sure that it was a good idea for her to move so soon. He was also not sure whether two adolescent boys who were living with them, one of whom was a ward of the State of New Jersey, the other unwanted by his parents, could or should move away at all.

The first thing Father Gusweller did was to take a room in a Broadway hotel for a week and walk around the neighborhood. That week, West Eighty-fourth Street was in a condition that, even by its standards, was unbeautiful. It was a hot and sticky period in August, so most of the population was in the street most of the time, and, besides, the street was being torn up for the installation of a new sewer line. Father Gusweller's first and most lasting impression was of swarms of skinny, shrill children, screeching in Spanish, drenching themselves and anyone else they could reach with jets of water from fire hydrants they had turned on, and chasing each other up and down excavated mounds of dirt and over excavating machinery. By the end of his first day in the neighborhood, Father Gusweller was sure that, however inexpert his ministrations might prove to be, those children needed them. During the following days and nights, he poked his head into hallways and bars, tried, usually without success, to strike up conversations with street-corner loungers, and was accosted a couple of times by ladies who didn't notice his collar until they had committed themselves, and who then fled in shame. He thus became sure that the children weren't the only people in the neighborhood who could use whatever help he had to offer. The Bishop of New Jersey proved willing to turn him loose, Mrs. Gusweller made no objection to living in New York, and as for the two adolescent boys, that problem was on the way to solution after he and his wife had agreed to adopt the one who was a ward of the state and to bring the other along to the city even though legal adoption wasn't feasible in his case. Father Gusweller accepted the call, and, at the end of 1955, moved his family into the brownstone rectory. The staid vestrymen of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's were on occasion astounded by Father Guswel-

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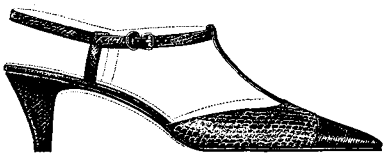

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ler's notions of how to be an Episcopal rector, but from the outset they backed him solidly, even when he was breaking down doors or delivering political harangues on street corners. Most of them, in fact, got a good deal of enjoyment out of being associated with such rousing deeds; one vestryman confessed recently that, after Father Gusweller took over, he found for the first time that vestry meetings could be fun, because at each a chief item of business was likely to be an eyewitness account by Father Gusweller of the astonishing things that happened behind the brownstone fronts on West Eighty-fourth Street. In any event, Father Gusweller's adventures as a civic reformer increased rather than diminished his regular pastoral work, since it brought to St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's dozens of new members, most of them with multitudes of financial, professional, educational, and domestic problems that it was his duty to help solve. A regular schedule of services in Spanish was instituted in the church; the enrollment in the Sunday school, which had sunk to fifteen in the last days of Mr. Burgess's tenure, rose into three figures; and the baptism and marriage trade boomed. The parish, heeding an injunction the diocese had issued several years earlier, had "resumed contact with the surrounding community."

The members of the surrounding community who have responded to the church's vigor by helping Father Gusweller with his work may form as unlikely a group as ever worked together. There is Miss Ana Barranco, the oldest parishioner, who has been a member of the parish for more than forty years. In her eighties now, and tiny and frail, she lives in a nursing home, but she still sometimes hobbles down the steep steps to the church basement to drink coffee and talk with the ladies on Thursday mornings, and she beams shyly as she confides that she was of some help to Father Gusweller when he first came to the church, because, as the daughter of a Cuban tobacco merchant who had settled in New York, she speaks fluent Spanish.

There is Decoursey Headley, a seventy-seven-year-old Negro from Barbados, who left his native island fifty years ago to help dig the Panama Canal, on which project he became the boss of a powder gang, was blown up, and lost most of his right elbow, and who, after various other adventures, came to the church twenty-six years ago as a porter. Until Father Gusweller's advent, Headley had a porter's title and a porter's pay while doing most of the

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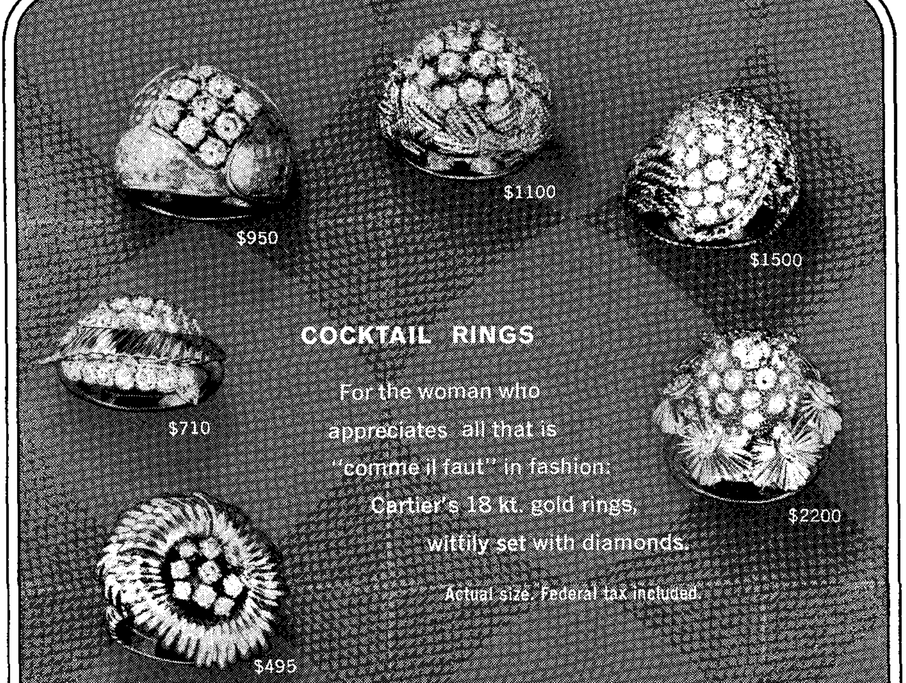

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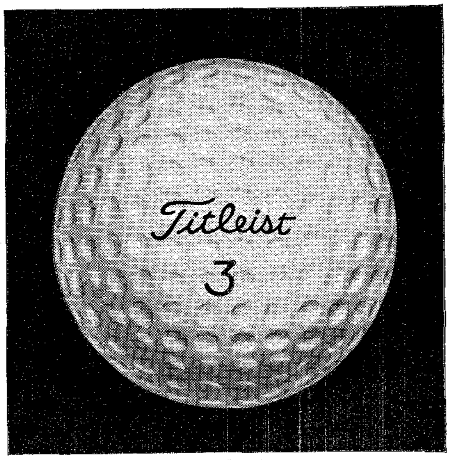

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sexton's work, but Father Gusweller, in one of his first official acts, retired the sexton and gave Headley the emoluments of the job as well as the duties. After about a year and a half, the new sexton, who was then over seventy, began having dizzy spells when he climbed a tall stepladder to replace bulbs in the church ceiling, and he too was officially retired, although he still works around the church (except on the ladder), aiding his successor. Though Headley, naturally, is particularly devoted to Father Gusweller, he bears as little malice toward anyone on earth as any man could be expected to. His philosophy, as he recently stated it, is "The only person I don't like and think I never will like is the Devil."

There is Esther Brown, a strong and strong-minded Negro woman who, with her ten-year-old son and eleven-year-old daughter, lives in a seventeen-dollar-a-week room on West Eighty-third Street and depends on the Welfare Department for support. Mrs. Brown is from South Carolina, where she was raised a Methodist, and she lived for a while in Harlem, but she likes it better on the West Side, where she has been for eight years, because, she says, "in Harlem, you only get a chance to see the one face of everything." She has been coming to the church for five years now; at first she thought of it simply as a place where the children could get in off the street, occupy themselves after school, and acquire some notion of right and wrong in the process, but when the women's group was formed, she became one of its leading spirits, which she still is, and recently, after attending confirmation classes, she has become a full-fledged Episcopalian. Unlike many of her race, Mrs. Brown does not back away from contact with white people. She has a clear idea of her rights and is not afraid of being snubbed, and in her children's behalf she has sampled the neighborhood's facilities, including the Parent-Teacher Associations and the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts—and has often been snubbed for doing so. Though she likes the atmosphere at St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, she's not at all sure that the church is doing all it might about the problems around it. "I would *once* like to see something done about something," she says. "Meeting, meeting, and committee, committee, and nothing ever gets done."

There is Warner Severins, a bouncy retired insurance man, who was born around seventy years ago on the Eighty-fourth Street block where the new schools are going up, and has been a

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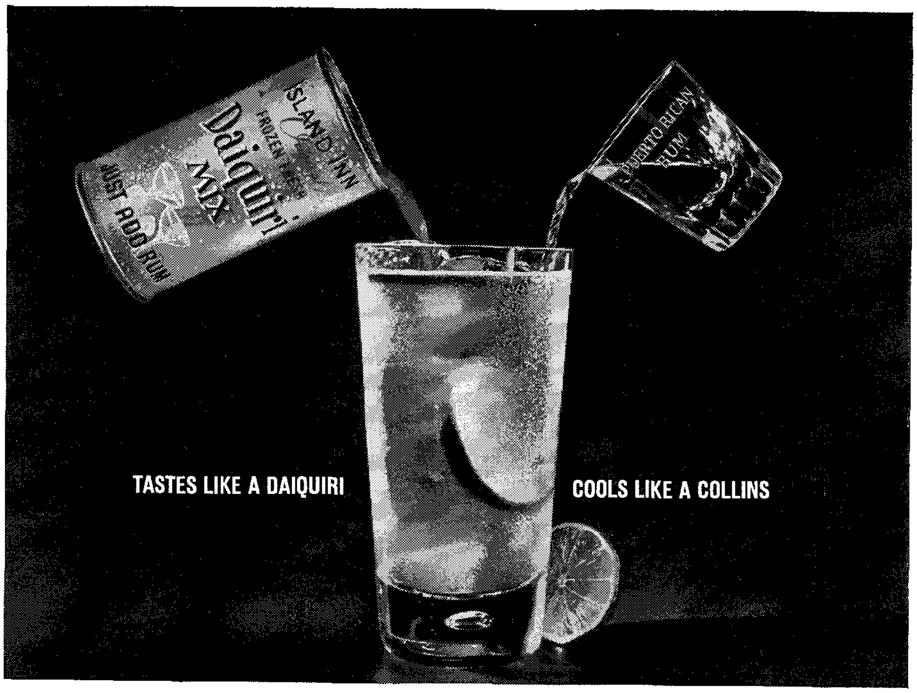
John C. Bruno

member of the parish for more than sixty years and a vestryman for ten or fifteen. If his tie to St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's had been a logical one, he would have left the parish forty years ago, when he moved from Manhattan to Long Island—or, at least, he would have left the parish when Mr. Burgess retired and Father Gusweller took over, because he freely avows that he has no great desire to associate with Puerto Ricans or Negroes and that he is so chary of High Church ways that he has never been able to bring himself to call the rector "Father," addressing him instead as "Boss man." However, the way he feels about St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's has nothing to do with logic; rather, it is a matter of love. The survival of the church means much to him, so as a vestryman he voted enthusiastically for bringing in Father Gusweller, and he has backed the new rector's most unorthodox actions. For Severins, this particular church is the only place of its kind in the world. Sitting not long ago on the sun porch of his Long Island house, he said, "I can see myself walking down the aisle as a six-year-old boy. I can see myself a little older, in the uniform of the church cadet corps, carrying a flag past President Taft. I can see myself as a young man at the altar rail being married. There is *no* place I can sit down in gentle reflection other than St. Matthew's Church."

There are the Harold Beebes and their two young daughters, a family of born-and-bred Episcopalians with a decorous Philadelphia suburban background, who are intensely serious churchgoers. What they like about St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, Beebe says, is that "no one comes there casually." The Beebes arrived on West Eighty-sixth Street ten years ago so that Beebe, a composer who was writing a musical comedy, could be in the town that musical comedies are usually written in. One of the first things the Beebes did after they arrived was to look for a church they could call their own, and they sampled all the nearby Episcopal churches they could find for a few months apiece: St. Michael's, at Ninety-ninth and Amsterdam, where Beebe approved of the musical program; Heavenly Rest, at Ninetieth and Fifth, which they found comfortable and pleasant; and All Angels, at Eighty-first and West End, where they also felt at home. Then they became aware that nearest of all to their apartment was an obscure church called St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, and they went there. Beebe has since said, "We had no ques-



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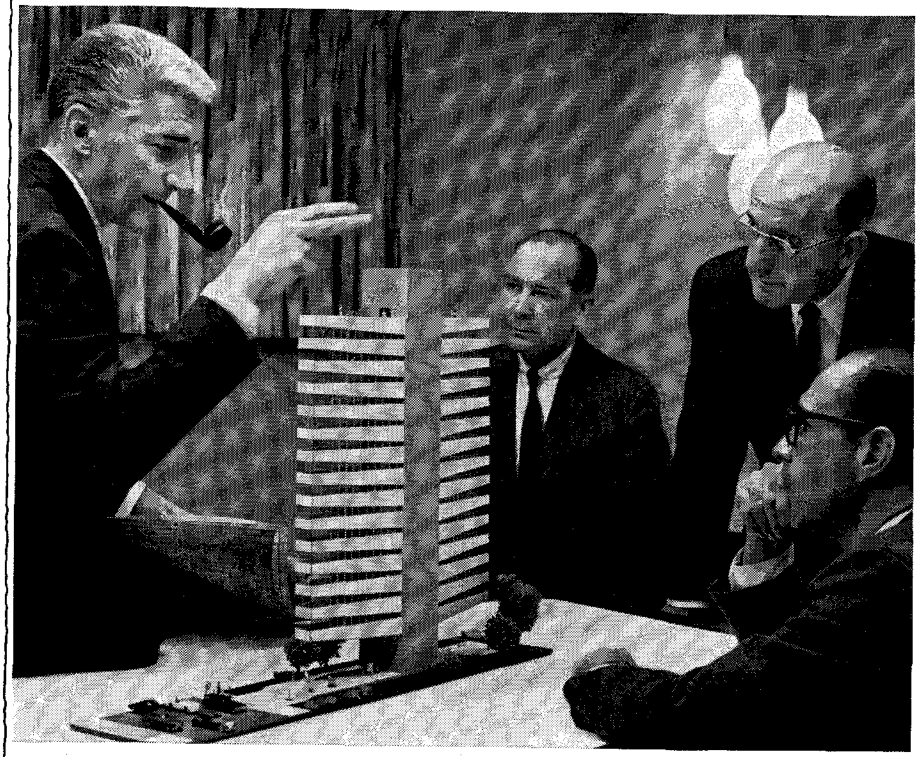

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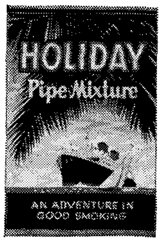

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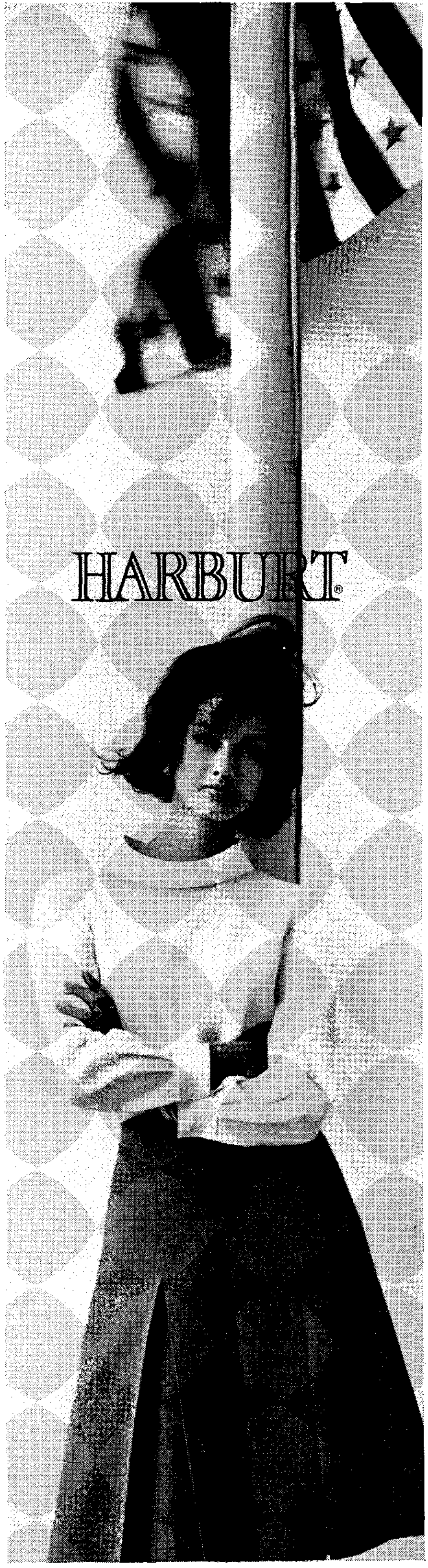

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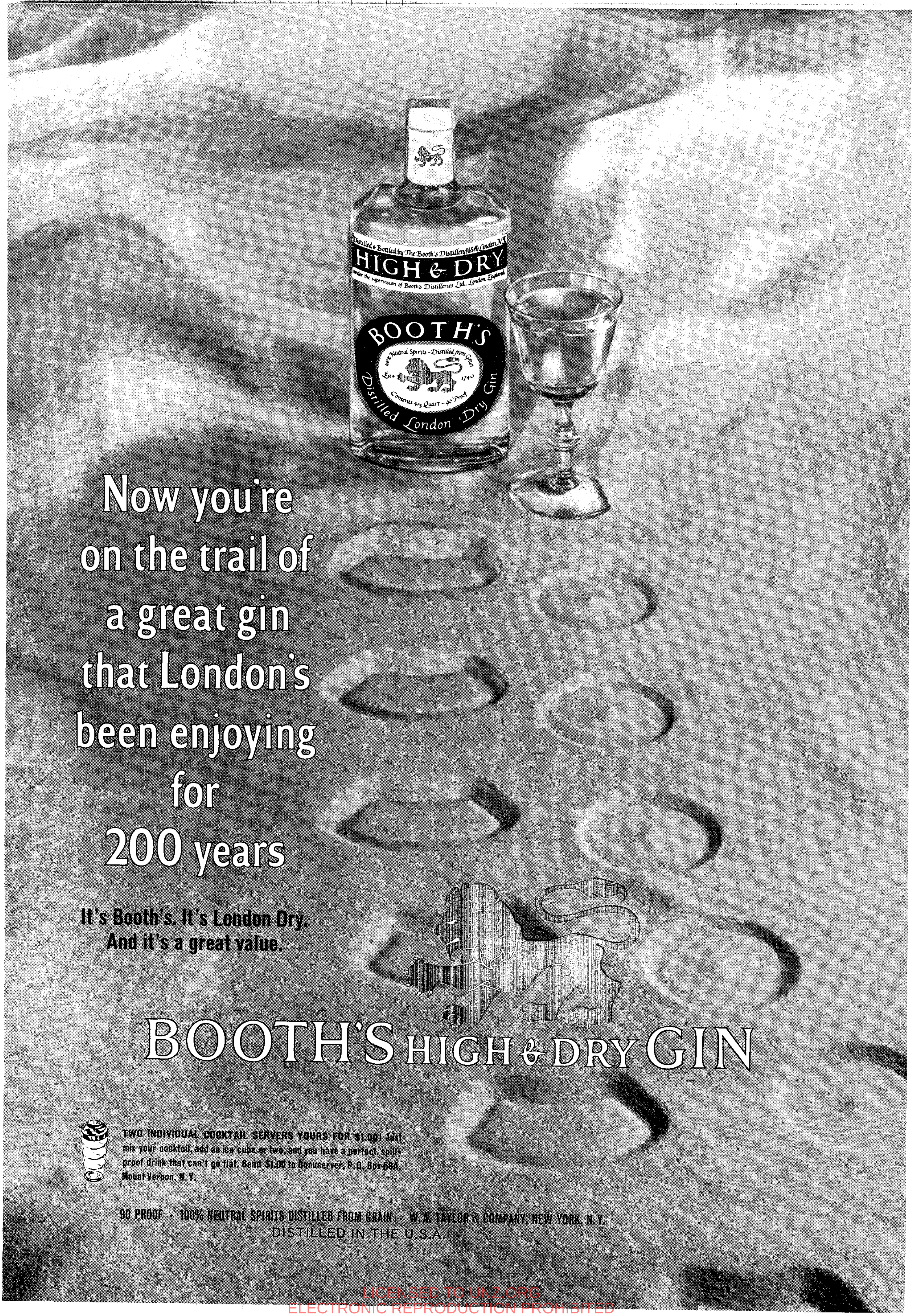
tion that that's where Christianity was happening." They had some initial doubts about plunging their sheltered little girls into such a volatile environment, but they resolved to be bold, and so far they have detected no signs of trauma in their young. Beebe has been a member of the vestry for the last four years, and Mrs. Beebe helped organize the women's group and last fall founded, and all winter and spring was the teacher of, a new nursery school in the community center. Her work with Eighty-fourth Street children has made her anxious to do more for them than the church has facilities for, and this fall she and another mainstay of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, Mrs. Robert Silver, are starting a school of their own, whose purpose is to bring children who have dropped out of or been expelled from the public schools back into the educational system. Mrs. Silver is a stylish and attractive former actress, who one Sunday, in St. James's stylish and attractive Episcopal church at East Seventy-first Street and Madison Avenue, heard read from the pulpit a pastoral letter from the Bishop of New York that extolled Father Gusweller's work and asked any Episcopalian who could do so to help him out. Because Mrs. Silver speaks some Spanish, she volunteered to give an afternoon a week to St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, and was put in charge of a girls' crafts group. She was captivated by the personalities of the West Eighty-fourth Street children and gratified to discover that she had a gift for getting along with them. Presently, she was spending two, and then three, and then four afternoons a week at the church, and had become a sort of headmistress of the various children's groups that gathered there. Then, perceiving that the work the church was doing with children would have little lasting effect on them unless their parents were involved in it, too, she and another parishioner conceived the idea of the Thursday-morning mothers' meetings. She still doesn't quite believe, when she stops to think about it, that she became a fixture on, of all places, West Eighty-fourth Street—a member of the parish council, the director of the community center, and the godmother of fifteen neighborhood children. Sometimes she suspects that her greatest triumph is that when she walks through the neighborhood in fashionable high heels and short skirt these days, the boys on the corners no longer leer and whistle at her, as they used to, but politely say, "Hi, Mrs. Silver."

Sparaxis tricolor

FAR from least in the roster of Father Gusweller's supporters is the present sexton of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, Pascual Colón. He is a strong, humorous, middle-sized man in his mid-thirties who clearly enjoys rattling his badge of office, a ring that holds fourteen keys—a small number of keys for West Eighty-fourth Street, where everything that can't be nailed down had better be locked up, especially gallon jugs of the California port that is used in the church as sacramental wine. Despite the care that Colón takes of his keys, too many things have been stolen from the church since he was put in charge there about six years ago for him to remember what they all were, but a partial list includes a baptismal urn, the contents of the poor boxes, the contents of the coin box in a Coca-Cola machine in the basement (stolen three times), and the contents of his own trouser pockets, in which the thief considerately left two subway tokens. Colón is now in a relatively secure and comfortable position. ("Relative" may be the best word to characterize the degree of comfort and security that eighty dollars a week can give a man with a family in New York.) If what he went through to achieve this position is viewed as a triumph of patience, diligence, fortitude, self-control, good humor, resourcefulness, thrift, and a few other virtues, over adverse circumstances, it makes an uplifting story, but it is less uplifting when viewed as an account of how one citizen of the richest country that the world has ever known had to spend his first thirty years. For the benefit of anyone who may still be wondering why hundreds of thousands of Puerto Ricans have forsaken their island paradise to huddle and shiver in New York, the tale should begin with a schedule of Colón's day when he was eleven or twelve and lived in Puerto Rico with his uncle, a cane-field worker who made a sideline of selling homemade breakfasts and lunches to his fellow-workers. The boy rose every morning at three and set off, alone and without a light, on a three-and-a-half-mile walk down a dark, narrow dirt road to pick up a heavy bag of bread that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had been left for his uncle at the junction of the dirt road with the nearest highway. He carried the bread the three and a half miles back to the house, and then prepared a pot of coffee big enough to last the day. By that time, it was six, and the rest of the household got up. His aunt prepared some food for the breakfasts of the workers in the fields, which were an hour's walk away, and at six-thirty he and his uncle, carrying the food and the coffeepot, set off. Once at the fields, Colón built a fire to keep the food and drink warm; if it was raining, he first had to build a lean-to to keep the fire going. Between eight and nine, the men, one or two at a time, drifted over to the fire for breakfast, and at nine the boy gathered up the debris, loaded it on his back, and walked home. While the men breakfasted, he had taken their lunch orders, and upon his return to the house he passed these on to his aunt. He spent the next hour or two helping her prepare twelve or fifteen lunches. At noon, a man with a mule cart came to take him and the lunches back to the fields; since a mule cart carries a person at the same speed that his legs do, the equipage arrived around one; that hour's ride was Pascual's daily siesta. He spent the next hour and a half passing out the lunches and then cleaning up the debris. Next, if he was lucky, he would get a ride home on a truck; he wasn't always lucky. He generally got home at about three, having put in a twelve-hour working day, and it was time for him to start on his household chores. The first one was to load four five-gallon cans on a wheelbarrow, wheel them several hundred yards to a stream that served as the family's water supply, fill them, and wheel them back. The second job was to collect and chop a day's supply of stovewood. After that, he was at the disposal of anyone who needed him, which usually meant that his aunt assigned him to corn-grinding duty. Every week, he was paid a dollar and a half, or what remained of a dollar and a half after the cost of whatever food he had taken from the family larder was deducted. Ordinarily, he was expected to subsist on the leftovers from the breakfasts and lunches he served. After two years, he ran away. For the next nine or ten years, during which he married a woman with a small son by a previous marriage, he held a variety of jobs. He cleared cane fields; he worked in a sugar mill; he delivered newspapers—a job he got because he had scraped together enough money for a bicycle, a possession to which he was attached as he has been to no other in his life. Finally, as a conspicuously indus-

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trious, sober, intelligent young man, he was rewarded with a job in a bakery, which paid him fourteen dollars for six fourteen-hour days.

By 1948, when a recruiting agent for a Long Island potato farmer told Colón that there would be a job for him on the mainland if he could raise the sixty-four-dollar airplane fare, he was even willing to part with his bicycle if doing so would get him out of Puerto Rico. He paid twenty-five dollars toward the fare—twenty-two of it proceeds from the sale of the bicycle—and promised to pay the remaining thirty-nine out of his first Long Island wages. He told his wife he would send for her and the little boy, Victor, as soon as he could afford to. Then he boarded a DC-4, which, quite a few hours later, landed him at Newark Airport. At Newark, the plane's passengers, most of whom were in much the same impoverished condition as Colón in respect to both cash and the English language, were put in a bus that took them to Harlem, from which, after a night in makeshift quarters, they would be dispatched to their several destinations the following day. The bus fare was a dollar and a half—the precise amount that Colón had in his pocket when he landed. He therefore had no supper that night—an act of abstinence that was particularly painful because during a stroll he took up and down Third Avenue he saw Spanish restaurant signs and smelled Spanish food. The next day, he and six of his fellow-passengers were delivered to the potato farm, where their quarters proved to be roughly as modern and commodious as his uncle's shack in Puerto Rico. He began to suspect that he would not stay long. On payday, four days later, he found that he had earned seven dollars, and this suspicion was confirmed. He and three of the men he had arrived with packed such belongings as they had, somehow found a station of the Long Island Rail Road, and leaped on a train two jumps ahead of their boss, who had discovered their defection and was in hot pursuit, rifle in hand. Colón never did pay the remaining thirty-nine dollars for his trip north, and though he is a good Episcopalian these days, the debt, strange to say, doesn't trouble his conscience a bit.

Shortly after Colón and his three friends had made good their getaway from the potato farm, they found themselves, late at night, on the streets of Brooklyn, with no idea of where they were and not much left of the pay they had just received, since they had bought train tickets and a little something for supper. Still, their plight was not quite as

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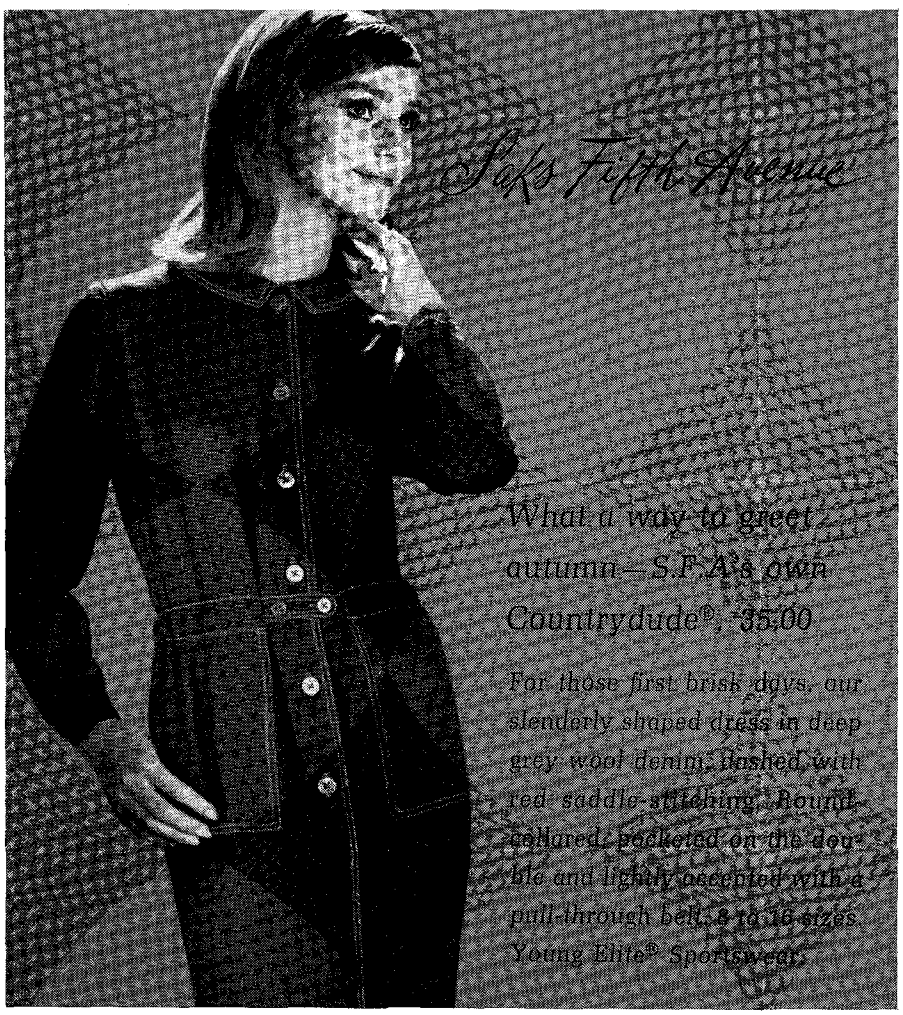

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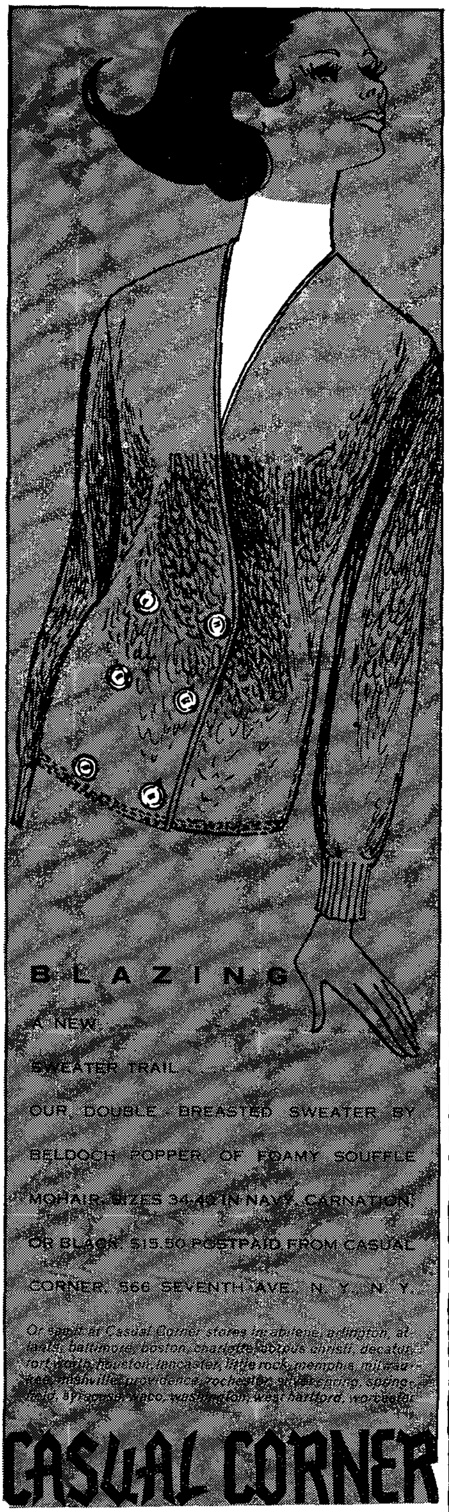

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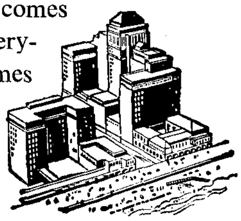

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desperate as one might suppose, though, for among the possessions of each man was the New York address of at least one friend from the island. Colón's friend lived on Kelly Street, in the Bronx. It took him twelve adventurous hours to make the trip, during which he was moved along several times by policemen, was lost several times in the subway, was granted his first look at a number of landmarks (among them, he remembers, was Columbus Circle), and worked up quite an appetite. Each time he was sure he was hopelessly lost, he encountered a compatriot who headed him in the right direction. When he reached Kelly Street, he was greeted cheerfully and was given a meal, a loan of three dollars and fifty cents in cash, and an invitation to spend his nights there until he was settled. He was also instructed in detail as to the method of performing the first necessary task in New York, that of getting a Social Security card. He got his the next day, and was almost as thrilled by the acquisition of that small piece of cardboard as he had been by the acquisition of his bicycle. The day after that, he set out to look for work. From Kelly Street, he had seen, not many blocks away, a tall chimney that he was sure signified the presence of a factory, and that was the first place he went. Though he could not carry on a conversation in English, he did know enough words to convey such ideas as that he was lost in the subway, that he would like a cheese sandwich, and even that he wanted a job. However, the idea of groping for words in the presence of a rich Yankee employer was so humiliating to him that he found it impossible to try to talk, so he did not dare enter that Bronx factory; instead, he stood at its gate, smiling as ingratiatingly as he could and holding his Social Security card high, in the hope that someone would get his message. No one did, and he went sadly back to Kelly Street, convinced that he should stop pretending he could go it alone, and start looking for work the way even people with a perfect command of English usually do—through friends. His one other New York acquaintance was his wife's sister's husband, who worked as a porter at a nursing home on upper Fifth Avenue, and presently Colón was taken on at a similar job, for which the pay was bed (in a dormitory where a man wore his shoes and trousers all night if he wanted to have them the next day), board (if a man could stomach it, which Colón couldn't), and twenty dollars a week. After two days, he gladly surrendered his rights to the room and board, and made out as well as he could on the

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twenty dollars. He worked for more than a year at the nursing home, and during this time he was joined by his wife, who got a job in the laundry of the home at fifteen dollars a week. Her father had paid her fare and had agreed to take care of Victor until the boy could be sent for. The Colóns lived in a series of places near the home, being unable, for one reason or another, to stay in any of them long. Then they heard that West Eighty-fourth Street had become a likely place to find quarters. It was only 1949, and so far few Puerto Ricans were on that particular street, but minority groups seem to have a grapevine that communicates the news almost instantly when a street that was formerly closed to them opens up. Besides, the Colóns both have light skins, which facilitated their being pioneers as far as housing goes. Starting one day at No. 160, near the corner of Amsterdam Avenue, Colón walked east on Eighty-fourth Street, stopping at each house to inquire about rooms. He finally found one he could afford at No. 7, almost at Central Park West. It was on the top floor of a brownstone and was just big enough to hold the bed and the sink that constituted its furnishings. It cost eight dollars a week. However, West Eighty-fourth Street had not yet entered the "worst" sweepstakes, and the house was quiet, clean, and strictly run. Among the regulations for roomers were that all radios were to be turned off by 10 P.M. and all visitors turned out by that hour. Neither condition vexed the Colóns. As Colón recently explained, "We had no radio and we had no visitors."

With his move to West Eighty-fourth Street, Colón began to rise in the world, though the rise can scarcely be described as meteoric. Through a fellow-roomer at No. 7, he got a job in a printshop, which, although it paid only thirty-eight dollars a week, at least put him in the economic system. At about the same time, his wife got a job in a garment sweatshop doing piecework, and since she was a fast worker she was soon making more than her husband. Before long, they moved down a flight into a twelve-dollar-a-week room with a private bathroom. Then Colón was fired from the printshop—because, according to his account, he had failed to tend the machine of a man who had sloped off somewhere when he shouldn't have—and was forced to take a thirty-two-dollar-a-week job as a dishwasher in the lunchroom of a Woolworth store on West Thirty-fourth Street. It was only a temporary setback. He was such a good worker that he was rapidly promoted to busboy, then to counterman (the

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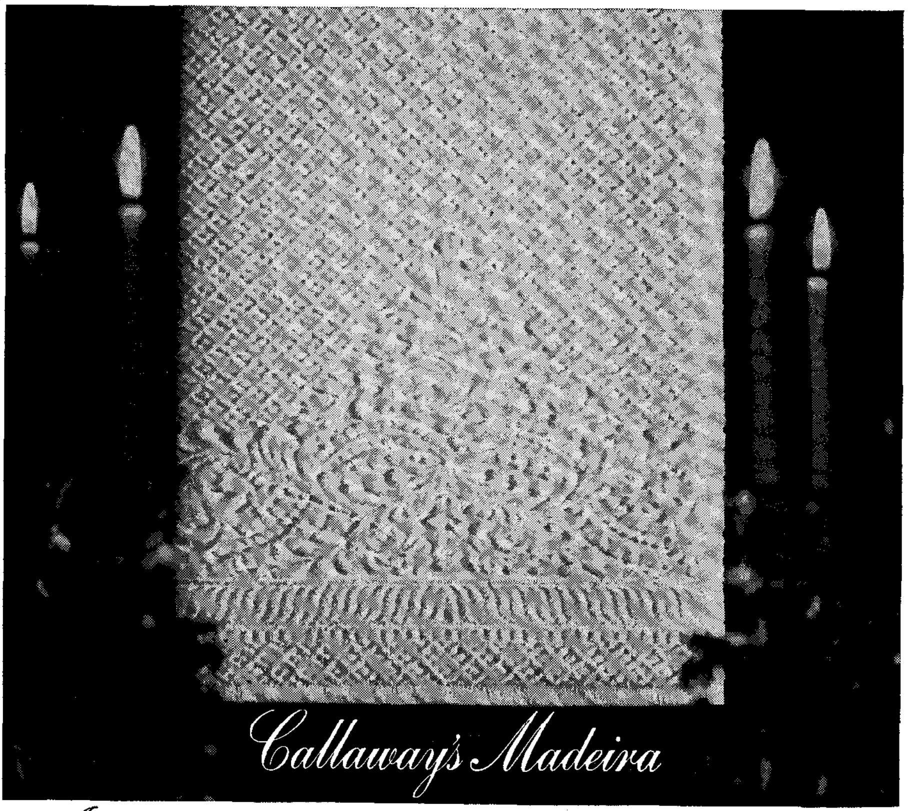

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job made him nervous because he still didn't trust his English), then to chief orange-juice squeezer, and then to salad man, in which capacity he finally cracked the dollar-an-hour barrier. In 1952, he and Mrs. Colón sent for Victor.

In 1956, when Father Gusweller came to St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, Colón was still living on West Eighty-fourth Street, though he had had to move from No. 7, which had been converted from rooms to apartments, to No. 58, across the street and almost at Columbus Avenue. And he was still working for Woolworth's, though no longer at the Thirty-fourth Street store, which had closed, but at one on Main Street in Flushing. Colón had been passing the church every day for seven years, and as far as he was aware, not much ever happened in it. He soon became aware that with the arrival of Father Gusweller its long slumber had been broken. Victor, who by then was fifteen, was one of those first boys to go down to the basement for cocoa, and he went back almost every day thereafter. Then, one evening, as Colón sat on the stoop of No. 58, Father Gusweller, recognizing him as Victor's stepfather, introduced himself. Colón still sounds amazed when he speaks of that meeting. "I liked him the very first minute," he said not long ago. "The minute we shake hands, I become very friendly to him. I liked the way he touched my shoulder and the way he talked. He was the first English speaker ever talked to me like that." No one has ever claimed that New York is oversupplied with friendly English speakers, but eight years is a long time to go without meeting even one such specimen. In any event, it wasn't long before Colón was actively involved in the affairs of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's. In fact, he became president of a Spanish men's group that Father Gusweller organized in 1956—an honor that Colón ascribes to his own native jocularity. The way he describes the group's meetings when he was in the chair is "First we got the blessing, then we got the jokes." He also started helping Headley on his day off from Woolworth's. At that point, Colón suffered a characteristic West Eighty-fourth Street housing experience, which drove him clear off the block. For a year or more, he had been paying twenty-two dollars a week for his apartment at No. 58. Then he discovered from the municipal rent-control office that the legal rent for his quarters was only fourteen dollars and forty cents, and that he was entitled to recover the money he had overpaid,

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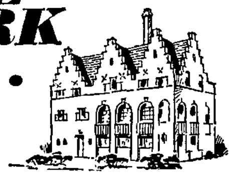

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which came to several hundred dollars. He had carefully kept a book of rent receipts, and the rent-control people assured him that that book was all they would need in order to get the landlord to make the refund. But when Colón looked for the book, it had mysteriously disappeared. In disgust, he moved to the Bronx. He was still able to show up at St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's from time to time, but the Bronx is a long way from Flushing for a subway rider. A few months later, fatigued in body and spirit by more than two hours every day on the subway, he asked Woolworth's for a raise, and when it was refused he quit. By then, Headley was ready to retire, and Colón applied for, and was given, the job of sexton, which he regards as the first one in his life that he has had reason to be proud of. Since 1960, he and his wife, with two children born to them in New York, have been living in a Bronx housing project, but they hope to find a place on the West Side soon. Victor still lives and works near the church, and attends it regularly. No doubt Colón and his family, being the sort of people they are, would have done well enough if they had ended up on 184th Street instead of Eighty-fourth and had never heard of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's. But there is also no doubt that the church has meant much to them—perhaps as much as they have meant to it.

—Robert Rice

(*This is the second of two articles on St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's Church.*)

•

1828: The family of Guerlain opened their parfumerie at numéro 15, Rue de Rivoli, Paris. Shortly afterward, the French Foreign Legion was formed.
—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Anything to get away, eh?

•

Dr. Teller spoke informally of the benefits of thermo-nuclear explosions during a dinner attended by representatives of state colleges and former Gov. and Mrs. James F. Byrnes.—*Columbia* (*S.C.*) *Record.*

We've been to dinners that positively cried for them.

•

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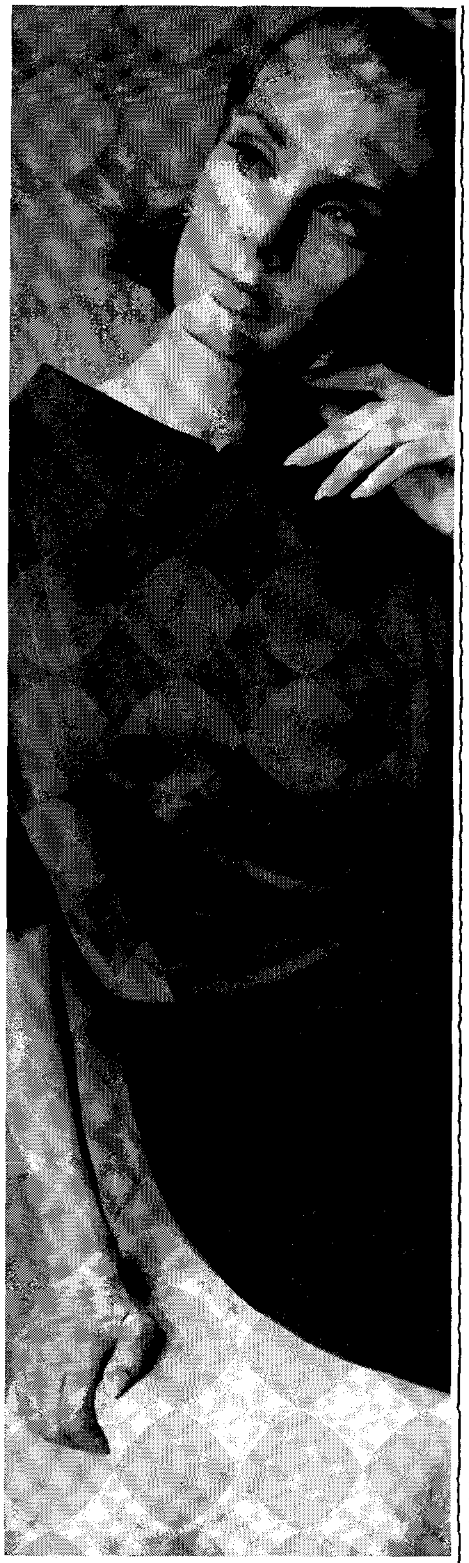

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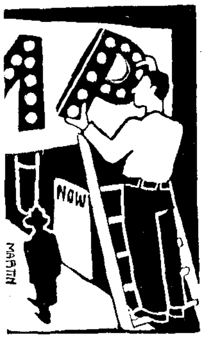
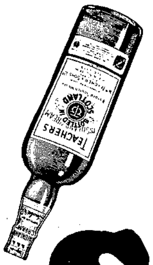
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Pimpernel of Zenda

"CARTOUCHE," a new French film directed and co-written by Philippe de Broca and starring the magnetic Jean-Paul Belmondo, starts out to make fun of romantic, swashbuckling costume movies and then almost helplessly becomes one. Mr. de Broca and company seem to be unwilling to give up any of the color and excitement and even beauty of the originals for just a spoof, and why should they? The camera dwells lovingly on a bit of brocade or lace, a flare of torches, a grimace of pain, a Fairbanks leap to safety, a spill of gold coins, a pretty face by firelight, a procession with camel and dressed-up Turk moving slowly along a path, and stacks of bogus-looking jewelry. There is comedy, too, of course, but it is more prankish than parodic (if there is any discernible point of view, I didn't discern it), and the movie, while entertaining enough, somehow doesn't seem as funny or ironic or effective as, say, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and any number of "Robin Hoods," to name a few of its preposterous butts and/or ancestors. Perhaps it is the bogus look of the jewels, as revealed in one closeup after another, that is the heart of the parody, and perhaps not. At any rate, the setting is eighteenth-century France. Mr. Belmondo plays a rogue and thief, one of a gang in Paris, who rebels against his greedy boss and runs off to enlist in the army—some silly war is going on, and soldiers topple like toys as the cannons boom and puff—where he soon robs the commanding general of the money that is meant to pay off the regiment. During his hitch, he picks up several cronies, among them a Capuchin monk ("I'd be glad to kick the habit" is the dreadful line assigned the monk by whoever wrote the English captions), and, shortly afterward, he also picks up an ornamental female thief (Claudia Cardinale). Together, they return to Paris, where he overthrows his old boss, takes over the gang, and embarks on a series of Robin Hoodish, or just Hoodish, adventures. He also takes the name Cartouche, which means "cartridge." His weaknesses for a pretty face and for scoring off an old enemy almost do him in, and provide the picture with an extremely romantic and curiously acrid ending. Belmondo is well cast and does well, too, in the title role, and Claudia Cardinale is well cast and does what she is told in the part of his crooked love.



THAT most fastidious actor and comedian Jack Lemmon makes his way through a clutter of gags and capers, some of them bright and amusing, some tiresome, in "Good Neighbor Sam." Again representing the pure of heart (and slightly distracted of mind) in a world of deceit and chicanery, Mr. Lemmon plays an advertising man and suburban householder who is forced by circumstances beyond my powers of description to impersonate the husband of a young woman who lives next door. Amid the expected scenes of mistaken identity, instant deception, and frantic improvisation, the scriptwriters have wedged in every conceivable kind of switch on every conceivable kind of joke. There are husband-and-wife jokes and suburbia jokes and adultery jokes and jokes about pop art (the hero has built a kind of Dr. Seuss mobile that he calls "found-object sculpture" and that makes a useful prop for a sight gag or two) and any amount of Hollywood kidding of advertising and advertising types (the agency is filming commercials for Hertz cars and keeps putting the poor driver everywhere except in the driver's seat). There is even one rather arcane joke—the agency is named Burke & Hare, presumably after the nineteenth-century Edinburgh murderers. Through all of these shenanigans, Mr. Lemmon's clowning is, as usual, splendid. There are, heaven knows, dead stretches in the picture, which goes on for over two hours, but none when he is around. He can make any material seem fresh, and I particularly enjoyed his gentle, convivial drunk scene in the bar and lobby of a hotel, and a scene in which he takes Louis Nye for a wild ride up and around the roller-coaster hills of San Francisco, where, along with that suburb, all of the action takes place. The supporting cast also includes a number of accomplished clowns, among them Edward Andrews, who plays the cliché-ridden agency head without ever letting the

No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teachers

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character itself become a cliché; Mr. Nye, as a private investigator; and Edward G. Robinson, as a fussy client. Romy Schneider, an accomplished non-clown but a charming comedienne, appears as the lady in need of a mate for purposes of display only, and Dorothy Provine is quite good as the hero's coöperative wife.

—Edith Oliver

•

THE CREATIVE LIFE

[*Announcement of a ceramics show in Milwaukee*]

Many Young potters in the Midwest area are becoming extraordinarily conscious of their serious art-craft, both in their own tradition and outside it. One such potter, who at 24 has established himself as one of the youngest, fultime, professional potters in the country. An exceptional exhibition of 75 pieces will be shown at The Guild, 400 west Silver Spring Dr., July 17 to August 3, with the opening reception Friday 7:00 pm, to 9:30.

Ramun can now be classified as a First-Rate Potter. His work is abstract: either in an organic way, as in his Stoneware vases and wall plaques, which are composed architecturally and often suggest landscapes or earthy forms.

By all standards he is truly unusual, for example he has a passionate distaste for wearing shoes, or any clothing, although he must tolerate enough to saisfy society's sense of decency. His passion for clay and fire is remarkable. He says, "pottery first came from the need to give my fires work to do from the waste of the fuel during heating process." "The result of heat on old bricks and sandy clay is enough to trigger off a incredulous admiration for all things concerned with the earthy links of traditional pottery."

This comprehensive collection, shows a slightly new direction that is taking place in his work, with clay strips attached to the forms give the feeling of clay growing into and out and from the pieces in which they still contain their main function. The painterly and sculpture feeling in the colors though glazing is pretained in his consistent quality.

•

The Chicago Daily News, taking exception to the New Yorker, noted, "we must presume a sense of mild shock on Tilley's part when the Lakeside Press actually did roll out the half-million copies of the issue, with, we are bound to add, somewhat greater fidelity in the four-color pages than we ever recall in the magazine before.

"We say to Eustace: Now that you know where we live, come and see us some time. A city that is the acknowledged printing capital of the nation and note who has just acknowledged it just can't be all that bereft of amentities, now can it?" —*Printing Views, Chicago.*

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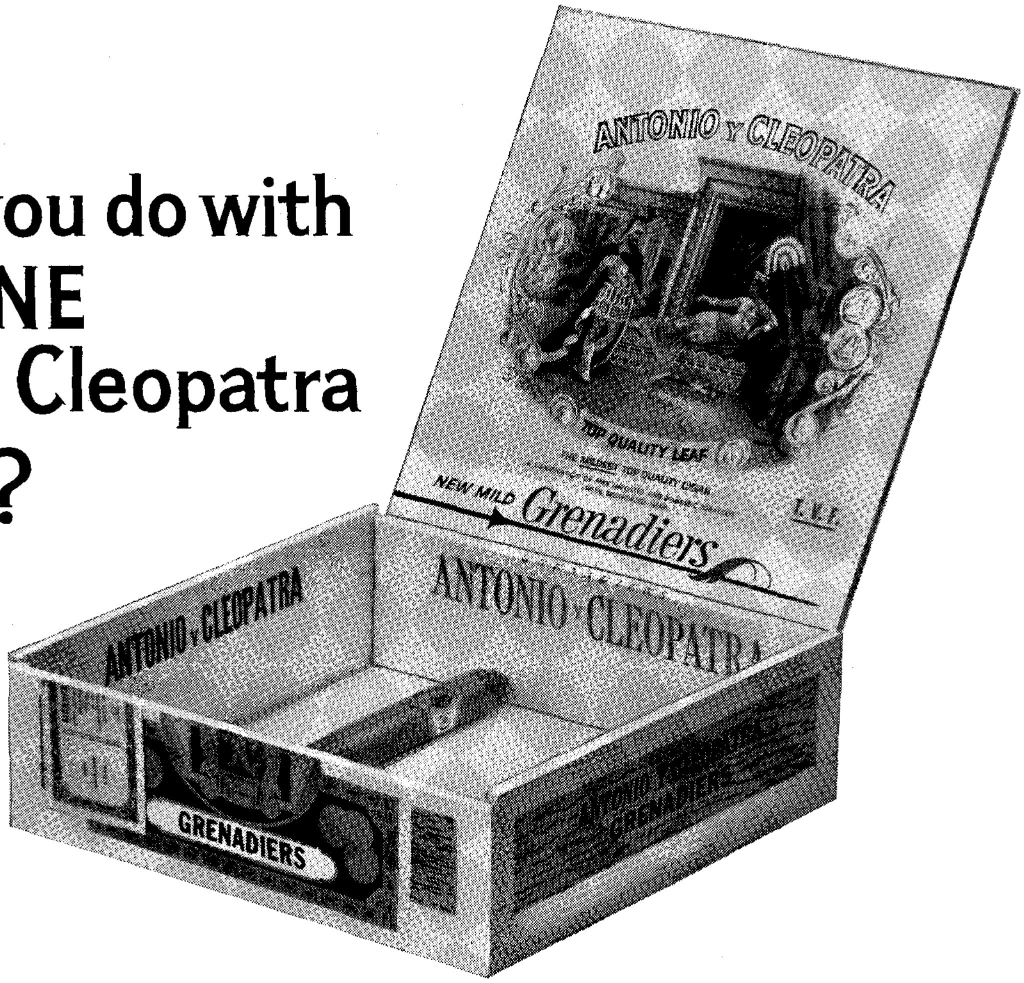
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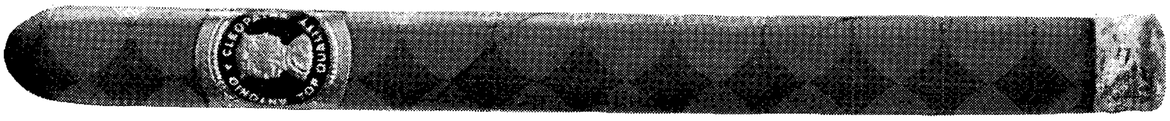

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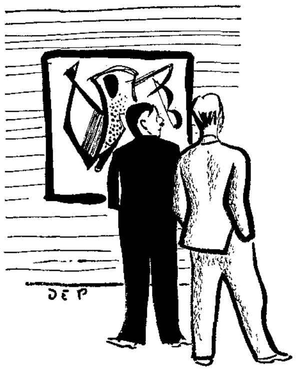
THE ART GALLERIES

Art Is Long

I WAS late in catching up on the art at the World's Fair. But then, the World's Fair has been late in catching up with art—more particularly with contemporary American art. Indeed, it might be said that art, in the official sense at least, got in there largely by default. This was not the case in the last World's Fair, an enterprise under the direction of the genial Grover Whalen, who didn't mind having art around. In fact, it seems he rather *liked* it, and as a result his extravaganza in Flushing Meadow had a plethora of art, ranging from a double showing of native works, both new and old, to a large collection of authentic European Old Masters—all officially welcomed and recognized.

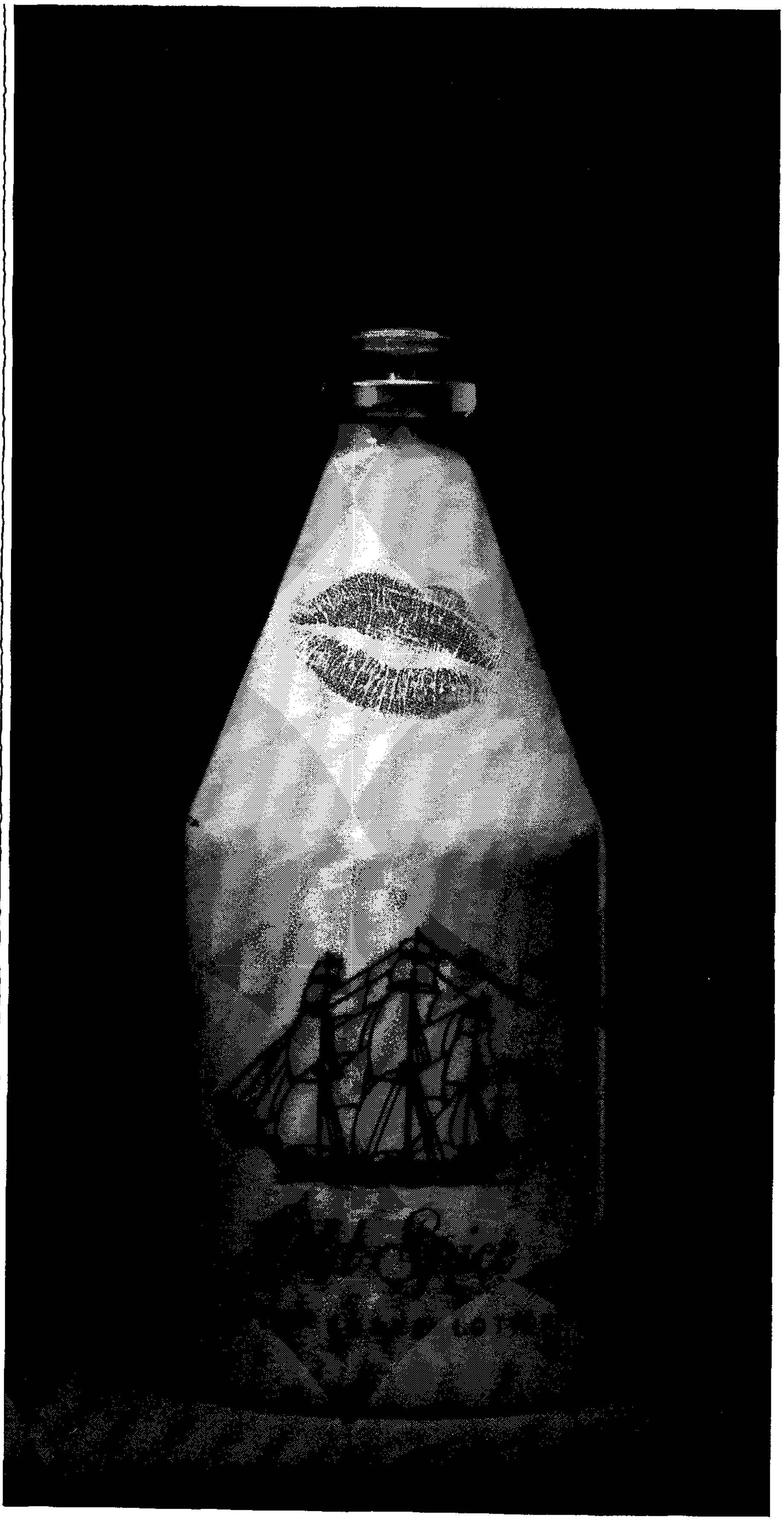


Robert Moses is a much more autocratic character. Back in January, I ran into a painter friend, Hugo Gellert, and he, a gentle and conscientious person, disclosed that he had found himself appointed chairman of a committee of fellow-artists and directed to deal with Mr. Moses on the question of contemporary art at the upcoming Fair. "The trouble is, he's impossible to deal with," Gellert complained, and so it appeared. Moses, for some recondite reason, seemed determined that his Fair would have nothing to do with art, and if the sponsors of the Argentine Pavilion had not gone broke, leaving the Fair with a large empty building on its hands, the shebang might have wound up with the sorry distinction of being perhaps the only such enterprise in history in which no official attention at all was paid to the native arts and artists. Since it was too late to get an industrial exhibitor to take over the building, art, now called on to play the role of handmaiden to industry, was rushed in to fill the gap. And it was a rush affair, and complicated as well. The official sponsorship was in triplicate—the Fair, the contractors who put up the pavilion, and a recently founded organization called the Long Island Arts Center. The committee of selection—with Gellert still chairman, I noted—numbered a sizable sixteen, representing the same number of contemporary-art groups, and the show consisted of two hundred and fifty pieces by as many painters and sculptors. These were chosen from nearly a thousand entries—also a sizable assignment—and if the selection appeared at times haphazard, that fault may have lain in the unwieldiness of the setup and the need for haste. (I had a look at it only a few days before, after a brief indeed run, it closed, apparently because at the low admission charge of fifty cents it was not paying its way. It occurs to me that if museums followed this stern "no profit, no show" policy, the majority of them would have to close, too. But then, the Long Island show was peculiarly handicapped from the start.) The hanging, it would seem, was even more hurried, and at first glance the whole thing looked a hodgepodge, with some extremely weird juxtapositions—such as an antiseptically neat John Koch "Studio Interior" next to Carl Anderson Roseberg's baroque abstraction called "Last Judgment Day," in wood and steel, or Nathaniel Kaz's anguished violinist, called "Paganini," beside the bucolic, symbolic "Under the Apple Tree," by Milton Hebald. Norman Blankman, president of the Long Island Arts Center, who wrote the catalogue introduction, spoke of the combined organizers as "working around the clock" to get the exhibition together.

The collection, called "American Art Today," was the only really contemporary exhibition at the Fair, and I suppose the marvel is that it was put together at all. The truth is that once one got past that awkward first impression there were some excellent pieces to be discovered. To be sure, there were enough items ranging from the merely odd to the truly wild scattered here and there to give the occasional effect of a beat Whitney Annual. Some, too, like the Robert Motherwell blue collage called "Cafetière Filtre," were curiously untypical of the authors' usual production. But these were balanced by such thoroughly accomplished efforts as Theodore Roszak's dramatic "Explorer No. 2," Chaim Gross's rhythmic "Happy Mother," James Rosati's "Delphi No. 2," and Alexander Calder's exceptionally fluent "Red Angel," among the sculptures, and, among the paintings, Raphael Soyer's atmospheric study of a nude, "Melancholia No. 1," Willem de Kooning's briskly calligraphic "Black and White (Rome)," and the quite handsome, Turneresque "Whitecliffs Falling Into the Sea," by Walter Meigs, with its almost blindingly white explosion of spray against the shore.

Some of the odd-to-wild pieces were also fun, as I assume they were meant to be—notably Bruno Lucchesi's futuristic bronze "Mother and Child," in which a far-out-looking young mother leans perilously as she careens around a corner on a bicycle with the child on the handlebars; Jason Seley's construction in steel, "To the West Country" (which offers a definite suggestion that wherever the travellers were headed, they met with accident on the way, for the piece is a bunch of car bumpers, crunched and crumpled and inextricably tangled); and, possibly the wildest of all, Marisol's fearsomely populated plywood open touring car called "Ford," which I don't think I'll even try to describe further. The show also contained at least one true masterpiece—William Zorach's "Victory," in bronze, done in 1952, which places it in the close-to-"classic-car" category artistically, but still a wonder.

SOMETHING like a dozen of the forty-odd paintings and half of the half-dozen sculptures in the exhibition entitled "Four Centuries of American Masterpieces" (organized as a benefit for the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture and on view at the Fair's Better Living Center, a pavilion otherwise devoted to the promotion and sale of furniture, furnishings, and other household wares) are by living artists. A good share of these, too, are outstanding examples—Jack Levine's grim, enigmatic group study, "Witches' Sabbath," together with (not strictly contemporary, since these men are dead) Franz Kline's blocky "Suspended," Arshile Gorky's playfully scrawled "Child's Companions," and Jackson Pollock's scribbly "Arabesque." But the major emphasis is on the past, and the collection has been astutely arranged to give a compact yet thoroughly authoritative survey. Indeed, about all that can be said in the show's disfavor is that, from the early and charming anonymous "Portrait of Henry Gibbs" through Edward Hicks' "Peaceable Kingdom," Thomas Eakins' "Swimming Hole," and Mary Cassatt's "At the Opera," it leans too heavily on



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"safe" or well-known examples. But for all that it *is* nice to see them brought together. Among these standbys are other works rather less familiar, such as John Quidor's Bruegelish "The Embarkation from Communipaw," Albert Ryder's "Story of the Cross" (surely an unusual venture for him), and, in sculpture, Gaston Lachaise's wonderfully voluptuous "Torso" and the David Smith "Royal Bird"—again a dated piece (it was done in 1948) but still a masterpiece.

MY canvass of the national and regional pavilions was far less comprehensive than it might have been. For one thing, there is something exhausting about the Fair—too jammed together, too noisy, and too gaudy. But on the basis of what scouting around I did do I can report that—even though, because no major European nations and hence no major European art schools are represented, the Fair just is not notable for its art—there are some other exhibits that are worth looking into.

One of these is of pre-Columbian South and Central American reliefs, ornaments, and figurines in beaten or cast gold that are housed (like the Skowhegan affair, incongruously) in the Transportation and Travel Pavilion. It is presented in far too melodramatic a fashion, with most of the examples set separately in shadow boxes behind bull's-eye lenses, for heaven's sake, but it contains a number of really exquisite items.

Florida—to continue glancingly—has a small-in-scale but selective array of paintings (a Claude "Minerva Visiting the Muses," a Hals portrait, "Pieter Olycan," and a Cézanne, "The Artist's Son," among others) set out in a neat little circular gallery at the center of its circular pavilion. Most of them, as might be expected, are from the Ringling Museum in Sarasota. You are likely to be entertained, too, as I was, by a variety of music played on a stand just outside by high-school bands sent up from the Sunshine State to amuse us, and dead serious about it they are.

China (Formosan China, of course) has what has been described as the "largest Oriental art collection ever sent to the West." I cannot help suspecting that a few exhibitions—at Asia House, among others—may have been overlooked when this pronouncement was made. It is a distinguished collection, nevertheless, mostly of ink-and-brush landscapes and other subjects (including some fascinating samples of callig-

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raphy), and its highlight is a group of contemporary copies of a set of sixth-century frescoes, from the little known Tun-Huang caves, in northern China.

To my mind, top place among the exhibitions at the national displays must go to the one in the Spanish Pavilion. Too often, in officially sponsored affairs (and this is true from the Venice Biennale on down) the selections are only too obviously and stiltedly academic in orientation. This one, refreshingly, has no discernible bias in that direction, and the result is a show that, from the early and more or less predictable examples by Goya, El Greco, Velázquez, and the others of the galaxy (including Goya's "Maja Vestida" and "Maja Desnuda," on loan from the Prado) to a large selection of contemporaries, is continuously, sparklingly interesting.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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The isles of Greece! The isles of
Greece,
Where Sappho and her fellow-shades
Implore the gods to grant surcease
From tourists in those mellow glades
To which such swarms have lately
flocked
That all the aisles of Greece are
blocked.

Arriving by the squad to see
The great and hallowed ancient
sites,
They rip right through the Odyssey
In seven days and seven nights,
With motor-boosted vagrant breeze
To whip them through the wine-dark
seas.

The hordes who come by air and ship
To island-hop in Doric yachts
And cultivate awaremanship
Of all the best historic spots
So crowd each Attic vale and peak
That where on earth can Greek meet
Greek?

—FELICIA LAMPORT

•

SALZBURG: Mary Martin visited Maria von Trapp at her home in Stowe, Vt., five years ago. The star was about to portray the Baroness von Trapp in the Lindsay & Crouse-Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, "The Sound of Music," and this was their first meeting.

The baroness showed her guest around the grounds, fell and suffered a fractured arm. "We have a saying in Australia, 'There is luck in bad luck,' " the baroness told Miss Martin.—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

Who just nodded.

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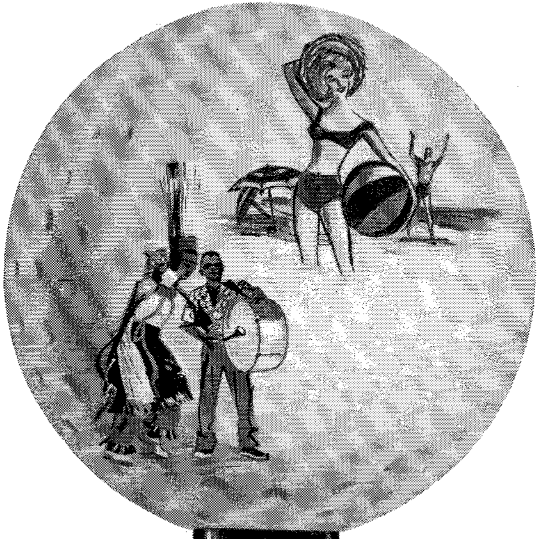

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THE RACE TRACK

Big Game

FOR the record, the meeting at Aqueduct, which closed last Saturday, ran a hundred and twenty days—the longest and at times the dreariest meeting ever run off at a track hereabouts. Oh, well, you can put it down as a golden one for the tote, for in the course of it 3,881,829 spectators tossed $376,001,522 into the maw of the mutuels.

Closing days are usually pretty lively, and last weekend at the Big A was no exception. Though the Lexington Handicap, on the turf course, didn't bring out the best three-year-olds, it was far from dull. Gun Boat, running the way Gun Bow, his stablemate, had run in the Brooklyn the previous Saturday, led for more than three-quarters of the mile and a sixteenth and looked as if he would bring off a 33–1 chance, but he didn't, because in the last half mile Laugh Aloud, fresh from smart efforts on the grass at Delaware Park, came from eighth to win by a couple of lengths. National was third. Getaway day is traditionally no day for favorites, and only two won. Perhaps as heavily backed as any runner all afternoon was Northern Queen, a stablemate of Northern Dancer. Although it was her first appearance under colors, she was 6–5; she ran greenly and finished fourth to Bacchian, Morning Sunrise, and Ruling Passion.

AS the saying goes, they all get beat if you run them often enough. It happened to Queen Empress in the Sorority Stakes at Monmouth Park last weekend. After winning all of her six previous starts, she came in third to Bold Experience and Rhodie. Incidentally, there were a couple of other hitherto unbeaten fillies in the Sorority—Rhodie and Good Luck Mom, who was last. I watched the race on TV, and I thought Queen Empress was in a good position from the start, but she tired a furlong from home, and Bold Experience, whom she had beaten twice, ran speedy Rhodie down and won going away.

THERE was a bigger surprise in the Delaware Handicap last Saturday. Miss Cavandish, with three Oaks purses in a row to her credit, was beaten by Old Hat in the third, and

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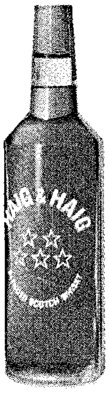

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richest, of Delaware Park's races for fillies and mares. Old Hat showed all the speed she had shown in the New Castle, in which she was second to Snow Scene II. The latter and Spicy Living never really got going. Mares are like that.

THE most deplorable news last week was of the mishap to Iron Peg, who won the Suburban in such brilliant style last month. While doing a practice gallop of five furlongs at Belmont Park, he somehow fractured the cannon bone of his right foreleg. How it happened is not clear to the exercise boy who rode him or to Woody Stephens, his trainer, who watched the workout. It is believed that he changed his stride going around the stretch turn and that the jar from putting the foot down wrong caused a hairline fracture. It is unlikely that Iron Peg will return to the races this year. Too bad! Troubles never come singly. Northern Dancer rapped his right foreleg in a workout, but he is expected to keep his engagement in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga on August 22nd.

THERE never has been another sale of yearlings like the one at Keeneland last week, in which two hundred and seventy-one of them brought $4,743,800. One went for $170,000, two for $100,000 each, and a dozen for at least $50,000. The hundred-and-seventy-thousand-dollar beauty, a dark bay or brown colt by Bold Ruler out of Forgetmenow, was bought by Mrs. Harry W. Morrison, of Boise, Idaho, who named him a day or two after the sale—One Bold Bid. He is a handsome animal, who already has the neck and crest of a stallion, as well as big shoulders and hindquarters. Mrs. Morrison races the Gem State Stables in California and has a stock farm near Fresno. One of the hundred-thousand-dollar colts, by Princequillo out of Lurline B., went to Miss Virginia Helis; the other, by Sailor out of Perfect Gem, went to Mrs. Milton Erlanger. The top price for a filly, by Nashua out of La Dauphine, was paid by Arnold Winick, acting for John M. Olin, who gave $71,000 for her; he paid $130,000 for a colt by Swaps in 1961, and that was the all-time high until last week.

HEIGH-HO! They're off and running at Saratoga. Colonel Martingale can't imagine anything beating Gun Bow in the Whitney Stakes this weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

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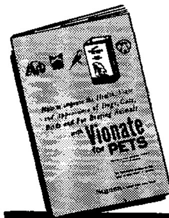

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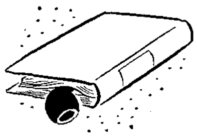


"An Ordinary Lunacy" (Scribners), the first novel of an Australian writer, Jessica Anderson, presents in an acute form a problem that the book reviewer has not infrequently to face—a work written on the dark side of the literary moon, in that perpetual cultural night in which it is possible to conceive and give birth to a novel in a state of complete technical and aesthetic innocence. Who will wish to read more of a novel that begins in this fashion:

> "One seldom sees hair like that nowadays," said David Byfield.
>
> Myra Magaskill, whose party this was, peered in the direction he had so discreetly indicated. "Hair like what?" she asked.
>
> "On that woman behind the stand of potplants. Odd, she could almost be hiding. Look again, a little less obviously if you can manage it."
>
> Provoked by this remark into open staring, Myra this time saw a woman standing between the potted plants and the balustrade of the terrace....

That is Miss Anderson's tone of voice, and since the essential characteristic of her storytelling method is amateurishness, it would appear that there could not be much to say for her novel as a novel. But despite these defects, there is no doubt at all that it is the product of an acute intelligence working on vital experience, or that it says something fresh about the way men behave when confronted by a certain kind of woman, or that in doing so it throws light on the quality of life as it is lived in a particular human society. There is the outsiders' Australia of D. H. Lawrence's "Kangaroo" and the spooky, disoriented, upside-down Australia of Christina Stead's "Seven Poor Men of Sydney," and there is the everyday Australia that is the home of the outsized, sunbaked philistine heroism that yields such things as Sidney Nolan's paintings and Xavier Herbert's marvellous and appalling novel "Capricornia" as its natural growths. But there is also an Australian "vogue"—the product of an ambience (whatever one may feel about the merit of the effort required to sustain it) that is no less real than the other Australias. It maintains, as a kind of counterpoint to the battle with an obdurate soil that is the main theme of Australian life, a comedy of manners not unlike that which Restoration London kept going in an attempt to dissociate itself from the bumpkinly ongoings of the squirearchy in the shires. It is a fact that when survival is in doubt, the nagging of the rage to live makes it hard to deny the passions, but as soon as it is possible for a caste or a class to pretend to certainty, it will start to behave as if the passions need not be taken seriously.

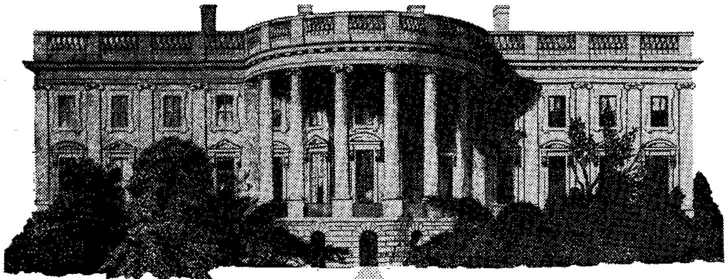
The phrase Miss Anderson employs for her title is from a remark by one of her characters to the effect that the physical passion that makes one person seem more desirable than another, and even a necessity, is an ordinary lunacy, a passing fever that a man should try to shake off as quickly as possible. Sex is something to be cool and amused about. That this point of view suggests Diderot brought down to the level of Bonvard and Pécuchet does not indicate any shortcoming in Miss Anderson's mental equipment; she is fully aware of the automatism and the vacuity of it. Nor is she much concerned that the shallow brand of rationalism involved is not viable. Her business with this viewpoint is to use it as a measure of the discrepancy between what the members of the society claim to be able to believe about life and about themselves and the facts of what is felt and ultimately done by them. The machine she uses as a means of liquidating the pretenses is the ambiguous sexual reputation of a woman. Her fated character is not by any means a nymphomaniac, or even promiscuous, but she creates the impression that she is. She is, instead, one of those secure, generous, and wholehearted women who gamble on their instincts and give themselves without reserve and at once to the man who arouses their passions, as Lawrence moved Frieda when he made paper boats for her daughters. The gift is irrevocable and absolute, but few men are men enough to be able to accept it when it is given them; the compulsions of insecurity force them to believe that a woman who gives herself immediately and unconditionally must be doing something that she has often done before and will as often do again. Miss Anderson's heroine is at last destroyed because her abundant virtue is in itself not enough to outweigh the effect on her men of their misinterpretation of it and their belief that she is to be had easily by anyone who appears to want her convincingly. So what there is in this first novel is an acutely sensed, intelligent, and discerning account of a genuinely troublesome, and most important, aspect of the psychosexual relationship between men and women written in the terms of a commonplace

piece of pulp fiction. It is certainly not a good book as literature, and yet it goes more deeply into its subject, and is in its own way much more interesting, than a great deal that *is* acceptable as literature. It is hard to recommend, and yet even harder to dismiss, since it is a perfect act of candor and communication, in which Miss Anderson discloses to her readers the admirable sum of what she is and what she knows.

"The Long Voyage" (Grove Press) is, on the other hand, a very different kind of novel, whose modish professionalism has been rewarded by the Formentor Prize. It deals with the perfectly valid point that there is such a thing as an excessive experience so powerful in its effect that it overshadows all that comes after. Jorge Semprun, its author, was arrested in France in 1943 by the Germans and shipped off to Buchenwald. He writes of the process of deportation, and the first stage in the systematic dehumanization of the concentration-camp victims, as such an experience. It is the voyage to the land of the dead, and anyone who has managed to return from it, like Lazarus, comes back knowing the worst of life and of men, and that, whatever form his future may take, it will in the end present itself in terms of that journey and arrive at that destination, this time without the prospect of another miracle. Semprun, it is possible to imagine, has read all that is current in the way of creative writing and criticism, and he seems well aware that the truth of his past experience and his present condition, as his own ghost, will cut very little literary ice. His novel (which, by the way, has been translated from the French by Richard Seaver) consequently reads not as if he had spent 1942 and 1943 in the Maquis and then three years in the world of the concentration camps and genocide but as if he had spent most of his life in a library studying other people's novels and the critical tip sheets that announce what sorts of fiction and technique are "in" and "out." As a result, "The Long Voyage" does not give the impression of being either a work of art or an account of an experience, and it produces abundantly the sense of *déjà vu;* every one of its episodes is reminiscent of something that has already been written of the cattle trucks, the delays, and the arrival at the final destination. The book jacket admits as much, and adds that of the many works about the camps "this is the first which tries to trans-

"A glittering parade . . . "

—ARTHUR KROCK, *N. Y. Times*



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mute that experience into literature." Whatever else it does, it certainly manages to keep the answers to the questions of who Semprun is and what he knows a secret.

As for Carlos Fuentes, the Mexican author of "The Death of Artemio Cruz" (Farrar, Straus), which has been translated by Sam Hileman, there can be no doubt that he is a master of the technique of the narrative of action and that he is in love with the rich and violent flow of Mexican history, and in particular with that section of it, beginning with the hard times of Juarez, in which there was a resurgence of the native spirit and in which a splendid new identity was born. But when Fuentes was blessed with the necessary gifts to describe this movement of history, he was also cursed with the special sensitivity that is the ruin of almost every artist who possesses it. As he writes, he appears to listen to the sound of his own words as a stranger or another person might, and what he hears seems to lead him to believe that there is something about the natural products of his marvellously inventive and illuminating imagination that is insufficiently modern. At any rate, his direct and overwhelmingly immediate narratives are cast in a confused, allusive, and diffuse form that he may believe is convincingly contemporary. As a result, his straightforwardly Balzacian story about the transformation of Artemio Cruz from a penniless boy into a man of affairs is anything but straightforwardly told. A passage in it that describes its hero's delivery from his mother's womb is to be found on its next-to-last page, and time runs to and fro, and as often as not backward, between that page and the first one, in which Artemio, naturally, is dying of old age. When the time is "now," Cruz speaks in the first person singular; when he is hopping about in time, he goes into the third person; when the wiser and better man he might have been in happier circumstances is around, Cruz addresses him as "you." The voice of the unrealized or potential Cruz has a weakness for the future tense—a peculiarity that gives that voice the air of being in the hypnosis game: "You will smell the incense, you will smell the closed garden, you will tell yourself that one cannot choose," and so on. This confusion of voices, along with the fiddled-up time sequence, creates an effect not of modernity but of the sort of confusion that was visible in the work of the generation of academic

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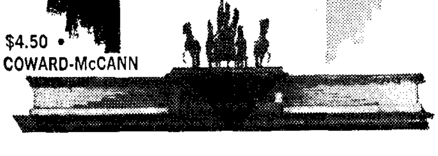

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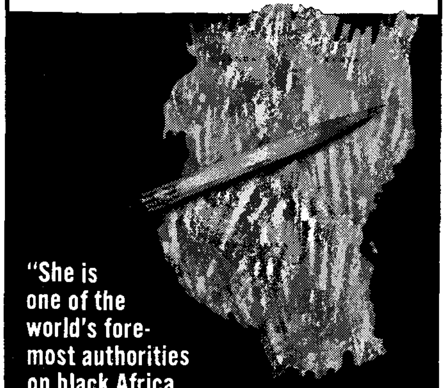

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MORROW

THE FASHION GROUP CAREER COURSE

The twenty-fourth annual Fashion Career Course offered by The Fashion Group of New York City will have its opening session Tuesday evening, September 22 from 6:30 to 9:00 PM at the United Engineering Center, 345 East 47th Street, and will continue thereafter for nine Tuesday evenings at the same address through Tuesday, December 1. No session will be held on Election Day, Tuesday, November 3.

The cost of the entire Fashion Career series is $20.00. Individual classes are $2.75 each.

The subject of the first session will be READY-TO-WEAR. Other sessions will be devoted to FABRICS, ACCESSORIES, COSMETICS & MILLINERY, FASHION COORDINATION, BUYING & MERCHANDISING, INTERIOR DESIGN, ADVERTISING, PUBLICITY & TELEVISION, NEWSPAPERS & MAGAZINES, and FASHION IN THE MAKING.

All of the sessions will be moderated by Miss Jeanne Pierre of Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc. Advertising. Leaders in their respective fields will take part in the lectures and open discussion period to follow.

The Career Course is open to students, trainees and all others who are interested in fashion as a career. Students taking the complete course are eligible to apply for a four-semester evening course scholarship in all phases of fashion and allied fields at an accredited evening school, provided every session is attended and application is made to the scholarship committee.

Registration blanks may be had by writing to The Fashion Group, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y., or by enrolling at the United Engineering Center on Tuesday evening, September 22.

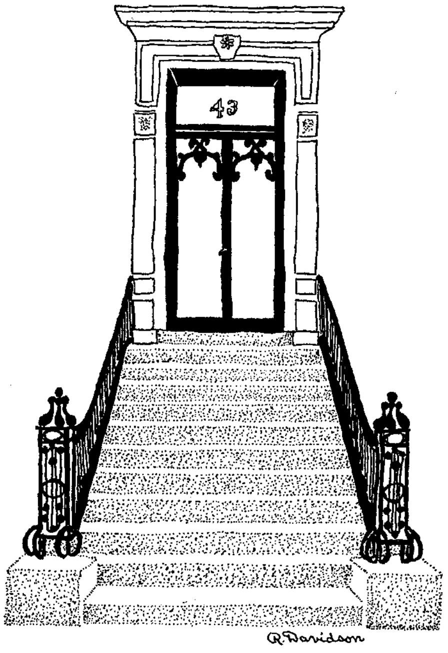
For information call CIrcle 7-3940

WINDJAMMER CRUISE
CAPE COD and Southern NEW ENGLAND
Aboard the NEW TOPSAIL SCHOONER
SHENANDOAH
$150 per week
For illustrated folder, write
THE COASTWISE PACKET CO.
DEPT. 24, VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

"Enro, the shirts made one at a time."
(Shirtbuilders)

painters who were jolted by Cubism into an attempt to keep abreast of the new wave, thus introducing a disorder as literal as their vision into their pictures. Despite this dismemberment, Artemio Cruz stubbornly asserts his blood kinship with those sturdy and enduringly interesting characters in nineteenth-century fiction who begin at their beginnings and keep on growing in interest and depth as they do what comes next. If an exceptionally determined reader goes to the length of sorting out Señor Fuentes' scrambled narrative, he will see that its author is perhaps the only living Latin-American writer who has it in him to do for his country what Euclides da Cunha did for Brazil in "Os Sertões," and to make the passion of the land's rebirth and repossession comprehensible to the outsider.

"HOME IS THE SAILOR" (Knopf), by the Brazilian writer Jorge Amado, is another kettle of fish altogether—a deftly written, lighthearted, and genuinely funny comic novel. Its hero is an old gentleman who enjoys years of tranquil happiness late in life by masquerading as a retired sea captain and telling the most outrageous lies. He is armed with credentials that make all his tall stories seem true. The manner in which he was able to acquire his certificates is at last brought to light, but the elaborately organized practical joke that is designed to crown his exposure by a public humiliation misfires in such a way that his claims to be what he is not become forever unassailable. Amado's humor is fresh, innocent, and inventive, and his altogether delightful comedy, which has some profound



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"Most instructive, beautifully done... a great help to me."
—BILL COX, Skipper of *American Eagle*

SAILING FOR AMERICA'S CUP
By EVERETT MORRIS
Photographs by MORRIS ROSENFELD
An expert's look at tactics, the great races, boats, and personalities. 106 photographs dripping with decks-awash action.
Foreword by Bus Mosbacher Ten dollars
1817 Harper & Row

The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Unable to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $10.00 a month, $120.00 a year, will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

You will receive a photograph, a case history, and progress reports on the child you sponsor. You may also correspond with the child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. Won't you please help?

save the children

Serving Children for 31 Years
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian Girl ☐ Boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$10.00 a month ☐ $60.00 semi-annually ☐
$30.00 a quarter ☐ $120.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child; enclosed is a contribution of $________
Name________________
Address________________
City________Zone____State______
Contributions are tax deductible. NY-8-8-4

things to say, in passing, about the human desire for importance, has been given an exceptionally good translation by Harriet de Onis.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

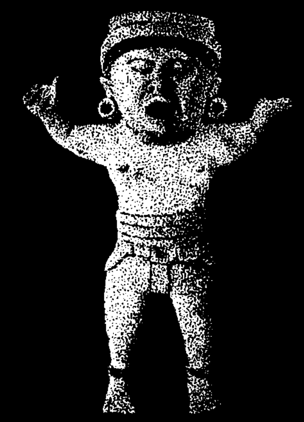
FICTION

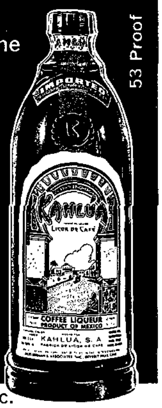
BIFFEN'S MILLIONS, by P. G. Wodehouse (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Wodehouse's message is always the same and always welcome—life can be funny even if you are rich, and even if you are poor. Biffen, the happy hero of this novel, is in a terrifying predicament: unless he behaves himself—*really* behaves himself—for a whole week, he stands to lose the millions and millions of dollars his recently deceased uncle has bequeathed him. Poor Biffen, he dearly loves a drink and, after a few drinks, a little fight with the nearest representative of Authority. The terms of the will quickly provide Biffen with as many cunning enemies as he has desperate friends, and the game is on. The scene is London and Paris.

DOCTOR GLAS, by Hjalmar Söderberg, translated from the Swedish by Paul Britten Austin (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Hjalmar Söderberg, a marvellous writer, tells the story of an obscure Stockholm doctor—a bachelor—who falls in love with one of his patients and reasons himself into committing murder for her sake, only to see that she is lost to him forever. The doctor, a loving, observant, ineffectual man, is touching in his moments of indecision but most memorable when he recalls his past life or wonders at the circumstances in which he lives now, as a wistful exile from the happiness that he senses all around him but that he is too timid and too ungenerous to risk himself in. The novel was published in Sweden in 1905. This is the first American edition. The translation is splendid.

CHILDREN AND OTHERS, by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt, Brace & World). This collection of uncolored, well-mannered fragments is divided into five sections. "Child's Play" and "Away at School" tell of times of childhood. "War Between the States" contains two Civil War episodes. "Love and Kisses" touches fastidiously on the world of nice people who have resigned themselves to lives of tame despair. "Eyes to See" is devoted to a long-ago recollection—a man recalls the funeral of his mother, who died when he was

"all together, now... Kah-loó-ah!"





The pronunciation's easy to remember . . . the flavor impossible to forget! Kahlúa — the coffee liqueur everyone cheers about.

53 Proof

KAHLÚA
coffee liqueur
from sunny Mexico

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Bobby Short
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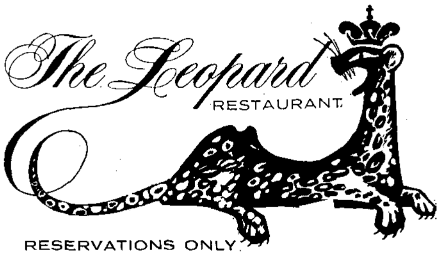

The Leopard
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STEAKS • CHOPS
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Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER • SUPPER
Daily 4 pm - Midnite
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fifteen. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

THE SECRET BATTALION, by Michael J. Bird (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). An English journalist describes a heroic battle that pitted some four hundred and seventy Maquis against nearly ten thousand German and Vichy troops. The scene was a plateau in the French Alps, the time was March, 1944, and the *résistants'* brave fight did not greatly affect the outcome of the war. Yet there is a point to the book besides derring-do and *memento mori*—a political point. The role of the F.T.P., the Communist Resistance group, in this episode was disgraceful; they protected bandits, drew the attention of the police to the plateau, and then backed out of the fight. Mr. Bird writes to get facts on the record, to point out that the prevalence of Communists in the Resistance was magnified both by the Communists and by Vichy, and to show that—in this action, at least—the fighters were mostly old-fashioned patriots.

MONEY TALKS! by Charles Sopkin (Random House). Transcriptions of recent interviews with ten men and one woman who are self-made millionaires. Perhaps because Mr. Sopkin asked them to talk about themselves and how they made their money, they appear unusually self-absorbed and self-admiring. They all believe that taxes are too high and that modern youth is spoiled; they all attribute their success to hard work—their own, not their employees'. A few sound moderately attractive, but most of them were summed up more than fifty years ago by Charles Francis Adams, writing about an earlier crop of the newly rich: "I have known, and known tolerably well, a good many 'successful' men—'big' financially—men famous during the last half century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one . . . is . . . associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought, or refinement."

DAILY LIFE OF THE ETRUSCANS, by Jacques Heurgon, translated from the French by James Kirkup (Macmillan). This is far more than a "daily life" reconstruction; it is an account of everything that is known about the Etruscans, and it is, in fact, the best popular book yet about that mysterious people. Their elaborate funerary art and their obsession

Fortrel-inspired! Majestic's boutique of Wedgwood prints

For collectors! The authentic patterns of Wedgwood china . . . the easy-care beauty of Fortrel . . . the superbly tailored shirts of Majestic. This is the antique pattern "Chrysanthemum," a delicate design translated on little-or-no-iron broadcloth of Fortrel polyester and cotton from Fabritique. Gold or blue, 30-38. $7. Lord & Taylor, N.Y. & branches, Marshall Field & Company, Chi. & branches, Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston & Ft. Worth.

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Confucian

It is said that Confucius, when asked what his first deed would be if he were to be made Emperor of China, replied, "I would re-establish the precise meaning of words."

There is a great deal to be said for his idea. Whenever language loses its accuracy, it loses some of its ability to communicate and, in turn, some of its reason for existence. So by all means let us call a spade a spade—and know what we mean by a spade.

Today the problem of communicating is complicated by the fact that many specialized fields have vocabularies all their own, filled with strange-sounding terms. The securities business is one of them.

We have long believed that many people who can and probably should own stocks and bonds are discouraged from buying them because they don't understand the lingo that brokers talk. To help them out of their quandary, we have prepared a booklet called "Questions and Answers About the Stock Market," which explains, in a series of short essays, what such terms as *ex dividend* and *price-earnings ratio* and *leverage* and *over-the-counter* mean. The booklet was intended for novices, but experienced investors tell us that they find it useful, too, for brushing up on their familiarity with stock-market terms.

Would you like a copy? Send us a post card requesting "Q&A." Or ask at any of our more than 150 offices. Free, of course.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

with omens have given them a reputation for glumness, but Professor Heurgon shows that this preoccupation with death was balanced by a considerable interest in life—the freedom of their women shocked the Greeks, they collected the finest Athenian pots, they cooked and boxed to music. The Professor makes odd slips outside his field—he seems to think that ancient Sybaris was in Greece and that Euripides' "Medea" is a lost play—but within it he is a marvel. Illustrated.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN, AND HE MAY BE WEARING GLOVES

[*From Editor & Publisher*]

Handshakes were in order last week, as advertising salesmen for the *Louisville* (*Ky.*) *Courier-Journal* and *Louisville Times* headed out to call on their clients. Each man wore a white glove with a green thumb on the hand he extended in friendly greeting to his account contacts.

"What's this all about?" the advertisers asked. Every salesman gave the same answer, "Look in Tuesday's paper."

The answer to the client's queries was found in a six-column-by-210 line spot color promotion ad in the Courier-Journal and Times. Art consisted of a line drawing of a bigger-than-lifesize hand holding an ad salesman's business card. The thumb, of course, is green. The headline: "*They tell us we've got a green thumb for making a business grow.*"

The idea for the advertisement originated with Leo Burnett Company, Inc. It was used with their permission, and the agency was credited in the newspaper advertisement.

The in-paper promotion was light, straight to the business point, and successful, according to Warren Abrams, promotion manager. "Advertisers laughed with the salesmen about the gloves," he said, "and they remembered their good humor when they saw the ad in their newspaper. In this business it's hard to beat a business point that's scored with good humor and good sense."

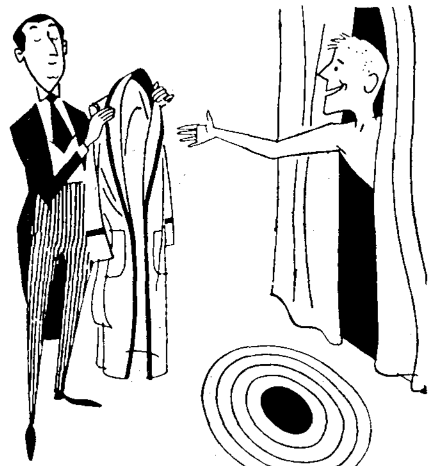
•

While we think here in Spencertown, what with our paved road, street lights and auctions and everything, we are now above the 'sticks' class, still every once in a while something happens that sets us back where we were, so to speak, and so it is what with our mysterious something on the side hill we learn that one morning last week a woman after vainly trying to put on her shoe found a live frog in it and one night recently a man heard a loud thumping on his front porch, so grasping his trusty gun he put on the porch light and opened the door and a mother 'coon and her four babies ran past him into the house.

Rev. and Mrs. Ebbe Arvidson left Monday morning for their new home in Watertown, N. Y.—*Chatham* (*N. Y.*) *Courier*.

It won't be the same.

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



"Your Bathrobe, Sir..."

Everything's been thought of for your comfort at the Manger Hay-Adams, one of the world's finest hotels . . . from fully-stocked bathroom chests to individual terry cloth bathrobes. 200 rooms of sheer luxury!

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Seagram takes the time to put gin through a slow, costly process that makes it not only extra dry, but also extra smooth.

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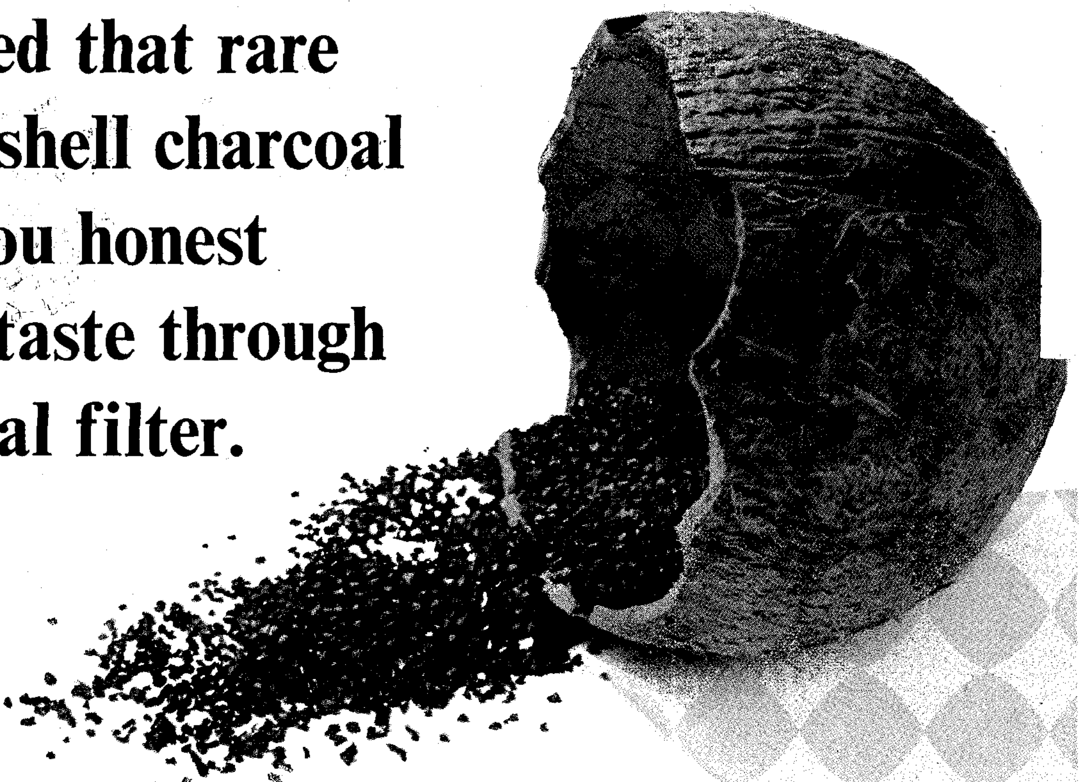
Discover coconut-shell charcoal

Philip Morris has discovered that rare coconut-shell charcoal brings you honest tobacco taste through a charcoal filter.



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can trust for flavor